THE

METROPOLITAN.

THE PRACTICE OF IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN FOR THE ROYAL NAVY.

It has been the policy of all states, and of all forms of government, even from the earliest antiquity, to place and uphold, in the very highest rank, the quality of personal courage. Though it is certainly, in a moral and Christian point of view, when directed to violence, and, as it concerns merely the individual, the least intellectual of the virtues; yet, collectively, to a nation, it is one of the most necessary, as well as the most noble, and as such, has ever been the most eulogized: for upon the degree of its elevation does the safety of the body politic depend. Even the very reputation of bravery keeps the advancing foot of insult suspended, defers the hour of aggression, and when it does come, paralyzes the blow, and prepares the enemy for a defeat, for which he consoles himself by subscribing to an acknowledged superiority. Every lover of his country owes it a personal sacrifice; not only in times of danger, but also in times of security, in order that dangers may be anticipated, and thus be averted or defied. We do not allude to a service merely pecuniary, to the sacrifice, on the part of the rich man, of the wages of one year that he pays to a valet, to purchase him a substitute in the field. We wish to be understood that every man in the realm beneath the rank of the king, owes his country a military, a personal, an active service, and, that such a service may be efficient, a courageous one. The higher the rank, the more exalted the privileges, the greater the riches of any one individual; the more strenuous should be his exertions for the defence of that country, and of those institutions, that guarantee him the peaceable enjoyment of all these advantages. This courageous duty is universal, is imperious, is honourable; and, as we know that, from the constitution of our highly civilized society, this most essential of all duties must, for the great majority, be performed by substitutes; how highly ought those substitutes to be esteemed—how richly rewarded! We need not say that those substitutes are the brave body of men that constitute the army and the navy. The sailor represents or supplies the personal valour of the peer, the prelate, the lawyer, and the landholder; each of whom has just as much abstract right "to brave the battle and the breeze," and many more interests to defend, than the storm-rocked sailor, whom those very peers, prelates, lawyers, and landholders, have combined to make it legal to impress, by actual violence, into a service, when they should have been solicitous to make that service as

tempting and remunerative as the poor sailor himself has made it indomitable and glorious.

It is a false principle, in any body politic, to violate justice, and to fix an intolerable hardship upon a part, for the good of the whole, until it be ascertained, not that such infliction be expedient, but that it be absolutely, unavoidably, and imperatively necessary. The majority who perform their public duty to their country by their representatives in blue and red jackets, may think it very expedient, that they should compel the said jacketted individuals, with their officers, to do all the heroism of the country upon a miserable pittance of pay, and, in the case of the sailor, by the means of a tyrannical system of impressment; but they themselves will not be bold enough to say that it is just. And they will find out, perhaps too late for amendment, yet too soon for their safety, that it is not politic; and that the best of all expediency is, that of finding it expedient to be just, and to make, as far as human fallibility will allow, what is abstractedly, practically right.

No subject is more fit for, or more susceptible of declamation, than that of impressment. You may describe cases the most heart-rending and the most horrible, display contrasts between the sufferers, and those who, in high places, authorize the sufferings, the most striking and revolting: for it is too true, when once the door is opened to injustice, she will not enter without being accompanied with her attendant horrors, however vigilant and soft-hearted the warders who kept the portals may be. Yet declamation we will carefully avoid. Even the nobler passions, though excellent propellers, are but indifferent guides; and resentment and indignation of iniquity may even lead to an excess, that in itself would not be over righteous. Let us, then, deal only with facts, and attempt to reason upon them.

The defence of the nation requires a large and well-manned navy. Granted. In peace, we are enabled to man that navy without having recourse to impressment. We are glad of it. In time of war, and more especially at the breaking out of hostilities, we cannot procure sufficient seamen without the atrocity of press-gangs. Why? Because at that time the seamen prefer the merchant service. Again, why? Not certainly for want of courage, or through fear of meeting the enemy. No, no. For were the whole of the mercantile marine certain of meeting an enemy the next day, there would be no need of impressment into our service, they would enter directly. Then, as it is not fear that deters them, there must be some other grievances of which they stand in awe. What are they? The dread of the lash, the restriction of their shore liberty for fear they should desert, and the insufficiency of the pay. We have now got hold of the argument in a tangible shape. These three objections resolve themselves speedily into two; for, if we do away with the first and last, the remaining one will vanish of itself; seeing that if we make it their interest not to desert, we may cease to put a check to their going on shore, lest they should do so.

Let us now approach the first difficulty—flogging. It is good men that we want in the service, and a discipline that may make bad men

(if such we must take) good. We will speak *ex cathedrâ*, which is a very pretty term for a three-decker, and say to a ship's company, "My men, shall we abolish flogging?" Almost unanimously the best men would say, "no." "Why, my good fellows?" The answer would be, "that we are stowed so thick, head and tail, like well-packed Yarmouth herrings in a barrel, that if the bad be not flogged, there will be no possibility for the good to live; for the want of twelve lashes duly applied upon a scoundrel's back, will render wretched, and disorganize, a ship's company of eight or nine hundred good men. No, no; let us have the liability of being flogged; the good will not fear it, and the bad will be held in subjection because they do."

Now, this is the dictate of common sense. Remove the argument on shore, where, although the community is more extended, it is equally necessary, for mutual protection, that there should be law, and, that the law should take its course. Would all the honest and peaceable members of the community wish that the laws should be abrogated? Would they consent that the thieves should be under no fear of punishment, that property should no longer be protected? Most certainly not; neither does the good, honest, and active seaman. There are no more hands on board of a ship than there is work cut out for them; and if one half of them neglect their duty, the work must still be performed by the other half, who are active and willing. Take away the fear of punishment, and every good man is overworked, while every bad man is well fed, and paid for doing nothing. We have had some commanding officers who hardly ever punished, whatever may have been the delinquency of the party; and the consequence has been, that their ships have been in a state of general discontent and mutiny: the good men discontented at being obliged to perform double duty, and the bad men insolent and mutinous, from a knowledge that they incurred no risk of punishment. Let it be also borne in mind that it is not now, as it was formerly, when a tyrant captain could inflict unlimited and unquestioned punishment, arbitrarily always, sometimes cruelly. Let those who prate about this subject read the present regulations, and they may then know something of the matter. No, no; it is not flogging, as it is now liable to be administered, that is the sailor's bug-bear. He does not fear the punishment, but he despises the *emolument*. "*There's the rub*," which brings us to the third, and to the only important clause in the argument.

A law shall be about to be passed for the good of the community, which shall affect the interests of the worshipful company of the glove-makers. They shall go up in a body to my Lord Althorp, and prate about their "vested rights." His lordship will smile, as intelligently as his lordship reasons—and allow the plea; and the community will be forced to wear bad gloves, at a good price, for some time longer. We are speaking hypothetically, but still very much to the point. Many men are imprisoned—not for debt: O no; our mild laws do not permit that—but only on a fiction of going with staves and sticks, &c. in ruption of the peace of our sovereign Lord the King, or some such nonsense; because they owe John Doe so many pounds, and are, therefore, incarcerated. It is in contemplation to

put an end to this barbarous, and barbarian practice, when up start the immaculate lawyers, and talk about their "vested rights," to thrive upon the wrongs of their fellow-subjects, and ask for compensation, if people are no longer to be imprisoned for debt. Propose to stop the emoluments of a sinecurist, and he is pathetic in his eloquence upon the sacredness of his "vested interests." If Mrs. Arbuthnot were to hear that her pension was to be taken away, how would she lament to the noble Duke the injustice of interfering with her "vested rights!" The government are considerate, and the legislature nod assent. A pensioner—no, we will not talk about pensions, as we hope one day to get pensioned for railing against them. We mean to assert, that every body appears to have got his vested interest but "poor Jack," vested interests that must be guaranteed, guarded, and girded round with all imaginable and unimaginable fences. Jack, though the prosecution of his calling, demands a constant exertion of a combination of all the manly virtues—gallantry, intrepidity, enduring labours, quickness of perception, and rapidity of execution, a sufferance of privation, an unflinching fortitude, all acquired through the vicissitudes of calm and storm, and the foundation of which acquirement must be laid in early youth, and his preparative toils carried far into manhood; yet, with all this outlay of physical strength and mental energies, he, poor soul, cannot acquire a vested interest, in his own competency of skill and immense capital of hardihood. It is *all* his property, and what is more, property of value, but he cannot carry it to market, as his brother subjects, protected and confiding in the laws. He is waylaid, robbed, and unredressed. Alas! poor Jack has no "vested interest," even in his own body. The vigor of his nerves and muscles are not his—he has no right of voluntary locomotion—he is—a pressed man. We know that there is much generous indignation afloat in this free country of equal rights and just laws, at every, the least trifling violation of the personal liberty of the subject. We know that it is a maxim, that a wrong done to the meanest individual is an injury to the community at large. We have heard of Magna Charta, and have dreamed of such a thing as the *habeas corpus*. To be sure, all these advantages, rights, blessings! must be withheld from some few wretched miscreants, who will intrude into, and degrade every body politic: no, they are not—but denied to the most honest, the most laborious, the most simple, and least resenting class of his Majesty's subjects—the defenders of a throne that they never can overturn—the upholders of the liberties, which they only know of as the watchword of the nation—the protectors of those who sleep in security, while they watch and guard them—the occupants of those wooden walls which have raised their country to a state of pre-eminence, which has been the admiration and the terror of the whole Continent, fruitlessly opposed to their daring and their courage.

As we said before, there is much virtuous indignation among us, but we exhaust it most pitifully. The House of Commons has a plentiful share of it, but they spent it, or Lord Althorp for them, upon Mr. Buckingham, firstly, for attempting to bring forward his motion on this subject so *early* in the session as some day in February,

and, secondly, for really bringing it forward so *late* as the middle of August. There was much virtuous indignation cast away upon the slave question; much upon Mr. Hume, much upon O'Connell, and still more upon Cobbett; but, alas! absolutely none was left to mark the sense of the unjust trammels that are laid upon the skill, the labour, and the personal liberty of him of the "tarry unbraced trowsers," who, honest soul, will after all hitch them up with more grace than ever does Sir Charles Wetherell, when he wishes to reduce the "solution of continuity" between his waistcoat and inexpressibles, squirt out from the corner of his good-humoured mouth the superabundance, not of his venom for his unworthy treatment, but of his tobacco juice, swear that it is a d—d shame to be pressed, and then go cheerfully and fight like a hero for that country, that treats him ten times worse than the over-pitied slave.

After all, it is a question of *pounds, shillings, and pence.* The country takes that by force, which they should purchase for money. Instead of knocking up a bargain with Ben Block, they knock him down, and take him on board. It is a ready reckoning, but immensely hard for the receiver. Ben well knows that on board of a man-of-war he will be commanded by gentlemen whom he likes, for he hates every thing Cockneyfied and vulgar; that he will be excellently fed—have light and spirit-stirring duty to perform—in peace, see many foreign shores, and in war take much prize-money; he knows that if he behave well, and well he generally behaves, that he must be a bolt-headed block if he misses a boatswain's, gunner's, or carpenter's warrant; that at all events he is sure of a pension, and has a distinct view of Greenwich Hospital in the perspective. Yet all these he will have none of, because he is made of the same materials as other men—and, because all these good things are thrust down his throat with the point of the cutlass.

It may be extenuated, that all these things being for his good, there is no such harm done; but put the question fairly—for after all, as we said before, it is a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. If a carpenter, or any other workman in London, was to be earning at a certain shop 30*s.* per week, what would he say if the government were to take him by force, and oblige him to work at barracks for the reduced wages of 15*s.* per week? Would all the horse guards, foot guards, or police, be able to support even one such solitary instance of infringement of the liberty of the subject? Never. Yet a sailor having, in all probability, a wife and family, or, if not, aged parents depending upon him for their support, is to be seized by brutal force, and if he refuse to go peaceably, to have his head cloven with a cutlass, to be taken out of a merchant's vessel, in which he has been earning his 4*l.* to 4*l.* 10*s.* per month, without the risk of life, to serve on board of a king's ship for 1*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.* per month, with every contingent of battle, fire, and wreck.

We have said before, the wages are too low. Indeed, the navy in general, from the admiral to the loblolly-boy, are miserably underpaid. In our commercial country, blood is cheaper than religion, law, or civil service. However, as it has always been our wish to conciliate not to irritate, we shall make no comparisons, but conclude this sub-

ject for the present, by stating, in answer to a very senseless clamour, that, did not the nobility and gentry send their sons into the army and navy, the respectability of the professions could not be kept up, merely for the want of sufficient remuneration. And, in these times of personal luxury and refinement, when appearances are so necessary to respect—were the whole of the officers dependant upon their pay and half-pay only—we think that Jack Falstaff, were he alive again, might, perhaps, be induced to "march to Coventry with them, but no further," for there we conjecture that he would leave them.

But we must not at present digress to comment upon the officers, we have to deal with the injustice towards the seamen; and since the nation can throw away twenty millions, and their valuable colonies, and the respect for private property, to silence a partly senseless and partly interested clamour against the slavery of the blacks, we now recommend them to remember the old adage, that charity begins at home, and point out to them, that if only a fractional per centage of the millions which have been secured to this country, by the gallant behaviour of her unemancipated seamen, were but bestowed in giving them a fair remuneration for their services, the slavery of the white man would, to a great extent, be changed to voluntary service. But more than this is required to render the naval service one of choice to the English seaman, and now that we are at peace with all the world, it surely would not be asking too much of the representatives of the nation, to form a committee of inquiry, to ascertain whether it be not possible to make such arrangements as to preclude the necessity of injustice, and we will further boldly add, the lawful resistance to that injustice, which in a few years will inevitably take place. Let it be recollected that the seamen of 1833 are not the seamen of 1792, and that we will prove when we find an opportunity of resuming our subject.

THE SEA FIGHT.

AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT MARINER.

Ah, yes—the fight! Well, messmates, well,
I serv'd on board that ninety-eight;
Yet what I saw I loathe to tell.
To-night, be sure a crushing weight
Upon my sleeping breast—a hell
Of dread will sit. At any rate,
Though land-lock'd here, a watch I'll keep—
Grog cheers us still. Who cares for sleep?

That ninety-eight I sail'd on board,
Along the Frenchman's coast we flew;
Right aft the rising tempest roar'd,
A noble first-rate hove in view,
And soon high in the gale there soar'd
Her stream'd-out bunting, red, white, blue!
We clear'd for fight, and landward bore,
To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn,
Twice laid with words of silken stuff.
A fact's a fact; and ye may larn
The rights o' this, though wild and rough
My words may loom. 'Tis your consarn,
Not mine, to understand. Enough;—
We near'd the Frenchman where he lay,
And, as we near'd, he blaz'd away.

We tack'd, hove to; we fill'd, we wore;
Did all that seamanship could do,
To rake him aft, or by the fore—
Now rounded off, and now broach'd to;
And now our starboard broadside bore,
And showers of iron through and through
His vast hull hiss'd; our larboard then
Swept from his three-fold decks his men.

As we, like a huge serpent, toil'd,
And wound about, through that wild sea,
The Frenchman each manœuvre foil'd—
'Vantage to neither, there could be.
Whilst thus the waves between us boil'd,
We both resolv'd right manfully
To fight it side by side;—began
Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain
  Rings out her wild delirious scream!
Redoubling thunders shake the main,
  Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.
The timbers with the broadsides strain,
  The slippery decks send up a steam
From hot and living blood—and high
And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.

The shredded limb, the splinter'd bone,
  Th' unstiffen'd corpse, now block the way!
Who now can hear the dying groan?
  The trumpet of the judgment day,
Had it peal'd forth its mighty tone,
  We should not then have heard,—to say
Would be rank sin;—but this I tell,
That could alone our madness quell.

Upon the fore-castle I fought
  As captain of the after gun.
A shot the scattering carriage caught!
  What mother then had known her son
Of those who stood around?—destraught
  And smear'd with gore, about they run,
Then fall, and writhe, and howling die!
But one escap'd—that one was I!

Night darken'd round, and the storm peal'd.
  To windward of us lay the foe.
As he to leeward over heel'd,
  He could not fight his guns below,
So just was going to strike—when reel'd
  Our vessel, as if some vast blow
From an Almighty hand had rent
The huge ship from her element.

Then howl'd the thunder. Tumult then
  Had stunn'd herself to silence. Round
Were scatter'd lightning-blasted men!
  Our mainmast went. All stifled, drown'd,
Arose the Frenchman's shout. Again
  The bolt burst on us, and we found
Our masts all gone—our decks all riven:
—Man's war mocks faintly that of Heaven!

Just then—nay, messmates, laugh not now—
  As I amaz'd one minute stood
Amidst that rout; I know not how—
  'Twas silence all. The raving flood,
The guns that peal'd from stern to bow,
  And God's own thunder—nothing could
I then of all that tumult hear,
Or see aught of that scene of fear.

My aged mother at her door
Sate mildly o'er her humming-wheel;
The cottage, orchard, and the moor,
I saw them plainly all. I'll kneel,
And swear I saw them! Oh, they wore
A look all peace. Could I but feel
Again that bliss, that then I felt,
That made my heart, like childhood's, melt!

The blessed tear was on my cheek;
She smil'd with that old smile I know.
"Turn to me, mother, turn and speak,"
Was on my quivering lips—when lo!
All vanish'd—and a dark, red streak
Glar'd wild and vivid from the foe,
That flash'd upon the blood-stain'd water—
For fore and aft the flames had caught her.

She struck, and hail'd us. On us fast,
All burning, helplessly, she came:
Near, and more near—and not a mast
Had we to help us from that flame.
'Twas then the bravest stood aghast—
'Twas then the wicked, on the name,
(With danger, and with guilt appall'd,)
Of God, too long neglected, call'd.

Th' eddying flames with ravening tongue,
Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash—
We almost touch'd. When ocean rung
Down to its depths with one loud crash!
In heaven's top vault, one instant hung
The vast, intense, and blinding flash!
Then all was darkness, stillness, dread—
The wave moan'd o'er the valiant dead.

She's gone! blown up! that gallant foe!
And though she left us in a plight,
We floated still; long were, I know,
And hard the labours of that night
To clear the wreck. At length, in tow
A frigate took us, when 'twas light,
And soon an English port we gain'd,
A hulk, all batter'd, and blood-stain'd.

So many slain—so many drown'd,
I like not of that fight to tell.
Come, let the cheerful grog go round!
Messmates, I've done. A spell, ho, spell—
Though a press'd man, I'll still be found
To do a seaman's duty well.
I wish our brother-landsmen knew
One half we jolly tars go through.

THE DIVINE GEORGIANA.

GEORGIANA MERIVALE was, at the age of seventeen, a most lovely creature. The epithets of charming, fascinating, beautiful, bewitching, &c. were prodigally bestowed on her person, and she accepted the said epithets with all possible self-satisfaction. Georgiana was a prodigious pet, not merely of her mother, but also of Lady Canterhill, an aunt of very considerable pretensions in the fashionable world. It was the daily occupation of the honourable Mrs. Merivale and Lady Canterhill to spoil Georgiana, a task in which they succeeded wonderfully; the young lady herself possessing more than an ordinary capacity for being spoilt.

Two hundred and fifty times a day, Georgiana was told that she was the prettiest girl in London; and sooth to say, she never would contradict her partial relatives on this point, however much she might be at variance with them on other subjects. But this excessive affection of mother and aunt did not spring from the pure sources of natural feeling—it was a sensation of the head more than of the heart. The ladies, two of the most worldly of all possible worldly beings, considered the young girl as a most valuable stock in trade—a commodity, indeed, that was sure to fetch an immense price—probably a duke, but certainly nothing less than a baron. How could it be otherwise? Georgiana was remarkably handsome; then her manner, her address, her accomplishments, her *fashion*, and, the last not least, two thousand pounds a year, were things not to be treated with slight consideration. Although the tribe of lady-manœuvrers is unfortunately extensive in the select circles, still the honourable Mrs. Merivale might, without fear of being unjust to the sisterhood, be reckoned the greatest and the most heartless intriguer of them all. Being a scion of a most needy fraction of the aristocracy, she had, kind soul! condescended to *throw herself* away upon Anthony Merivale, Esq., a gentleman of good family, but who had been convicted of the heinous offence of having acquired a fortune by a process of laborious industry in the east of the town.

Every genuine feeling of nature had been cautiously checked in their first growth; and Georgiana was insensibly shaped into an artificial automaton. All her ideas and speculations were centred in one point—to secure a *great match;* this, according to the worthy folks by whom she was surrounded, constituted the sum total of the purposes for which she had come into this world. With regard to the means by which that *summum bonum* was to be achieved, it was prudently decided that scruples were sad stumbling-blocks in the way of match-making; and, that there were times when young girls were allowed to make liberal sacrifices of that delicacy of sentiment, that innate modesty, and that shrinking timidity, which constitute the most valuable part and ornament of the sex. Georgiana had such edifying maxims as the following constantly ringing in her ear: "Men

like to be courted—men are fond of flirting—men always flock round a fascinating coquette," and so forth. Georgiana possessing a remarkable aptitude to learn such wholesome precepts, treasured them carefully in her memory, and made a pious resolution to put them in practice to the uttermost of her power.

On the occasion of her first coming out, she was properly schooled in the principal rules of the science she was going to profess. Balls and parties were not to be considered as mere amusement, but as important occupations, on the successful cultivation of which depended the whole happiness of her future life. In the catechism of match-making, the chief rule to be learned, is a deep concentration of selfishness, and a total apathy to men and things. Georgiana was of course duly instructed in the mysteries of the art—who were the eligibles and who the objectionables—with whom she might condescend to flirt in the first and second degree—and whom she was to cut and avoid like the cholera morbus. Georgiana certainly made a great sensation the first season: a colonel, a Sir Something, and two younger brothers, were particularly assiduous to her, but as these came within the pale of the objectionables, they were very properly discouraged and dismissed. Sir Vincent Blakley appeared powerfully smitten: he popped the question, but received a politely supercilious refusal from the provident mamma, who wanted to catch a duke, or at least a baron—not a baronet. Georgiana amused herself prodigiously the first season: all was new to her—the constant succession of new faces—the glare—the noise—the brilliant confusion of the ball-room filled her giddy mind. She had no views to form, and in the turmoil of the gay scene, she almost forgot that the object of her going into the world was to catch a duke, or at least a baron.

Georgiana was fortunately endowed but with a slender portion of feeling—that slender portion, perhaps, she had already intrusted into the keeping of Fred Sandford; but still her slumbers were not disturbed. Her prudent mamma had told her that love was folly, and besides, she was too young to know the real state of her feelings; at all events, Sandford was by no means a suitable match, and she must instantly discard him from her mind. This the dutiful Georgiana did with exemplary resignation. She discarded Sandford. Sandford smiled scornfully, called her a flirt, and then consoled himself with another flirt. Georgiana continued her triumphant career of conquest; and the second season she had actually fought, vanquished, and lay prostrate at her feet, a rich nabob, with a face as yellow as his guineas, two captains, an Irish lord, and a host of other lesser prizes. Still her exploits had not extended to the subjugation of a duke, or even a baron—that is, a baron with an English peerage. Lord O'Crackling, a needy Scotch nobleman, was very assiduous in offering his large red hand and his poverty to the "divine Georgiana;" but Georgiana was not quite so ready in accepting the said red digital appendage.

At the end of the third season, Georgiana was pronounced the most accomplished flirt in town. She was a complete master of the smallest *minutiæ* of the art. She knew all the half-and-half words, and the silent looks, by which men are insensibly drawn. She knew

also how and when to hang on her partner's arm—how and when to return a squeeze of the hand—to chat in a spot at a considerable distance from her brother and chaperon—to go down under pretence of taking refreshments, when no one else of the party went—or to stay in the room when no one else of her party stayed; and she was the most skilful dropper of gloves, fans, and handkerchiefs, ever known. In fact, she was a most accomplished flirt. But it must not be supposed that she attained this extraordinary proficiency all on a sudden. No; great as were her capabilities for learning the art, still there was a progression required in its complete acquisition. Certainly, the flirt of the third season was very different from the flirt of the first. Probably, on her first set out, she would have demurred at certain *trifles*, which gave her now not a moment's thought.

The "divine Georgiana" was now twenty years of age; and her prudent mamma and Lady Canterhill considered it high time to hold a serious consultation on the one great object that absorbed their whole minds.

"Georgiana," said the honourable Mrs. Merivale, "three years have elapsed now in mere amusement—it is time to come to business. It grieves me to see that tall, gawkey Miss Swelburn, your junior by two good years, on the point of making so excellent a match, and——"

"Really, mamma, it is no fault of mine. I have done all in my power; but I cannot *force* the men to offer. I am sure I have given them encouragement enough, if they were the least inclined."

"Well, well, it 's no use to quarrel," interfered Lady Canterhill. "The fact is, that Georgiana has been too miscellaneous—too promiscuous in her flirtations. But we must remedy the evil the ensuing season."

The lessons of the dowagers were not thrown away on their intelligent pupil. She dropped one by one all her former admirers, and limited her flirtations to the most decided "eligibles" in the ball-room.

"Pray, Lady Oldstring, who is that fair, stumpy, rolly-polly sort of a man, dancing with Georgiana?—he appears so very much struck."

"Oh! that is Sir Robert Goosehall, a baronet of ten thousand a year, and great expectations from an asthmatic old uncle in Bombay."

From this moment, Lady Canterhill gave it as her decided opinion that Georgiana should *stick* with all possible pertinacity to the rolly-polly baronet. The honourable Mrs. Merivale consented to descend from her altitudes concerning dukes and barons, and appeared satisfied with Goosehall's ten thousand and his asthmatic Bombay uncle. A most deep conspiracy was now entered upon against the batchelorship of the baronet. Georgiana would not allow him to breathe: she soon perceived that Sir Robert was no genius—nay, she even conceded that he answered marvellously to the first half of his name. But then it is not necessary that a man with ten thousand a year, independently of great expectations, should be encumbered with any superfluous sense or learning—Sir Robert would *do* very well for a husband. The nincompoop baronet was highly flattered to see the preference which the "divine Georgiana" accorded him over a host of admirers; and he very kindly took it for granted that his personal merits had

captivated the fair one. Time flew. Georgiana prudently discarded one or two favourite flirtation-mongers, and devoted her whole and exclusive attention to the hooking the odd-fish "with the ten thousand." Every one declared it was a match. Sir Robert scarcely quitted the side of his Georgiana: at the opera, the ball-room, the dinner-table, he was constantly seen dancing attendance.

"Well, but when does he mean to propose?" quoth the mother.

"He seems a bashful man," said Lady Canterhill; "Georgiana, you ought to have *helped* him a little."

"And so I have," answered Georgiana; "but he 's such a booby."

However, one night, as Sir Robert escorted the "divine Georgiana" to her carriage, he appeared more affected than ever, and he gave her a most expressive and conclusive squeeze of the hand, graced with a couple of attendant sighs, such, indeed, as no one would have given the baronet credit for being capable to utter. Of course, it was expected that Sir Robert would come the next day, and bring the affair to a satisfactory conclusion. But no; instead of Sir Robert, only his card came, and on that card, O horrible! on that fatal card were seen the ominous letters P. P. C. most intelligibly written in bold round capitals. This card produced an immense deal of staring and dumb pantomime, expressive of surprise, horror, resentment, shame, anger, wonderment, and bewilderment—the disappointed ladies concluded by saying that there was "no faith in man."

Now, to have been made the dupe of such a very absurd personage as the fair, stumpy, rolly-polly baronet, was an humiliation which drove the "divine Georgiana" almost to madness. But we must explain the extraordinary conduct of Sir Robert. He was a goose—granted; a man with only about one idea and a half in his empty noddle—allowed; a boor just let loose from the fens of Lincolnshire—granted again; ignorant of society, and to all appearance a most desirable flat for a designing woman to practise upon. But for all this, the baronet was profoundly versed in the art of taking care of number one. Like most persons of weak intellects, he possessed a good share of that sort of cunning, which stands the owner in lieu of more noble qualities, and is often of greater service in the world. Sir Robert had at first conceived that the "divine Georgiana" had fairly fallen in love with him; but when a d—d good-natured friend whispered in his ear, that the fond lady was subject to frequent fits of the malady, and when another d—d good-natured soul gave him a long and circumstantial list of the "divine Georgiana's" admirers, characterizing the various shades of flirtation with which she had honoured them—the booby baronet thought it high time to sound a retreat, and leave Georgiana to continue her matrimonial assaults and battery against new comers.

Time passed on, and the scheming dowagers to their horror perceived that, in spite of the most assiduous and skilful adoption of all the rules of manœuvring, no fish of any consequence was brought to net. Moreover, the reign of the "divine Georgiana" was over. It is folly in a beauty, of whatever rank and proportions, to imagine that her reign is to extend beyond two, or at most three seasons. New champions come to dispute the field. The arbiters of fashion, and

the young men about town, quickly array themselves round the banner of new faces, leaving the old ones, like old acquaintances, to take care of themselves. It cannot, therefore, be too much inculcated on speculating mammas and skilful chaperons, to get rid of their wares to the highest bidder, in the very first years of their bringing their goods into the market. It is surprising how things deteriorate and lose in their original value, by remaining long on hand: the continued display of a fancy article in a shop-window, or in a ball-room, after a certain period, is highly injurious; as it is to be expected that a new fashion will come and throw the said fancy article on the shelf. It is well known, that among fancy articles, the most fanciful of all is a woman: it is quite as much exposed to fade, deteriorate, and lose its charm, by remaining too long "unmarried" in the atmosphere of ball-rooms, as any other article of finery by remaining in the shop. In both cases, the article loses its freshness by constant handling, and by being exposed to a dozen little accidents which detract from its intrinsic value. This profound dissertation we have been induced to make for the benefit of those who take any interest in the market. And now to proceed.

When the "divine Georgiana" was in her twenty-third year, she discovered, to her great horror and consternation, that all the weapons and ammunition of the flirting warfare had totally lost their power. Her most destructive glances were shot without producing the least sensation. Her smiles—her sharp-shooting of sighs—were all in vain. Nay, when she came to a more decided and close attack, she had the mortification to find that her *impassioned* pressure of the hand, her languishing, fixed, and determined stare, failed to produce the desired effect. In fact, instead of attracting, she repelled the "*eligibles*," and of course she had lost time enough in idle skirmishing with the un-marriageable flirters and "detrimentals." She could not afford to lose her powder in a mere sham fight. Lady Canterhill began to look grave on the subject, and she wondered prodigiously; yet her ladyship ought not to have wondered so much either. If she had taken time to reflect that her divine niece enjoyed now the notorious reputation of a "desperate flirt trying to catch a husband," she would have found nothing very extraordinary in the "eligibles" taking their measures of precaution against her matrimonial aggressions. A desperate flirt of six years standing, trying to catch a husband, is "no go," and unless a booby be trepanned into the noose, the said experienced veteran must shift her quarters, and try her skill in a different scene of operations. The "divine Georgiana" was still very handsome, but then she was also deucedly affected and *manierèe:* from the curve of her smile to the very minutest shake of a curl, all was matter of study with the husband-hunting lady. She was rich too; but all her advantages failed her, unless, indeed, she had been willing to stoop to *buy* a husband. Men are always to be found. But then she considered her case not yet so desperate, and was determined to postpone the purchase to a future opportunity.

At Brighton the hopes of the husband-hunting trio became suddenly raised to an extraordinary degree. Lord Fellingham, a nobleman who had been absent for some years on the continent, had just

returned from his travels, and was now "Octoberizing" at Brighton. This travelled lord seemed to be struck with the "divine Georgiana," or at least, her mother—and the imaginative Lady Canterhill, thought so. Here was something worth trying for, and Georgiana did try with all her soul; so much indeed, that the lord, who had his own dose of self-conceit, imagined that he had *really* made a powerful impression on the heart of the love-stricken divinity. Things proceeded for some time in a most agreeable manner. Lord Fellingham and Georgiana walked, danced, and rode out together. The honourable Mrs. Merivale was in a flutter of hope—Lady Canterhill began to trouble her wise head concerning the "*trousseau*," and other equally important matters, and Georgiana conceived that her laborious pursuits were drawing to a close. Lord Fellingham was indeed a most decided "eligible"—a peerage—fifteen thousand a year—an old castle in the north, and a splendid mansion in one of the orthodox squares, and unquestionable *rank* in the fashionable world, were considerations that literally disturbed their slumbers. With respect to the personal merits of Lord Fellingham, that was a subject on which not a single thought had been bestowed by the speculative triumvirate. The earl had been a sad reprobate in his younger days, (he was now on the wrong side of forty,) and he had been, moreover, guilty of certain peccadilloes, which procured him the epithets of "fascinating monster," *alias* "an unprincipled scoundrel." But he had been of late deeply engaged in the promotion of reform. Lord Fellingham possessed an insinuating address, and his figure was full of elegance. He had, besides, a complete assortment of small talk, and a tolerable pair of eyes. No wonder then that he had made such rapid progress in conquering the heart of the "divine Georgiana."

Things had now arrived to a degree that ladies and gentlemen, and servants and footmen, began to stare and look puzzled. The intimacy of the peer and Georgiana became the subject of sundry mysterious whispers, winks, and glances. The honourable Mrs. Merivale was in her glory, for she laid all these whispers, and winks, and glances, to the account of their envy and malice. At length, she was about to obtain the fruit of all her motherly anxiety and manœuvring. Georgiana, too, was in a thrill of delight—her lover was impassioned, and so rich! He was certainly most desperately in love. Georgiana's conquest had been complete, and she felt no ordinary degree of vanity at so happy a result. Lord Fellingham, being so "desperately in love," made no scruple of taking divers very considerable liberties with the darling object of his affection, and the darling object, on the other hand, did not seem troubled with any redundancy of "virgin modesty and coyness," and all that sort of thing. Why should she, with her future husband?

"When does he intend to propose?" observed the mother.

"I am expecting the 'question every moment,'" answered the daughter.

One day they happened to be left by themselves, by chance—a most judicious and well-regulated chance, by-the-bye. Lord Fellingham's flame burnt more brightly than ever. His eye emitted forth a conflagration of love. After two, or three, or six, or ten preliminary

kisses, in a voice broken by emotion, his enamoured lordship exclaimed, "O my Georgiana! when will you make me the happiest of men?"

Georgiana's heart throbbed at this critical moment—here was the "question" at last. But stay—was there not something ambiguous in the way of putting the question? No; his lordship was a man of high breeding, and could not be expected to "offer his hand" in a common way, like any vulgar wife-seeking shopkeeper, or any other mere nobody. Georgiana attempted a blush, which certainly proved a failure; but her tender look told amazingly; for his lordship, being at this precise moment "most desperately in love," suddenly threw his arms round the divinity, and—when lo! a noise was heard, and presently the honourable Mrs. Merivale and Lady Canterhill made their appearance, just in time to check the progress of this very interesting scene. Shortly after, Lord Fellingham took his leave.

"Well, Georgiana, is it all right?"

"All right," answered Georgiana, with a graceful toss of the head, which I suppose was meant to express a full confidence in her powers.

But two days after something occurred to ruffle the temper of the "divine Georgiana." She perceived Lord Fellingham paying more attention than was necessary, to a young dashing lady, who had just made her appearance in Brighton. Under existing circumstances, the tone of intimacy exhibited by his lordship was certainly anything but generous and proper. What could Lord Fellingham mean by such behaviour? Lady Canterhill counselled her niece not to be rash and precipitate; but without being either one or the other, matters had arrived now at a pass which certainly required full and immediate explanation. Lord Fellingham came, and by another *judicious* chance, was again left alone with his Georgiana. He carried the thing off with most extraordinary coolness, and talked of his love and adoration, and rapture and bliss, and so forth, as if Georgiana were really the only female in the whole world. But Georgiana considered it indispensable to pout, and look indignant to the very tip of her fingers. Her reserve and coldness made her lover stare. Hereupon a prodigious quantity of wonder and surprise took place. Lord Fellingham was astonished at Georgiana's change, and the lady was perfectly bewildered at his lordship's vast assurance. The lover then called her cruel and heartless—swore she wanted to discard him from her heart, and cause his death, &c. &c.

"In the name of justice, what have I done to deserve this coldness?"

"What have you done, my lord! do you suppose that the marked —very marked attentions which you pay a certain lady——"

"What lady? Do you mean the one I rode out with yesterday?"

"Yes, my lord, I do."

"'Pon honour! ha! ha!—an excellent joke. Well, my Georgiana, if you have no other grounds for jealousy, I can soon dispel your fears."

"What!" exclaimed Georgiana, with a look of hope and joy; "then you are not false to me?"

"False!" exclaimed his lordship. "Ah! you wrong me."

"Then the lady is your sister," observed Georgiana.

"No—not my sister," answered Lord Fellingham; "but what comes to the same—Lady Fellingham—my wife!"

"Your wife!" screamed out the 'divine Georgiana,' falling back on her chair.

Here was a "*coup de theâtre.*"

"And have I been *losing* all this time on a *married* man? Quit this room, my lord."

Lord Fellingham essayed to remonstrate, but in vain. The "divine Georgiana" looked now very considerably like a demon; her shame and rage would scarcely allow her to vent her agitation in language. She rung the bell—the peer knew not what to make of the scene. The honourable Mrs. Merivale and Lady Canterhill rushed into the room. They beheld Georgiana in a most agitated condition, and his lordship looking very much like an astounded ninny. But he summoned up his courage to address the ladies.

"I'm afraid there is some strange mistake here," said he, and making an apology, took his departure.

"Georgiana, child, for mercy sake explain," cried both the dowagers in a breath, and in the most nervous agitation.

"*He is married!*" answered Georgiana.

"Married! how's this?" quoth the mother; "you told us that he *proposed.*"

"I thought he did."

"Thought! pretty business you have made," interposed Lady Canterhill: "how did he propose—what did he say?"

"He said, '*O my Georgiana, when will you make me the happiest of men?*'"

"Oh, is that all?"

Hereupon the two dowagers looked marvellously foolish and disconcerted. It was evident that his lordship, by the word *happiness*, understood something else besides *marriage;* and it may be easily conceived that this discovery was not at all gratifying to the proud ladies. The next day they sounded a retreat from Brighton. Indeed, the "strange mistake" soon became the theme of general conversation, and the thing produced no small degree of merriment. Poor Georgiana! she had not merely thrown away two months on a married man, but she had lost all the kisses, *et cetera*, which she had advanced *on account.* This was really mortifying. The discomfited ladies hastened to ruralize in a remote corner of the country. But even this seclusion did not appear sufficient to cover the ridicule occasioned by "the strange mistake." Lady Canterhill proposed a couple of years' absence on the continent, as the most prudent plan of conduct that could be pursued.

Preparations to quit England were made in a moment, and the "divine Georgiana," with shame and sorrow, and a recollection of Fred Sandford, now took her departure, in company of her provident mamma and wise aunt. But her sorrow and her shame were not of long duration; change of scene produced a marvellous effect on her spirits, and she contrived to flirt her way through France, Spain, Italy, and Greece, in the most agreeable manner. But still the "divine Georgiana" was single. T. DE T. C.

CHIT CHAT.

Editor alone, in a brown study—soliloquizes.

Mercy on me! How my head aches with reading MS.! It is like the work of a Brazilian slave, who finds but a few grains of gold, after triturating and washing a whole ton of sand. Who the devil ever invented Magazines? The roof of my scull will be blown off some of these days. Print is almost as bad as MS.; no sooner is one set of three volumes laid down, but another must be taken up. Lord A. of the first set, is confounded with Lord B. of the second—Lady E. with the honourable Mrs. F., until, what with a host of fashionables, I have a regular *rout* in my poor brain, and like routs in general, there is not half room for the company. Bank Charter, and East India Charter—Factory Bill, and Free Labour—Fowel Buxton and Don Miguel—Tithe Compositions and Felony Bill—Irish Question—every question, Whigs, Tories, Radicals, Bishops, and the devil knows what, are all jumbling together, till I could drown myself in the river Styx, if it were only as handy as the river Thames. One man observes to me, "to write a Magazine it's absolutely necessary to have a *very clear head.*" Who in the name of fortune can have a *clear* head, with all these questions in it, twisting and turning and wriggling together, like the eels in the solar microscope. It is a perfect hell—increasing torment—everlasting persecution. Like Sisyphus, you roll up your stone, that it may descend for you to renew your labour—for one month is no sooner completed than you have to commence another. Like Ixion, you are eternally on your wheel, whirled on a circle of everlasting trouble and botheration. Like Prometheus, you are punished for your attempt to obtain the fire from heaven, for your brain is as continually preyed upon by the vulture of care, and as certainly renewed as his liver. I could go right through all the torments of the mythological hell, and find every comparison apt. Happy Lytton Bulwer! he has got rid of his harness, thrown up his heels in Colburn's face, and galloped off, snorting, prancing, and gambling, to graze in the fertile, sunny plains of Italy, leaving "England and the English" to get on how they can.

Tap at the door, enter Mr. Percy, Sub-editor.

Ed. You are the very person I wanted; how do you get on, for time gets on, if you do not—all ready?

Percy. I'm afraid not, sir. I've had the misfortune, cutting bread and butter for the children, to cut my thumb; and I can't write.

Ed. You must write. Pooh! nonsense; just the excuse of a schoolboy.

Percy. But, sir, really, just now, I'm not very well—a dreadful headache.

Ed. Head-ache! pooh! my head always aches; you must write, Percy.

Percy. But I've another misfortune, sir. Mrs. Percy is in labour at this moment.

Ed. That is rather a misfortune for a poor man; but still, I don't see why that is to prevent *your* writing. From Mrs. Percy I might admit the excuse.

Percy. Unfortunately, troubles never come single, sir; I have every reason to believe that I am about to have the cholera. I feel very ill—up all night.

Ed. If it's the regular blue, I pity you; twenty-four hours will settle the business; but still, I don't see why you should not write between the spasms. You *must*, indeed. If you die, send Ned over to let me know; and, Percy, tell me, who would you recommend to fill up your vacancy?

It will be excessively inconvenient. Can't you wait till this month is complete?

Percy. (Puts his two hands to his stomach, and makes faces.) Oh! eeshe. Oh! eeshe—oh!

Ed. Well, I think you'd better go home; but recollect what I said—write between your spasms, and let me know when you're dead. Good bye. *(Exit Percy, with another spasm.)*

Ed. (Solus.) Now this may appear very cruel of me; but it is not I who am cruel, it is the public, for whom we cater, and who, if disappointed, will not allow accidents, illness, the pangs of labour, the spasms of cholera, or even death, to be any excuse for the Magazine not being out on the first day of the month. Here come visitors, rather unseasonably. I wish they were at the devil; and yet I must tell them how happy I am at the pleasure of their company.

Enter Volage, O'Sullivan, and Doctor Punever.

Vol. Mr. Editor, we have just come from the invisible world.

Ed. (sotto voce.) I wish to heaven you had stayed there.

Doctor. We have indeed had our ideas magnified.

Ed. Pray what is the matter, O'Sullivan?

O'S. Matter—why we've seen matter, where we didn't wish to find it, that's all. We have just come from the hydro-oxygen miniature and microscope, I believe they call it.

Ed. The microscope lighted with hydro-oxygen gas, you mean.

O'S. Exactly—and no small light it threw upon the subject, I can assure you. Devil a drop of water will I ever drink again.

Doctor. I wouldn't, if I were you; you've been accustomed to a drop too much all your life.

Vol. But even the commonest things become interesting; only imagine a flea presented to your astonished sight, as big as a rhinoceros—and a bug quite as unwieldy as an elephant.

Doctor. Stop a moment. Pray, gentlemen, can you tell me when a bed is *not* a bed?

O'S. Pshaw! no—we give it up, doctor.

Doctor. Why, when it's a *little buggy.*

Ed. Really, doctor, that's not so bad. I have seen the exhibition already, O'Sullivan, and I agree with you, that it is most interesting, nay, more than interesting—it is sublime. One point must immediately strike the most indifferent—the vast superiority of nature over art. The more you magnify the former, the closer you can search into her performance; the more intricate, the more beautiful, the more elaborate her works appear. But the latter will not admit of scrutiny—the more you magnify her, the greater appear her imperfections; and the power that exalts nature, depresses art in the same ratio, until you are lost in admiration of the one, and in contempt of the other.

O'S. That's as well said as if I said it myself; and it's exactly what I was thinking.

Ed. It is, in fact, a sight that every one should see, and see often, for it speaks more forcibly to the mind of man, than all the sermons that ever were delivered from the pulpit. If any man is an atheist, let him go there, and he must be converted. Let those parents who wish to impress upon the minds of their children the vastness, the infinity, the bounty, and the glorious works of God, take them into that little dark room, and they will leave it with their minds enlightened as to the wonderful attributes of the Deity.

O'S. Then you mean to say, Mr. Editor, that it is better to have a shilling's worth of the hydro-oxygen microscope, than to go to church?

Ed. That is a point which I leave the bishops to decide upon; but this I do say, that although probably there ought to be, there *is* no adoration more sincere than that of worshipping the Creator through his works.

Vol. Well, I would rather give the shilling to the microscope than to the pew-opener.

Ed. In England, we must pay for every thing, and nothing is more expensive than religion. But of all taxes, that upon the glorious light of Heaven is the greatest curse; in fact, all the assessed taxes are not only sources of irritation, but partial and unjust.

Vol. When are we to be rid of them?

Ed. Very soon; for if the government will not take them off through the solicitations of the people, the people will take them off themselves. But the Whigs are traitors.

Vol. Would the Tories take them off?

Ed. Immediately, I have no hesitation in asserting. Some of the Tories are incorrigible, and prove the words of Solomon, that bray a fool in the mortar, his folly will not depart from him; but the sensible Tories (and there is great talent among them) have been schooled; they now feel how much better it is to give as a boon, what will otherwise be wrested from them by force; and if Tories were again to come into power, they would no longer dare to govern upon the old Tory principles.

Vol. I was told yesterday, that even the Duke of Wellington had become a moderate Conservative.

Ed. If he have, it has taken some time to lick him into it.

O'S. Allow me to observe, Mr. Editor, that that is a peculiar feature in his grace's character. He takes a great deal of licking.

Vol. And has always given twice as much as he has received.

Ed. We live in strange times; the people find that they can trust nobody, but must plead their own cause. Hobhouse, who went to Newgate in their cause, has deceived them. Burdett is unmasked. The Whigs, to use a hackneyed expression, have made a ladder of them to climb up into power, and have kicked the ladder down now that they think they have no further occasion for it. The word *good* has become obsolete, and the comparisons are only to be made by *bad*, and *worse*. Every thing is at a discount.

O'S. Except the British navy, Mr. Editor, who, as they can't fight for love, now begin to fight for money. Lord Cochrane in South America, and Napier at home. Is it not a remarkable feature in the present state of affairs, that captains in the English navy are the disposers of states and kingdoms?

Ed. Such has latterly been the case. Pray, what kingdom do you intend to dispose of, O'Sullivan?

O'S. Wait a little: I've my eye upon Russia. Some of these days I'll make it over to the great Cham of Tartary.

Vol. Not a soul hardly left in town. I perceive, O'Sullivan, that most of your Irish members have returned to their seats in Ireland.

O'S. Then, by the powers, the newspapers must refer to the *chairs* which they sit upon, for to my certain knowledge they are the only seats which most of them can claim as their own.

Doctor. Captain, I should feel much obliged to you if you would tell me in what county in Ireland your family mansion is situated.

O'S. I suppose, doctor, you mean when I am at home.

Doctor. Exactly.

O'S. I wish I had the taking of him round my estate, hey! Mr Editor?

Ed. I think that he would soon sicken of it.

O'S. I'll answer for it. It is called Blue Water.

Doctor. What a pretty romantic name! Is it of great extent?

Vol. Doctor, have nothing at all to do with his Blue Water. You are getting out of your depth.

O'S. Is it of great extent, say you? You'd never be able to understand a moiety of its dimensions until you are half seas over.

Doctor. God bless me—oh! Ha, ha, ha! now I take. You mean that you *wave* all your rights in landed property, and that you sometimes *dock* the entail of the fee-simple.

Ed. The villany of that pun deserves a mortal groan. *(A pause of dull silence.)*

Enter Mr. Mortame.

Mort. Gentlemen, I am happy to see you looking so very uncomfortable. I know by that, my worthy friend the doctor has been trying to amuse you. He would have been invaluable at a funeral that I attended last week; in spite of ourselves we looked too happy. Oh! the good doctor should have been there, and then there would have been a decent display of dulness; but, to be sure, seeing with what despatch you did that job, it was a fine trait of modesty to be absent from the cypress crown that should have adorned your brows. The respectable defunct was a patient of yours. Good Mr. Sasafras is dead and buried. Ah! we are all mortal!

Doctor. Indeed, Mortame, you're ridiculously disagreeable; and, if you were not my friend, I'd physic you. Gentlemen, here has been a downright robbery committed. That patient of mine should have lasted a year longer, but the insatiate apothecaries turn the stream of their nauseous mixtures down the throats of the poor sufferers so profusely, that they are actually washed off their legs before they have time to say, "God save us." I assure you, Mr. Editor, that the old fool Sasafras was continually sending to the druggist's for something to do him good, and then sending to me for advice to undo the good that was undoing him. Nothing is more absurd than the practice of remunerating a medical man by the sale of the quantity of drugs that are swallowed. The patient does not wish to buy physic, but health; yet he cannot be persuaded to part with his money, without having something both to show and taste for it. Sasafras and the apothecary have robbed me of a twelvemonths' fees.

Ed. Don't you think that something similar to the method in practice near the person of the Chinese emperor might be adopted in England; that is, to pay the physician only whilst those who employed him are in health? What a profusion of drugs, and hypocrisy that is worse than drugs, it would save! Then the sorrow of the doctor for the illness of his patient would be real—his joy in his health unfeigned.

O'S. I can't for the life of me understand that: when we are ill, we want the doctor, and the doctor wants the money; when we are well, we don't want the doctor.

Ed. But the doctor still wants the money, and, if his wants are not supplied, he will want you to be ill to get the money, and perhaps want you to keep ill too, to keep himself out of want.

Doctor. O for shame! how illiberal!

Ed. I don't say that he would retard your illness, but surely he ought to be paid in proportion to the rapidity, not, as he now is, to the dilatoriness of recovery—but it's of no use talking. Health is presumptuous, and will not pay for its preservation. But I think that a society of some thirty or forty gentlemen would save money, as well as health, to themselves and families, if they would subscribe each twenty guineas a-year to some clever physician to keep them all in good order, by an exclusive attendance. Of one thing I am certain, they would not be over-physicked.

Vol. Such a plan would certainly ruin the apothecaries.

O'S. Come, this talk grows a drug. "Throw physic to the dogs"—and that's well said too—for they would be too sensible to take it. If we must talk about what we don't understand, I'd sooner hear Volage talk about his *sciara 'scuro,* his keeping, and his masses. After all, a painter's stuff is better than a doctor's. Besides, I understand you inoculate as well as the best lancet-wielding son of a pestle among them.

Vol. I inoculate! I don't take.

O'S. But their lordships, and other rich folks do—don't you inoculate for a taste of the ancient masters, as you call them, and keep a supply ready cut and dry to satisfy them?

Ed. Ah, Volage, how does the virus take now a-days?

Vol. By the palette of Apelles, if he painted with one, it don't take at all. The little taste there is in England for the fine arts is confined to a very, very select few. What can you hope from an aristocracy, when royalty wishes to make fashionable such colouring as Haydon's? If such paintings as he generally produces are liked and patronized, must we not despair that the nation generally will ever acquire a taste for the true, the simple, the beautiful, and the sublime? There was that painting of this artist's in the last exhibition, in the lower room of the Royal Academy, that I have been striving with might and main to forget, and cannot. The horrible perpetration rests on my mind like the witnessing of a murder. It will not away. I have, however, obliterated from my memory the names of the persons thus held up to public ridicule, all daubed over with every flaring colour of the rainbow, in that immense gilt frame. But still the picture, with its blue, yellow, and red—that odious red, that seemed more fiery than red itself—sits upon my thoughts like a many-coloured nightmare—that man is now committing an everlasting murder upon the benevolent Duke of Sussex at Windsor Castle.

Doctor. You take it to heart, Volage—and I suppose that is the reason why you take him in hand so bitterly.

Vol. I do, my friend, I do. To a man who, like myself, has, by every means, cultivated my own taste—and when they would pay for it, that of others, a man, who has the honour of his country so deeply in his bosom in this respect—well, well, it's no use complaining; but I do take it to heart; d—n it, who do you think will ever buy an old master, or a tolerable copy of one, when they are told that such heaping up of colours is a picture?

Ed. Come, come, Volage, Haydon's pictures may improve by age.

Vol. Governor, you have said it. Every year that takes away a tint will add a beauty, and the pictures will have attained the utmost point of perfection of which they are capable, when time shall have mingled all in one indistinguishable mass of obscurity.

O'S. They will then be some of your favourites, Volage—ancient masters; you may safely recommend them to my Lord Vanderput.

Vol. And not till then. At times I almost despair of the art in England. Gentlemen, I will tell you some truths. Every one in this country of freedom is self-manacled by pride; he surrounds himself with a circle of vanity, like *chevaux de frize,* which you must first beat down ere you can get at the insect within it. How shall the industrious, poor, yet talented painter do this? I have got a whole colony of miserable, dirty, clever devils of artists in Titchfield Street, who paint me such inimitable Claudes and Poussins! Just let one of them try to paint an original picture.

Ed. Could he do it?

Vol. Aye! any one of them, beautifully. Could he sell it? no, nor I either, who can do as much that way as any man. An artist must first learn to be a courtier—that is of more consequence to him than to learn the first

principles of his art; and, when our courtier-painter has succeeded, it then becomes his turn to be courted. How can the enthusiasts do this? and it is they to whom the nation should look for excellence. Dress, the light graces of life, the polish of manners, good connexions; it is these, that enable the man to get over the English *chevaux de frize*. Let him cultivate them, and his art as it ought to be cultivated, together if he can. No, no; nobody will buy an original picture, when nobody knows the artist, or when the artist is known to be nobody. If there have been more reliques sold of the true cross than would build a three-decker, there have been more original Claudes painted than would fit her up with canvas for a dozen complete suits of sails—and still enough to spare to make awnings for her boats.

O'S. Well—commend me to the modern manufacturers of these ancient masters: but how do you contrive to sell so many pictures?

Vol. By probing. I touch the puffy part, the vanity of the man; he will buy a picture for many very curious reasons—*videlicet*, if he knows that another wants to buy it; if a modern picture; if the painter be just dead or dying; if ancient, and he hears that there is another fac-simile in existence, in order to write a book to prove that that which he possesses is the only genuine one. But I could tell you an anecdote of a certain leader of the ton, and of taste to, who bought a picture for the strangest of all possible reasons.

Mort. Who was it? I like to know the names of those who administer to the idolatry of gaudiness, which is a vanity of many colours.

O'S. Name, name.

Ed. No; let us spare the man, while we ridicule the folly. Go on, Volage.

Vol. Well; I took this personage three pictures for his inspection; two of them really good, and, if they were not old masters, they deserved to be. The third was a strikingly painted, but rather overdone historical piece, of Cicero pleading in the forum. Not bad, certainly—I never recommend bad pictures. However, my gentleman passed by the two better ones, and fixed his undivided attention upon the Cicero. You know that he is persuaded that he is himself an orator. "Remarkable coincidence," said he, "don't you see it?" "Yes, my lord," said I, for I make it a rule never to contradict a customer; though I knew no more than the Cicero that he was regarding so attentively, what he meant. "In the very place," continued my lord; "I must have that picture, my dear sir, *coute qui coute*." Oh, oh, thought I, it shall cost you something—though I had intended, if my connoisseur purchased the other two, to throw this into the bargain.

O'S. (Aside to Ed.) The rogue!

Ed. He was only putting a proper price upon self-esteem.

Vol. "That picture," said I, "is an unique, I had no thought of putting a price upon it;" which you know, Mr. Editor, was true enough —"but if you lordship insists upon it, you must have it just for——"

Ed. How much?

Vol. What I had intended to ask for the other two, giving this into the bargain.

Mort. Well, that was reasonable. So you sold this, and gave the other two into the bargain. It came to the same thing.

Vol. But it didn't though. "I know this to be a well-painted picture," said my lord, but it is invaluable to me, as it supports, nay, actually proves a theory of mine." (His lordship is a man of theories.) "Between men of a peculiar genius there is alway a mark, a distinguishing sign, that is common to them; but more of this anon, Volage; just get the picture gently cleaned—there's the check—and bring it to me when that is done." For the life of me, I could not think at what he was driving, for all ora-

tor as he is, the most egregious vanity could not pretend to trace the remotest likeness between him and the picture. What think you it was?

Ed. Some similarity of attitude, perhaps.

Vol. No, no—you'd never guess. Well, in a few days I took him the picture nicely refreshed, but in no other manner altered. I never allow a picture-cleaner to repair. Cicero certainly looked all the better for having his face washed. I began to feel proud of him myself, and was no little elated. I placed him gingerly on a chair in the right light—and drew aside the enveloping green baize. My lord first started, and then grew deadly pale. "Where's the mole?" at last he shrieked out. "Where's the large mole that was under the right eye;" and here he pointed emphatically to a very ugly one, in the same situation on his own face. The secret was now out, and I remembered that there was a very deep fly stain on the picture, in that identical spot where his lordship had fancied a mole. "So I have thrown away two hundred guineas," said he despondingly.

O'S. So his lordship gave two hundred guineas for a little fly strain.

Doctor. That he could not call his own either.

Vol. "What signifies, your lordship," said I. "But my book is finished, and half printed," said he. At one fell swoop I had washed away half his lordship's pretensions to be thought a second Cicero. "But, my lord," said I, "there is still a remedy—have the mole painted in again." His lordship took my advice, we bribed one of my poor Titchfield-street devils to secrecy. His lordship very gravely sat for the mole, and the coincidence is stronger than ever. The picture is hung up in the place of honour, and the book is published.

Ed. But there is one link in the argument wanting. How can his lordship know whether Cicero ever had a mole under his right eye?

Vol. What! don't you know how books are made? He begins by proving that the artist took his picture from a once-existing portrait to which he had access, that was discovered in the ruins of Pompeii; for, as he says triumphantly, let any one prove the contrary! And the peculiarity of the mole, a deformity in general——

Doctor. Come, we 've heard enough of this mole: let us not make a mountain of a mole-hill.

Mort. You could not get over that hill to make your pun smooth. Why won't you walk along the plain highway of conversation, like an honest painstaking man?

O'S. I know no one more painstaking than the Doctor, or pains-receiving than his listener. The Don will be here soon. We shall then have froth enough to the table beer of the Doctor's talk.

Ed. By-the-bye, Volage, have you noticed Martin's Fall of Nineveh exhibiting at the Gallery in Adelaide Street?

Vol. A superb picture! That artist's mind is too much in advance of the age. I intend to buy up as many of Martin's pictures as I can; and, as I intend to see out a century, they will become in due time a fortune to me. Whilst I was there, a very talented engineer, a Mr. Stevens, had called a meeting to forward an invention of his, substituting a succession of paddles instead of the rotatory machine by which steam-boats are usually impelled. By this invention, a greater degree of impetus is gained, there is no back resistance of the water, and incalculably less swell is produced as the vessel makes her way. There is a very pretty model of it performing its mimic duty in the circular cistern in the gallery. This discovery deserves the serious attention of government.

O'S. For which reason it will not be attended to at all. When does his majesty take up his quarters in Buckingham Palace?

Ed. Not till it be *done up*—built it never was. It was one vast job;

the ridicule of the public, and the sink of the public money. And then that job of the arch, which may be termed the *arch* job.

Doctor. Stop, Mr. Editor—Captain O'Sullivan—my dear Don—all of you —"lend me your ears." Such an ode!—such a beautiful little ode I 've written upon that arch: not a pun in the whole of it. Am I permitted?

Ed. We are resigned.

Dr. Punever produces his MS. and reads.

Arch of arches! whose legs stand
'Striding a few feet of land!
Wond'rous arch of Pimlico,
Over whom we cannot go!
Arch! beneath whose bend but few
Will pass under, will pass through.
Near thy dingy palace, thou
Look'st like "pearl on Ethiope's brow,"
Pretty mimic of th' antique!
Could thy marble jaws but speak,
How thy builder thou wouldst lash!
How thy stony dentals *gnash*—

Omnes. A pun—a pun! *(Dr. Punever reads on, not regarding.)*

How thy stony dentals *gnash;*
Thou wert brought from sunny skies,
To where mist eternal lies;
From Carrara's quarries fair,
To bog, to fog, and deep despair.
Not speak! thou canst!—all must own
This would put a tongue in stone.

Arches, when they're made by kings
Really are expensive things!—
Monarchs make arch-deacons still,
Make arch-bishops as they will,
Onward, as the passion marches,
Make their courts, all courts of arches.
These to do, let kings be free,
Yet make arch no more like thee!

When Canova, man of lore!
Saw the columns that before
Carlton House, in lacquey'd state,
Stood, supporting—*their own weight,*
Then the classic architect
Took his hat off with respect,
And he asked them, bowing low,
"My dear sirs, why stand ye so?"
The tall columns answered fair,
"We don't know, but here we are."

Marble arch, thou pretty thing!
Such rude question should they bring,
And demand of thee for what
There thou'rt plac'd, like wife of Lot,
Answer them, in lofty sounds—
Five and seventy thousand pounds!

O'S. By the potency of poteen! that last line is the best, Doctor, that you ever wrote. It is an excellent line. Oh! that I had it on a slip of paper, prefaced by *pay to my order,* and finished by some such word as Rothschild or Baring!

Enter Don.

Don. Mr. Editor, your most obedient—Captain O'Sullivan, yours—in fact, every body's. Volage, have you a picture to dispose of—any little trifle, that by some small alterations might be made an allegorical resemblance of myself? I wish to make a present—something classical and light—an Apollo or an Alcibiades; anything that will not give the artist much trouble in the alteration. We must have a likeness, you know.

Mort. I can oblige the young gentleman. I have got at home an old picture of a hairy satyr running after butterflies. You shall have it for half-a-guinea. It will require but little alteration indeed.

Don. You be d—d with your satyrs. I dare say that you make a mistake—it 's a portrait of your father. Shocking that a moral man like you should wish to sell his family pictures.

Ed. Come, I think that we are carrying our badinage too far: jokes are half-cousins to gibes, and they, are half-cousins to quarrels. But Mortame's awkward offer puts me in mind of the man of the Zoological Gardens, who ran after an egressing visitor, and very politely asked him to stay till the monkeys had been counted.

Don. Well, at last the season is fairly dead and buried. No more Almacks' balls, dinner-parties, water-parties. All the *world* is out of London; and this deserted metropolis is now only thinly inhabited by about one million of *nobodies*.

Ed. The *nobodies!* Yes, I understand; certain animals resembling the human species. What will the Morning Post and the Morning Herald do now? How will they fill their enormous columns with that highly important intelligence concerning levees, *galopades*, projected marriages in the *haut-ton*, and ladies' dresses?

Don. Really, 'tis a calamity. By-the-bye, I should imagine that the female market has offered this year nothing particularly striking among the recent novelties. Few tolerable bargains have been made—chaperons have not been equally profound and successful as on other occasions; but the fact is, the mania of politics has engrossed too much of the public mind.

Ed. I have not heard of any new extraordinary lions this season. I wonder if the stock of those commodities be exhausted.

Don. Certainly; Paganini, Pasta, and Malibran, are *old* lions. The first gigantic animal received a good lesson from John Bull, and is become a good boy. With regard to Pasta, coming years don't certainly improve her. I am afraid that in one or two seasons more, her singing powers will offer nothing more than a splendid wreck; not so her genius as an actress—this will endure yet many years. Malibran has produced "an *extraordinary sensation*" (I believe this is the appropriate epithet) among the public. Her locomotive powers are almost equal to her other talents; for really never have I seen such rapidity in changing scene—Malibran at Drury Lane—Malibran at Covent Garden—Malibran at the King's Theatre—Malibran at public concerts—Malibran at private parties—Malibran at the Haymarket, &c. &c. We have not yet heard whether she intends to favour the Surrey and the Pavilion theatres with her performances.

Ed. They say that the Opera has been a losing concern this year.

Don. Every think is a losing concern now-a-days—theatres, literature, Parliament, magazines, clubs, women, dinners, speculations, reform, abuses, policemen, public meetings, Parson Irving, Owen of Lanark, public societies, patriotism, &c. &c. So it is no wonder the opera should be a losing concern. Laporte must be dreadfully out of pocket.

Ed. That Laporte must be an immensely rich man, to undertake such desperate speculations, and lose so much. Now I should not be surprised if, despite *all* these losses, Laporte remained on his legs for a long series of seasons. However, what 's become of Monck Mason's opera?

Don. Aye! I suppose it will be performed *anno domini* 1829.

Ed. The theatres have been rather barren this month.

Don. The Haymarket has given us "*Pyramus and Thisbe,*" a trifle imitated from Kotzebue with tolerable success; and "Nicholas Flam," a farce, from the French piece of Mazeres, "*L'Enfant trouve,*" which was also successful. The illness of Farren is highly detrimental to this house. The English Opera has produced a melo-dramatic opera, "*Lo Zingaro,*" with the success of which the author ought to be well satisfied.

Ed. And who is the author?

Don. Captain Addison, a descendant of the celebrated writer. I am told he is very enthusiastic in his love of literature, and the drama in particular. He has produced several things anonymously of peculiar merit. I trust he will now more publicly bear with grace the terrific weight of his name.

Ed. I have heard that "*Jonathan Bradford,*" at the Surrey, has been a great *hit.*

Don. So it has; but we should advise the manager to discard the exuberant predilection which he evinces for puffing and humbug. His playbills display him a blockhead of considerable dimensions. His illuminations and boastings are really nauseous. Most assuredly, *that* is not the precise way to elevate the character of the minor theatres, of which the Surrey proprietor is understood to be a zealous supporter.

Ed. Talking of humbug, commend me to the striking illustration presented lately by the *Times.*

Don. Ah! you mean with reference to Mr. Simpson's benefit at Vauxhall.

Ed. Precisely. The *Times* has given the public three successive editions of a *joke,* which keeps the strictest incognito imaginable. But we say it is no *joke.*

Don. What is it, then?

Ed. A good-natured *puff.*

Don. The deuce! a *puff* of a column's length, and three times repeated! Really, 'tis too much—and the grave, impregnable *Times* too! No, no; I rather think it was meant as a joke, if one could only find out the fun of the thing.

Ed. Talking of other matters, I find that the publishing season has also expired.

Don. I 'm told that, although not very brilliant or lucrative, it has nevertheless been much more so, than the two preceding seasons.

Ed. I see Bulwer leaves the *New Monthly,* and goes to Italy. Ah! Don, when is your new novel to be published?

Don. Very soon. I 'm puzzled, and detained by——

Ed. What?

Re-enter Mr. Percy, considerably better.

Don. A title.

Ed. A title! God save the mark! how can that be? I thought that books were written for titles now-a-days, not titles for books.

Don. Parole d'honneur—mine is an exception.

Ed. What brings you to town, *now?*

Don. Pshaw! I 'm *not* in town—just run down for an hour or two, merely to see you, and thank you for many favours, especially the *quiz-*

zing in the last number. I 'm duly grateful, and only wish for an opportunity to return the compliment. Stay, and I have something to tell you. People complain that you exclude politics altogether from the Magazine.

Ed. Well, let the public complain.

Don. So you won't listen to reason?

Ed. I never do, unless it suits my purpose.

Don. An excellent method never to be wrong: but, under favour, I wish to observe——

Ed. Pray don't observe. 'Tis no use to persuade me, when I 've made up my mind not to be persuaded.

Don. What sensible logic!

Ed. It saves a world of argument.

Don. Aye—that's a consideration, certainly; for my part, I always thought *one side* of a question was quite enough for human purposes—the other is merely to afford a little decent talk; as the play says, "A man should never take advice until his mind is made up, for then it can do him no harm." So, decidedly, you won't have politics? now, reflect—don't cut Don Pedro and Don Miguel—Don Ferdinand, Nicholas, Metternich, Lord Grey, Lord Palmerston, &c. &c.

Ed. Yes, cut them all—all—all.

Don. Well, then, adieu. You are one of the most rational, sensible, hot-headed, strong-headed, and strongly-opiniated fellows I ever saw in my life—adieu! [*Exit.*

Ed. Politics, forsooth! is there not enough of them in the morning and evening papers, &c., in Blackwood's, Fraser's Magazine, and any other Magazine under the sun? What the deuce does the Don mean by coming to bore me on the subject? the fact is, that the fellow can never be quiet a moment—he has always some wondrous scheme or other to propose. Well, Mr. Percy, why do you look so dismal?

Percy. Why, sir, we are accused of the henious crime of imitating the *Noctes* of Blackwood.

Ed. True—some wise persons think that every dialogue in a Magazine must need be an imitation of the eternal *Noctes.* On the same principle, plays ought not to be written, because they will probably be *faint copies* of Shakspeare, nor poems, because of Milton and Tasso, nor, in fact, any thing. We are accused of being rather light and frivolous—God help the men! what would they have? Let them learn the true definition of *Chit Chat* before they presume to condemn. *Chit Chat* is naturally enough *Chit Chat.* And as to being light and frivolous, if we attempt to be serious, malice will say we are dull and heavy. The greatest virtue in this world is, laughing—and the more you make people laugh, the more you promote virtue.

Percy. Quod est demonstrandum.

Ed. Not now, my good fellow, I have no time to follow the subtleties of the argument. The fact is, people don't understand the true meaning of the word Chit Chat. It is a sort of mincemeat which may be swallowed without the trouble of mastication; and it is a great relief, after pausing upon hard facts, which they have to chew like gristle. It is——

Percy. A trifle—in the second course.

Ed. Exactly so—and fills up the chink of the Magazine in the same way as a trifle fills up the chinks in the receiver of a good dinner.

Doctor. Well, Mr. Editor, I must wish you farewell—I am off for Hastings.

O'S. And I have received a letter from ——, at the Isle of Wight, and shall pay a visit to the Yacht Club. Lord Yarborough is an excellent sailor, and gives excellent dinners.

Vol. I am off to Baden, Mr. Editor, if you have any commands.

Mort. I think to enliven Paris with my presence for two or three months.

Ed. Fare ye well, gentlemen; if I can manage a fortnight's shooting, it is all the recreation which I anticipate. If you alter your minds, or delay your departures, I shall be happy to see you in Norfolk.

BRIDAL SERENADE.

Air—*March in "Timon of Athens."*

By Mrs. Crawford.

'Tis the dawn of Love,
And the Sun above
Has trimm'd his lamp for beauty's shrine;
And the sportive flowers,
In the latticed bowers,
In garlands for Love's altar twine;
And the whisp'ring breeze,
In the orange trees,
Sighs the name of Geraldine.

Like the young moon's beam
On the silver stream,
A light plays round her brow divine;
And her eyes, as blue
As the sapphire's hue;
Through their silken fringes laughing shine;
Of the rose's bloom,
And its rich perfume,
Is the lip of Geraldine.

Let the tender lute,
And the dulcet flute,
With serenade salute her mine,—
And the tinkling rhyme,
Like the sweet bells' chime,
'Till my sleeping bride her couch resign;
And the chaplet pale,
And the bridal veil,
Crown the head of Geraldine.

HALF AN HOUR TOO LATE.

A TRUE STORY.

When wholly-oppressed and half-philosophized France rose, at first gradually and grandly, to fling from her encumbered limbs the chains and manacles that the tyranny and superstition of ages had heaped upon her, Germany looked on, astonished at the magnitude of the effort, and regarded the first dawnings of her success with a mingled sensation of wonder, fear, and approval. The German universities participated strongly in those feelings, the members of which were divided in their opinions, as they were influenced either by the pride of birth, the tyranny of individual disposition, or the effulgence of the light of the new philosophy. During this crisis, there were at the university of Konigsburg, two young gentlemen whose sentiments on the passing events were diametrically opposed. The Baron Kartheim, being of a temperament as ardent as his family was ancient, being descended from the Teutonic knights, who first conquered the duchy of Courland, where a baron at the present time governed with justice and moderation, strongly advocated what appeared to him to be the first approach of the triumphant march of political liberty and moral regeneration. He was animated, and his manners had received the Parisian polish, and the general amenity of his deportment, notwithstanding the revolutionary principles which he was supposed to have imbibed, caused him to be loved and honoured by the majority of the descendants of the counts and barons of the empire. Among these, one gentleman became not only his companion, but often his antagonist in argument; this person was the Baron Clagenfurth, who, being under the domination of Austria, professed principles diametrically opposite to those of his associate. His tenants were, in fact, good orthodox Catholics, who believed in the count, their landlord, the Keisar, and the Virgin Mary, who paid their taxes punctually, and had a very priestly and Christian hatred of freethinking and Frenchmen.

Now Count Clagenfurth upheld most ostentatiously that serfs, like those who wore blue serge coats and three-cornered hats, could, by no possibility, have any right to the unlimited use of their reasoning faculties; for, as far as those faculties were concerned in the advancement of their prosperity, or in the care of their interests—what need had they of them? —was not he at court? Consequently, they were amply considered for, and fully protected, and they were bound, for these manifold advantages, to give up all their chattels and cattle, including themselves among the latter, for the service of the good emperor, who, in return, would do his best to keep the French wits, with vain speculations about liberty and equality, at a respectful distance.

To all these doctrines, the young baron, on the contrary, argued that man had an inherent right to a fair partition of the option of disposing of his hard-earned pittance; and that all classes should alike share the burthens, as well as the danger, of the defence of their common country; and, if a man's lot placed him in the army, he should have opened to him the higher grades, which at present could be attained only by those who could display a certain number of quarterings in their escutcheon. That, were all this permitted, the moral character of the sovereign people would be elevated, and that they would be thus soon enabled to traverse Europe at the *pas de charge*, and diffuse everywhere just principles of liberty and liberality in their onward progress.

Little elegant controversies, founded upon these diverse opinions,

nightly took place between these very experienced youths; but no one took a greater interest in these disputations than the fair-haired daughter of mine host of the Golden Fleece, at whose house they usually took place. But her interest lay not at all in the subject, but altogether in the advocate, when that advocate was the baron. The count, who also had some pretensions in the same quarter, as he could not conceive himself beaten in argument, neither could he understand that he might be worsted in love.

The little indulgences given to the baron, to the disparagement of the count, who thought himself all perfection—(how could he doubt it, had not his servants assured him of it?)—sorely annoyed him; and, as he only wanted an opportunity to vent his spleen, the heat of one of these debates soon gave him one; for when one wants to ride to the devil, there is always a little urchin standing by with a saddle and bridle, and politics will make as good a horse to run that road as any thing we know. Well, the count, thinking himself rather infringed on in his *droits de l' amour*, when one night, that the baron was expatiating on the *droits de l' homme*, Count Clagenfurth, gently putting aside his miershaum shaum, which he had been puffing with a ten-ass power, as hiswrath increased, exclaimed, that the Teutonic knights, who bravely gained him, the baron, the lands that he enjoyed, by their good swords, from the infidels of the East, would, if they had heard him, despise, as he did, a degenerate son who upheld those whom he considered as no better than the plundering infidels of the West, who lured the hitherto happy peasantry, by the show of liberty and equality, to undergo a far more degrading bondage and subjection to a blood-thirsty race between the tiger and the monkey.

The count had no sooner delivered himself of this phillipic against the baron personally, and his friends generally, than he strode out of the room; and the baron was instantly up to follow him, calling out, "*Herr grof*—a word with you." A friend or two also moved off to see the result.

They had hardly shut the door of the adjoining room, before the baron taxed the count with the unwarrantable personality he had used towards him: at the same time telling him his ancestors were freemen, and ruled over freemen such as he wished all men to be; and such all men would be, who wish not to be bigots and slaves, to be moved like puppets by kings and priests. His were the *degenerate* race, and he hurled the despicable epithet back with disdain. The count's high ancestral blood rose to a pitch beyond expression, as he could only utter, "*A low-bred hind*, and no *true scion of the Teutonic knights*, you shall give me satisfaction for this insult." Their friends interposed, and proposed adjusting; but both demanded an early meeting, looking daggers at each other, exclaiming, "*Morgen frue, morgen frue*."

A courier had arrived that day from a court in alliance with Austria, then about to form a coalition to check the inroads of republicanism, with an order for the count's immediate attendance at Vienna, to facilitate the levy of troops to be raised in his native state of Styria, to reinforce the army then forming at Gratz, to occupy and keep down Lombardy, where revolutionary principles were widely disseminated, and embryo transalpine republics concocted, and fostered by French money and intrigue. The Austrian count, Neudorf, as a friend to his countryman, begged an early meeting on the road to Vienna, as the courier could convey the count, if unhurt, to his sovereign, who anxiously wished his assistance: fearing, in the event of any delay, that he, with other persons of his age, should be bitten by the revolutionary mania: so that Neudorf begged for *halb-sieben*. The baron's French friend, with vivacity, exclaimed, "*A la bonheur*," and told his friend, the baron, that *sept heure et demi* was the hour fixed for the meeting.

The baron was called out from his little friend, my host's daughter, whom he was assuring that no harm could happen to him; that as for that dolt of a count, if he had to do with only such as him, he feared not disabling and putting him *hors de combat* with little trouble. Duval having told him his message, Kartheim flew back, told his little anxious friend that all was right, and that the count left by a courier for Vienna. She concluded that no meeting was intended from this, and resumed her gaiety for the remainder of the evening, unconscious of any thing that the morning should bring forth; only that she would be relieved from the importunate attentions of the Austrian count, and the lively baron was to be left safe at the university.

Each friend had prepared the necessary arms, *à feu et blanche*, so that nothing should be wanting to decide their differences *jusqu'à la mort*. Our count started in good time to be at the rendezvous, with his friend and a medical man, arriving at their destination by half-past six precisely. The courier was also to leave the town at that hour, so as to give, as they termed it, *ein good halb stund* for the deadly strife; after which he took the count, or left the clay.

The baron and Duval had passed the night merrily to a late hour, making passes at each other with their foils to keep the principal's arm in proper tension, or affecting to snuff the candle with a pistol-ball; then retired with the certainty of coming off victorious in the forthcoming strife, and slept soundly until they were roused by their valets to dress. The carriage, with a medical friend, being desired to be at the door by seven o'clock, some little delay took place so that they were not ready for a quarter of an hour more. The baron became in a rage, fearing that greatest of all curses to a man of gallantry in both senses, *qu'il manque la parole*. They moved off at last, urging the postilion to the utmost speed, that no drinkgelt would be wanting. The schwayer got his horses to move in a manner they were not wont to do, and, in consequence, became restive, so that one urged the other off the *chausee* into the ditch, and upset the caleche. This produced a further delay in getting it up and to rights; the baron's anxiety now quite overcame him, and he exclaimed with anguish, "*Mon Dieu! voila l'heure arrivée!* If I lose my appointment, he will be off before I can rectify it."

They soon after arrived *au rendezvous*, and what he had predicted had really occurred. Count C. and his friend waited for half-an-hour after the appointed time, and even extended it a quarter further; finding no appearance of his antagonist, and being assured by the courier that *he* saw no vehicle in readiness when he started, that it was useless waiting, particularly as his despatches were of the utmost importance for the Aulic council to decide on, and the count's presence was necessary at that board. The boatman also stated if they did not embark immediately to cross the Haff, on the banks of which they then were, from an approaching storm rising, they would be detained for days. All these arguments, and a good halb stund being given, induced the count to embark with the courier, leaving word with his second, that such they would always find French faith and honour, to which the baron had been a proselyte, and proved himself that morning a worthy member of such a set of faithless miscreants, regicides, and traitors, unworthy of the Deutsche treue, *i. e.* German faith of his ancestors of the sword.

Having relieved his mind by this vituperation, he stepped into the boat. Lighting his meershaum pipe his servant presented to him, (from its shamoy jacket,) wrapping his fur cloak round him, giving a puff or two, he called out, "Lieben sie wohl" to his two friends on shore, and lay himself down on the seat, while the vessel moved off, and was soon lost sight of in the mist of the morning.

The baron and his friend hastily stepped out of the caleche, and moved

briskly up to Count Neudorf, whom they saluted, and hoped the principal was not kept waiting, as Duval said, shewing his watch, "In spite of our accident, we have only exceeded the time ten minutes"——

—"And one hour," said Neudorf, coolly.

At this remark, Kartheim stared aghast, exclaiming, "Half-past seven was the time."

"*N'est pas—halb sieben,*" said Neudorf, drily, "was the time I gave your second, who conversed with me on the matter *sprach* and *seemed* to understand me thoroughly. My friend has but just left, having waited nearly three-quarters of an hour—at any rate, a good *halb stund*—and requested me to say that such principles generally accompanied such faith, baron—*vous avez manqué le rendezvous.*"

Duval started at this, saying, "I see it all, my dear friend—it is all from my egotism, in supposing I knew your language. *Au fond, for halb sieben*, I read half-past seven."

"God in heaven! what can I do to remove this fault! Get a boat," exclaimed Kartheim, coolly, "and I will follow the slave of a despot to the end of the world."

Neudorf mounted his caleche, and left the baron to the triste reflection of having given his bitter enemy such a hold of him. Duval flew to the shore, and the only boat and man left there he entreated to carry them over, at whatsoever price he chose to name. The man said all the money of the Grand Turk would not now move him to attempt crossing; the only safe *conducteur* had gone over with the courier, and that the sea was rising so fast, that his boat was not safe where she lay; that he advised their moving towards the city, as the Douaniers would be obliged to give up their post shortly. In fact, it soon became self-evident, from the sea bathing their feet, the thing was impossible, which forced them to make a hasty retreat to higher grounds; where stood Kartheim, in no pleasant mood, seeing his hopes of vengeance cut off, and knowing also that the courier would not lose time, when he reached the opposite bank, to proceed on his mission. And he had heard enough from Neudorf, to know that Clagenfurth was obliged to be his *compagnon du voyage.* These reflections, with the stigma cast upon his character, nearly overwhelmed him with rage.

"*It was my fault,*" called out Duval, as he could put in a word during his paroxysms of passion, in which he showered on Clagenfurth all the epithets his brain could invent, of "*Dumnier kerl de autri chien, esclave des fous,*" &c.

"But will your words be believed," returned he, "by all the enemies of freedom? The rank partisans of absolute power in the university will blazon it forth, assisted by prejudice; and Fame, with her hundred-tongued trumpet, will sound my shame in as many languages throughout Germany."

They mounted their caleche in sullen silence, the baron feeling a sense of shame, that cowardice would be attached to his liberalism, of which his conscience acquitted him; while Duval endeavoured, by every possible means, to solace him, saying, "he would take it all on himself, and that Neudorf dare not controvert the truth, or he would see his heart's blood."

"Very pretty talking!" exclaimed Kartheim. "With all the prejudice of the world against us, how can *you* make people believe that *you* gave a wrong interpretation to words clearly expressed in German, which, in SUCH A CASE, should have been repeated to me word by word, or in writing?"

"But, my dear friend," returned Duval, "at that interesting moment I thought to give you *the sense* of the passage, without entering into the minutiæ, that you should have time to return to your *chére amie.*"

"Bah!" exclaimed Kartheim, "I wish that French vivacity were tempered by German solidity, without which your nation will be everlastingly changing its position in European politics, and never maintain the respect and power in the scale of nations your geographical situation and innate bravery ought to give you." On saying this he threw his cloak over his mouth, and fell back into a corner of the carriage; while Duval enumerated the friends he had at the university who would do him justice, and not countenance the vile constructions that malevolence would put on the conduct of a man (whatever his opinions) that had ever proved himself of consummate courage.

On their arrival many friends called to know the result, which they explained, Duval being profuse in abusing himself, saying how *bête* he was to fancy he knew German. They generally shrugged up their shoulders, exclaiming, "C'est dommage!" Neudorf had extolled the gallant bearing of *his* friend, and added, how reluctantly he quitted the rendezvous by some MISTAKE, not on their side—Kartheim *a manqué* leaving the world to draw their own conclusions, seldom very favourable to the party not favoured by the most powerful.

By degrees the baron found himself neglected, if not shunned, in the university, where he had been held up as a pattern of accomplished politeness, and have been extremely *recherché partout*. This was not a little galling, as he traced in many insinuations, hits at being *too late*, maliciously but cautiously introduced, which wounded him to the quick. His high spirit could not brook contumely. His little friend Anchen, who had now more of his company than usual, seeing him oppressed, tried to assuage his feelings, and divert their course to more pleasing subjects. All would not do. Sometimes he thought of starting direct for Vienna: from this Duval dissuaded him, as the nations were arming and manning their frontiers, so that there was no knowing at what moment war would be declared. Indeed, some hostilities had commenced, and Courland being under the protection of Russia, though not then joined to it, they would probably be called on for their quota, if an army was forming. Being of a leading family, it would be expected that he would be at his post. Neudorf, he knew, gave a colouring to the reports that tormented him; but in such a way, that no hold could be had on him. "*He was sorry for Kartheim,* and that such a MISTAKE should have happened." So that MISTAKE became almost a by-word by which all mishaps were designated. The repetition of it at billiards, or elsewhere, made the little Frenchman dancing mad, and cut poor Kartheim to the heart's core, who resolved to stand it no longer, which he communicated to Duval, assuring him that ere long he would join the cause of freedom, and fight under the tricolor, which had already gained some success in the Netherlands under Pichegru and Dumourier; adding, "I hope to meet Clagenfurth in fair fight; we shall then see whether slaves or freemen can best defend their *country; he,* I will single out if possible. My aged parents require my best attentions for some time, and some family affairs to put *en traine* for their settlement, after which I will leave my country under a feigned name, and join the army of the Sambre and Meuse."

Duval, who had given up the marquisate of Delaval to qualify himself to be one of the *souverain peuple,* and had put on the cap of liberty ere he had left France, now proposed to return thither, assuring his friend that he should meet with a warm reception. The next morning the two friends parted, the one for the north, the other for the south. We must leave Duval for some time, and confine our attention to the baron, who found himself in a few days at his paternal home on the banks of the Dwina. He drove up to Lindenhoff, a beautiful avenue of linden trees leading up to the house, the gardens of which, and the parterres, were

spread round the antique mansion, in that style which so much delighted le Grand Monarque at Versailles. It would be a sweet and pleasing office to describe the affectionate meeting between Kartheim and his father and sister—the joy of the dependants, and the protracted course of *fêtes* that were given to signalize his arrival. But we must pass forward to sterner matters.

The voice of suspicion is more pervading than the plague mist. No retreat is secure from its entrance, no solitude so deep but it will startle with its demon-like echo. "*Too Late,*" those damning words were whispered even in the bosom of his family. Those words had already poisoned the source of his very life.

But let us for a moment shift the scene. The reign of terror was then at its height in France; one sanguinary tyrant succeeded the other, to denounce and slaughter his predecessors or rivals in office; giving the anti-revolutionists just reason for decrying all such forms of government, which, from their excesses, formed undoubtedly a striking contrast of misrule to even the most absolute monarchical government. His little friend Duval was denounced as an aristocrat, although he had become a sans culotte, and entered with warmth into the wildest speculations of liberty and equality, fraternizing with his former servants, &c. Still all would not do, while he had any thing worth having; so he left his *terres* to these miscreant polissons, and many other terms he applied to the rabble, quoting his favourite phrase from Molière, "Qui terre a guerre," whom he at first had with glee led against the noble Swiss, who so devotedly fell in defence of their charge in the Tuilleries. Having sacked the kingly residence, they turned round on the aristocrats of all descriptions, and spared neither friends nor foes who had any thing to lose. The poor little marquis found his hotel invaded; all his declarations for the *souverain peuple,* with his bonnet rouge and tricolor cockade, had little effect on the mob. So he collected all his portable valuables, and made for the frontier. Passing through the army of Condè, being royalists, and well knowing his defection, they scouted him as a recreant noble, and he gladly sought an asylum with his old college friend, at Lindenhoff, where he was welcomed by the whole party, and proved a powerful auxiliary to the ladies in pacifying the young baron in his warmth for French liberty, which had now become anarchy. Duval seemed to have joined the happy circle like a weather-beaten traveller coming to a glowing hearth, with smiling faces round it, from the buffeting of the pitiless storm of cruel men, still more pitiless than it. His descriptions of the barbarities committed by the Septembrizers and other depraved wretches, which the revolution had brought forward, made the blood run cold with horror; and even the young baron rejoiced, that in the frenzy of revolutionary feeling he had not been induced to join so blood-thirsty and despicable a crew.

About this period some of the old families of Courland became sensible that there was an intention on the part of the majority of the states, or men in the administration, to cede the little duchy in perpetuity to Russia, which was lavishing its gold and promises of pensions and honours to *these worthies.* Among the nobles who would assist in a council of the states in declaring its incompetency to maintain itself as an independent state, and vote for its being incorporated with the Russian empire—the Czarina being desirous of possessing it as a medium by which she could advance into the heart of Poland, part of which it had so unjustly usurped in conjunction with other powers, whose rapacity quite equalled their greedy neighbour—the patriotic baron and his son stoutly stood out for the integrity of their little state, and boldly charged the advocates of Russia with having sold themselves to that usurping power. "Courland, once possessed by her," he exclaimed with emphasis, "the road to Siberia

will be open to us, (nobles,) and our devoted and worthy bawrshaft will be drawn with wreckless haste to fight her battles on the Black Sea, to aggrandize a power now too preponderating for the liberties of Europe; and you, gentlemen, who aspire to high offices at St. Petersburgh, will be wofully deceived. Once this act of treachery committed, little heed will be given by the autocrat to your complaints of broken faith." As a last appeal, he desired them to look at the statue over the gate of Riga, of that brave old Teuton Platenburgh, whose good sword and that of his knights had gained for them the duchy, and lay their hands on their hearts ere they gave up their birthright for gold, and became the slaves of the ruthless Russians, whose clemency they had good reason to doubt from their treatment of their Polish neighbours. However, this appeal was in vain; it was decreed that the duchy was to be incorporated with the great empire, and the last *rejèton* of the Birons was to be mediatised *à la Bonaparte, i. e.* to have a pension for life from the revenue of the states, with similar donations to all the dependants, and the sovereignty given up to Russia. Thus fell that little country into the paws of the bear, an animal whose endearing hug is death to its victim.

The patriotic inmates of Lindenhoff finding their exertions futile, withdrew from Mittau, where the nobility formed a society of enlightened members, most of whom having travelled over all parts of Europe, indeed the world, made it one of the most desirable residences for a northern winter that such an inhospitable climate could boast of.

Mais revenons à nos moutons ou plutôt, à la belle France, where the revolutionary volcano was in full force—a more fearful eruption had never hitherto visited the European community. The heated particles from that crater Paris were felt from "Indus to the pole," while the lava flowed in a steady column (of a dense mass of patriotic men) to the frontiers, repelling with fire and sword all attempts of feudalism to establish itself on the soil of regenerating France. Such was the revolution. The people, were too eager to renew all institutions at once. All became chaos, caused by the hurricane of public opinion coming in contact with long established customs and rights, which for a time sternly opposed themselves to innovators. But the blast of the tornado hurled all before it to heedless destruction. May the *debris* after such a convulsion be regenerated into wholesome institutions, for the well-being of their fellow-creatures, was the mental prayer of the little marquis, who had, with his national vivacity, been carried into the vortex of democratic frenzy, thinking he could guide the vulgar mind and ride on the storm, which neither he nor his prototype, that talented *roué* Mirabeau, could effect; for, as Montesquieu properly remarked, revolutions never retrograde.

Our travellers were soon prepared, when Charles, taking an affectionate leave of his father and sister, set out with the young Count Duval to join the galaxy of heroes of the army of Italy, under Napoleon. Charles had confided his intentions to his father alone, who, disgusted with his countrymen for giving his country up to Russia, cordially assisted the young adventurers in their project, giving out that they were only going to witness the events on the Rhine, where the Arch-Duke Charles and Moreau were pitted against each other.

The appellation of Labinsky was chosen as a *nom de guerre* for the young baron, Duval keeping the one he had assumed as his tutor, whose joy knew no bounds at the idea of joining those redoubtable phalanxes which brought so much glory to the French name. They left Lindenhoff with light hearts and buoyant expectations, which were not a little enhanced by the baron picturing to himself the probability of meeting his old rival, Clagenfurth, who would necessarily be employed in one of the many corps sent into Italy in defending the Styrian frontier, where his patrimony lay; so that not a small spice of re-

venge was mixed up in his thirst for glory. They rapidly passed on through the Russian territory, but not without passing a day at the university, where they found host, hostess, and above all, the Kleine Anchen with open arms to receive them, *gum goldnen schaff*, and renewed their kindly feelings of warm-hearted youth towards those good people. The little girl shed tears of undissembled sorrow on learning their destination for the scene of war, dreading the French would devour them; the little marquis almost letting out the secret of their destination, to relieve her fears of French cannibalism, as she piously believed the revolutionary legions on the Rhine were alimented with human flesh. Having been convinced by the priests that they had put down all religion, converted their churches to stables, and their bells into cannon, they easily believed the devouring their prisoners as no great step after such atrocities. The friends again pressed forward to the haff, or arm of the sea, that so provokingly prevented Kartheim wreaking his vengeance on the vainglorious object of his aversion. Now calm and tranquil, he was soon wafted to the opposite coast, and resumed the journey, still keeping in the Prussian territory, avoiding that occupied by the Austrians, who now, of all the German nations, were single-handed keeping up the struggle with the revolutionists on the Rhine and in Italy. Avoiding the hostile armies in Germany, and keeping to the neutral territories as much as possible, they were enabled to cross the Danube at Ulm; making for Switzerland, through the Black Forest, and crossing the Rhine at Basle, they continued their journey through Zurich to Lucerne, and by water on that romantic lake of the Helvetic Cantons to Altorf; when ascending the St. Gothard's sublime acclivities, the road to its summit being guided through the precipices by a roaring torrent, which you cross by the Devil's Bridge, and the rock ere you reach Unterseen, which passage was forced by the chivalrous Suwarrof and his devoted Russians. Our friends gave themselves no time to dwell on the sublime and beautiful; pressing on, they beheld the fair realms of sunny Italy, descending in Chiarenna. Crossing, or rather going the length of that beautiful lake, brought them to Como, from thence, a very short journey brought them to Milan, the head quarters of the French army of Italy.

The young conqueror had entered Milan in triumph, escorted by the army who had gained the battle of Lodi. At this propitious moment our travellers arrived, and joined in the general joy. The principalities of Lombardy sued for peace, and were successively received under the protection of the republic. All these successes had intoxicated the troops, and with Italian flattery; Bonaparte feared they would find a Caprea in Milan, and he soon had occasion to tell them, in his usual energetic style, "they had battles to fight, dangers to face," &c. *En avant* was the word. Our friends were soon incorporated with the army, first as *sous officers*, and were soon called into action in the successful combats that shortly drove the veterans opposed to them out of Italy. Other armies followed in the track of the routed one, and were successively defeated in making their way to relieve Mantua. And the brave Wurmser had no better success than his predecessor. The activity and energy of the young general, followed by his admiring, enthusiastic army, carried all before them. Kartheim did not fail to distinguish himself by his bravery and intelligence during these conflicts, and gained brevet after brevet for his merit, and became the associate of the conqueror of Lodi, and let no opportunity of distinguishing himself escape. The French now became so rife in terrible enterprize, that a successful charge of cavalry often put the army in possession of a stadt, or province. The Austrians became nearly dispirited by so many defeats, but another army, the fourth, now came down from the mountains of Friuli and Tyrol; being a dernier resort, commanded by the best general, Alrinze, it required all the activity

and energy of the French to maintain themselves against such a preponderating force. Now it was that Kartheim's talents were called forth in aid of his devoted general. Constantly in the saddle, he gave himself no rest; such was his indefatigable zeal for the cause he had adopted, that Bonaparte often commanded the repose which he did not give himself, inspiring his troops by his contempt of death, in taking his hasty meals while cannon shot struck the ground he sat on. Nothing could withstand such men.

At the battle of Arcoli, Kartheim, who was in advance, had survived the murderous fire they were subjected to in crossing the bridge, and came up with a demi-brigade of the retreating Austrians, who were covered by a regiment of Italians, and drove them forward, making some presoners, of whom he hastily demanded their regiment. "The Styrian regiment." "Your colonel?" "Count Clagenfurth, wounded," was the reply, "and carried off half an hour since." "Ah!" he mentally groaned, as he said, "Am I never to measure my sword with that man?" In these stirring scenes little time was given for reflection, and other duties diverted his attention, so that his chagrin had not time to work during the feverish state of excitement. And the struggle was closed with the head of the Christian church being permitted, as a favour, to wear his triple crown in the presence of the conqueror of so many princes.

Kartheim flattered himself ere long to "beard the lion in his den," and that Styria would become the scene of war, to glut his vengeance on the estate of his hated antagonist, now *hors de combat* at Vienna, when the treaty of Campo Formio terminated their triumphs and their labours, to give another field to their glory on the palmy shores of Egypt; when, as that witty veteran, Sir John Doyle, said, some years after, "that the ice was broken on the burning sands of Egypt," *i. e.* a check was first given to Bonaparte's career of universal conquest.

Kartheim followed the fortunes of the man he idolized, in that expedition, and became a *chef de brigade* under Dessaix, and in that interesting and classic country maintained his well-earned reputation, in several conflicts with the Mamelukes, in more than one of which he received a striking proof of the excellence of the Damascus blade—a slashing back-handed cut from one, while retreating, crossing his brow, as he said, leaving a *joli cicatrice pour les dames*. On the subjugation of Egypt, he returned with fortune's favourite to Europe. Landing at Fregus, they hurried to Paris, where he found his old friend, Duval, who had been no less arduously employed with Moreau on the Rhine, and heard that he was denounced by Paul, who now ruled the destinies of Russia, including his dear Courland, and that his property would be confiscated, and his father sent to Siberia, if he did not return to make his old submission, and offer allegiance to his new master. With a heavy heart he was obliged to accede to the mandate of the autocrat. Leaving his companions in arms, with a fixed determination to return to them when the field was open for fresh enterprise, Duval joined him with joy, having a tender *liaison* with the Blonde of Lindenhoff. His fate was fixed, and parental feeling triumphed over every selfish gratification of pleasure, and he hurried to the North.

At Lindenhoff their reception was most enthusiastic. Triumphal arches were formed in the avenue leading to the house, and the peasantry lined the road from Mittau with acclamations of joy. He was nearly suffocated in the embraces of his affectionate sister, who also received Duval with warmth. His father he found in the vale of years; his country's subjugation preyed heavy on his mind, when he urged his son to hasten to Petersburgh to make his peace with the versatile and tyrannising Paul, who, tyrant as he was, indulged in chivalrous ideas, and felt flattered with the ready submission and prompt attendance of Kartheim at his

court, and he became a welcome guest, the Czar being delighted with his descriptions of the campaign, which was then a novelty. Denon had not then supplied Europe with such ample descriptions in drawings of the stupendous works that had been seen in that almost fabulous country, which was left for Kartheim to elucidate and give an interest to. The Czar's delight in this soon wore off, and there were not wanting courtiers to plot Kartheim's destruction, by describing him as a stern revolutionist, adoring Bonaparte as the greatest man and general of the age; so that a few months had only elapsed when he found himself cut off from the road to fortune, and that he would shortly take that to Siberia, if he did take that to the south. In the middle of winter he found, through a kind friend, the order for his arrest and transportation to that inhospitable country was prepared; he therefore hastened away with all possible speed and reached Lindenhoff in the middle of the night. Short time was given him to take leave of his afflicted father and sister, who, overwhelmed with grief, took an affectionate farewell of their hero. The direct road was impracticable, as it was known an *estafette* was sent to intercept him at the frontier; he, therefore, was obliged to cross the Ada, on which the ice had just broken up, and was floating down in large masses, threatening to crush all that was put on its waters. However a raft was prepared by his devoted bawrshaft, on which he crossed over with the greatest danger, and resumed his journey, accompanied by his faithful Duval, whose vivacity and lightness of heart were proof against adversity, exclaiming, *Le bonheur viendra.*

The travellers passed through Germany without any further interruption. On reaching Paris they found that the First Consul was busily occupied in reconstructing the army, which had met with repeated defeats during his Egyptian campaign, and had become disorganized and dispirited; its best officers, with their darling chief, being absent. Italy was to be reconquered. A camp was forming at Dijon, where they instantly repaired, being appointed to posts of honour in the First Consul's staff. Suffice it that the St. Bernard was passed, and they once more found themselves on the plains of Lombardy. Although surrounded by numerous and well appointed armies, the star of Napoleon appeared on the wane. When the bold and brave Dessaix appeared on the field, having recently escaped from Egypt, Kartheim flew to the side of the indomitable chief, whose bold daring saved the battle of Marengo, and received the gallant chief in his arms, when he fell at the charge that gave the day which recalled victory to the Republic, and gained for it a second time *La Bella Italia.* A truce, and finally peace, crowned the results of that glorious day.

A peremptory order from the First Consul to repair to Paris with despatches of importance relative to the peace then on the tapis, to Paris hurried Kartheim to fulfil the commands of his chief. The heroes of the army of Italy were the theme of universal admiration. Fêtes of the most splendid description were given in honour of their prowess, and happy was the lady who procured the presence of the *braves* who conquered at Marengo. The Princess of Courland gave some of the most superb, being allied to a French family, and expatriated from her own country, she took a more lively interest in every thing that promoted the glory of France. A day was fixed for a grand dinner of twenty covers. Clagenfurth had recovered from his wound, and accompanied the new Austrian minister. At this table, the two adversaries were destined to meet. Little time had been given to Kartheim to know whom he should see there. The day or two he was previously at Paris were necessarily occupied on his mission with the consuls and executive government. The party was assembled some time, including many ambassadors from foreign courts; among them appeared Clagenfurth. The lady of the house having cast

her eyes round, found that one of her *convives* was still wanting, and soon discovered that Kartheim was the man; which produced a panegyric on his name, as the *brave des braves*, that he never was too late in battle, as he appeared to be at the festal board. All these remarks were wormwood to Clagenfurth. And now the half-hour sounded from a pendule, which brought forth a remark that "*Il a manqué le rendezvous par une demi heure.*" "*Ce n'est pas la premiere fois,*" remarked Clagenfurth, sarcastically, "when his HONOUR was at stake." His expression was caught up by Duval, who did not at first recognize him, loaded with orders, he like his friend having ripened into manhood since their college acquaintance.

On hearing this remark, he brushed up to him and whispered in his ear, that his sarcasm should not pass unrevenged. Kartheim arrived shortly after, and was enthusiastically received by the ladies and Frenchmen. He soon recognized Clagenfurth, preserving a look of sullen defiance; hardly could his friend prevent him insulting him at the table of his noble hostess; and his compatriot, Duval, could not conceal from his friend the bitter taunt his adversary had uttered, assuring him that he would now take care the affair should be settled without mistake, as he should negociate in pure French; and he kept them studiously apart for the remainder of the evening, not wishing, out of respect to the guests assembled, to disturb the harmony of the party; the more so, as Kartheim engrossed all the attentions, while Clagenfurth nursed his wrath to keep it warm. However they met in the vestibule, when Kartheim gave his address and friend, and demanded his in return, which was immediately supplied in the person of Neudorf, then at Paris. *Bois de Boulogne!* was repeated by both nearly at the same moment. *Armes de feu et Blanche, à six heures, point de méprise. Volontiers! Volontiers!* was repeated by both. This rencontre, which was to terminate the fate of one or both, could not be viewed with indifference by the bravest. Kartheim deliberately made his preparations. To his *chère* countess he wrote the most tender adieu, telling her that her miniature was nearest his heart, which would prove a talisman and shield him from harm. To his venerable parent and sister, also, a most affecting adieu was penned in the interval of this meeting; all which Duval was entrusted with: also he undertook the necessary arrangements for the conflict. The carriage drove off, and at the *Barrier d'Etoile* they met that of Clagenfurth. "*Suivez moi,*" exclaimed Duval, waving his hand to his adversaries. They drove down the avenue of fine trees; both parties dismounted and walked into a glade, when the seconds measured the ground at a hundred yards.

To those accustomed to English duelling, the distance may appear ridiculous, but duels on the Continent are very often fought upon this principle. The antagonists start at one hundred yards; they each have the pistol, loaded, presented to them by the seconds, and advance or retreat, as they please, and fire when they think it most eligible: the consequence is, that should one fire too soon, and miss, he is at the mercy of his adversary. There is something most horrible in this "casting your life upon the die;" and these duels generally terminate fatally, either to one or both. Sometimes determined not to fire too soon, or each to fire first, both advance until the muzzles of the pistols will touch their respective garments, and they fall dead together. At others, one may miss, and the other deliberately blows out the brains of a defenceless man. Kartheim and Clagenfurth advanced towards each other; the former inspired by revenge, the latter with deadly hate. Carefully watching each other as they neared, their steps were more slow. At ten paces, each debated whether to fire—to miss appeared impossible. Clagenfurth made a motion with his arm as if he were about to discharge his pistol. Kartheim stood firm—it was a feint to induce him to fire. Again they advanced half a pace, and Kartheim, who considered himself sure of his

mark, fired. Clagenfurth fell on his knees, and his shako bounded off his head—his right arm, which held the pistol, fell down by his side, and the muzzle was concealed in the grass. Kartheim, whose better feelings prevailed when he thought his enemy was dying, cried to the seconds. "We may yet save him—run for a surgeon," and then advanced to offer his own assistance to his antagonist; but Clagenfurth had not been wounded; he had been stunned for the moment, so as to fall upon his knees, from the ball of the pistol having struck hard upon the brass plate of the shako before it fell from his head, and had now recovered his scattered senses. Kartsheim had gone up to him, supporting him with his arm behind him, while with the hand of the other he sought for the wound. Clagenfurth, still on his knees, caught him with his left hand by the skirt of his coat, and discharged his pistol through his body. Kartheim fell, and Clagenfurth rose on his feet, surveyed his prostrate foe with a look of malignant scorn, turned on his heel, and walked away towards the seconds. "Is he dead?" "Who knows?" replied Clagenfurth. "I have sent for a surgeon—but it was for you." Clagenfurth made no answer, and the seconds hastened to the wounded man. The blood gushed and bubbled from his side, as he lay extended on the turf. It was some time before a surgeon could be found; in the meanwhile the life of Kartheim oozed fast away. At last the surgeon arrived, but only in time to witness the last sobbing breath of a dying man. "I should have been called sooner," said he, rising from the side of the body. "Now it is of no use."—"Ha! ha! ha!" was the demoniac laugh of Clagenfurth, as, quitting the scene of action, he turned to the surgeon, and continued, in a chuckling tone, "Just *half an hour too late!*"

D. P.

SUMMARY OF INDIAN NEWS.

Hurkaru Office, March 10, 1833.

Our last summary dispatched by the *James Pattison* extended to the 10th ultimo. Since then nothing very material has occurred to break the monotony of our Anglo-Indian existence. The commercial world is, at it were, at a stand-still, most of the houses preparing themselves for the close of the official year (30th April), at which time they are accustomed to make communications to their constituents of their intentions in regard to the interest on balances in their hands, for the ensuing twelve months. You are aware, probably, that the major part of the business of the mercantile houses in this quarter consists of banking transactions. The capital on which they have hitherto traded has, for the most part, consisted of deposits from individuals, residents in India, to whom they, as bankers, have been in the habit of allowing the enormous interest of *eight* per cent., deducting a commission of *one* per cent. on the receipt of deposits. This interest they were once well able to pay, for besides the large profits on their commercial speculations, they were wont to lend monies on security at *twelve* per cent.; but since the destruction of commerce by overtrading, and the occurrence of the disasters which befel three houses, and gave a shock to the credit of the rest, it has become necessary to curtail in every possible direction. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the business of some of the old houses here, when we tell you that the expense of the establishment of Alexander and Co., now reduced to less than *one half*, merely for the purpose of winding up affairs, amounts to 500*l. per month!*

Money is not to be had at present, at any rate of interest or on any security; but notwithstanding all this precaution, it is feared that the close of the mercantile year will prove that we have not reached the limits of our distress.

This day week, being the first day of the second term, the judges of the Supreme Court took their seats, and after hearing a few motions adjourned to another day; for such is the state of business, that there was not one single cause set down for hearing either on the equity or common law side!

The Governor-General has abandoned his intention of proceeding to Madras. There are various rumours regarding this alteration of purpose on Lord W. Bentinck's part, turning chiefly on certain differences of opinion regarding the right of particular individuals to the office of Vice-President of the Council; but as we know nothing certain on the subject, we shall not detail all the surmises which are current.

Sir E. Barnes, the Commander-in-Chief, returns to Simla, for the hot season, in the course of a day or two.

We have not yet succeeded in quieting our enemies, the Coles; they continue to harass our detachments, and have obliged us to dispatch more troops to check their proceedings, and the proceedings of other

insurgents in their neighbourhood. You will naturally say, "why not dispatch a considerable force at once, and suppress them by a *coup de main?*" as it was alleged the government were about to do. You will be astonished when we answer, that the thing is impracticable. So numerically weak is the Indian army—of such mere skeletons are the regiments composed—that not long since, when it was proposed to concentrate five regiments, not more than four hundred and fifty effective men *in the whole* were to be found! This fact, it might be imagined, displayed a disinclination on the part of the natives to enter our service; but the fact is, that agriculture, a pursuit more congenial to the disposition of the Hindoo, may now be followed with so much security, that comparatively few men can be persuaded to embrace a military occupation.

It was thought that all apprehension of the plague had disappeared, and the Bombay government meditated taking off the quarantine established at that port. The arrival, however, of the ship *Sophia* from the Persian Gulf, with a suspicious case or two on board, has revived public fears on the subject. The vessel has served a quarantine, but is nevertheless, it is said, to be scuttled, sunk, and otherwise purified. Why do not the government establish a *cordon sanitaire* along the north-west coast of India, and at the different anchorages in the Peninsula? A quarantine at Bombay may serve well enough to exclude contagion from one particular inlet, but how is it to be kept out of this vast empire when Arab vessels without number are constantly arriving at our numberless ports, and land travellers are every day passing between Persia and our north-western provinces?

The native inhabitants of Madras are still suffering all the horrors of famine, notwithstanding the exertions of government and the merchants in procuring supplies of grain, and subscribing largely to enable the poorer classes to purchase food. *The Madras Gazette* gives the following picture of the state of the town.

The scarcity of grain in the interior has driven hundreds of the famishing sufferers into Madras. The scenes which every where present themselves are as heart-rending as they are uncommon. Men, women, and children, seek the precarious subsistence of charity, from venerable age to helpless infancy. Here we see the feeble man of years, crawling from door to door, and asking alms for the support of a miserable existence;—there, a wretched parent, surrounded by a despairing family, wildly entreating the aid of the more fortunate, to save him and those yet dearer to himself from the horrors of starvation. The cholera, and the many diseases consequent on famine, rage with unmerciful violence amongst these destitute creatures, and day after day adds to the number of the poor, the expiring, and the dead.

Since this was written, a choultry, or grain house, has been opened where nearly two thousand persons are fed daily, free of cost. The amount of voluntary subscriptions is 300*l. per month!* all classes contributing, from the governor, with his 20*l.* per mensem, to the poor native with his four annas, or sixpence.

We have just received intelligence overland of the embargo on Dutch ships in English ports, and the cessation of commercial intercourse between the nations. His Majesty's ship *Magicienne*, 24 guns,

has been ordered to leave Calcutta, and to proceed to Singapore in order to protect British interest in the straits, should the Dutch commence hostile measures in that quarter.

For the information of your commercial and nautical readers, we give you an extract from the report of a ship which has made an awkward discovery of the existence of rocks in Cheduba Straits.

Extract from the Report of the ship Nerbudda.—"Struck heavily against a rock or wreck, and bilged, in working into the south entrance of Cheduba Straits, observed no appearance of shoal water, and had thirteen fathoms ten minutes before striking, with Tree Island bearing N. W. by W. distant about ten miles: have been able since the 10th to keep the ship free birth, one pump constantly going.

"In the above situation I believe no danger was known or supposed to exist, having fell in with Captain Ross, the Marine Surveyor, the same day, and gave him a memorandum of the bearings," &c.

In the last summary you were promised a notice of the Indian press. As this is a matter that ought not to be lightly handled, we propose to postpone it until some details which are necessary to its completion, be obtained, and more time is allowed for its preparation.

The following ships have arrived here since our last:—

March 4th.—The *Andromache*, from London.

Ditto.—The *Exmouth*, ditto.

Ditto.—The *Susan*, from Portsmouth.

Ditto.—The *Lord Althorpe*, from Liverpool.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Country Produce.—Very little doing, excepting in silk piece goods and saltpetre. The warlike intelligence from England has inspired the dealers, in the last article, with hopes of an early and increased demand; and the accounts of indigo sales have also tended to cheer the speculators, and inspire the market with a little life.

Europe Goods.—Inquiries are made for white goods, and the sale of mule twist has been rather active, but beyond this, all is rather dull.

Exchange with England.—Government bills on London, 12 months' date, *buy* 1*s.* 10*d.* to 1*s.* 10½*d.*; *sell* 1*s.* 11*d.* to 1*s.* 11½*d.*

Price of Sovereigns.—11 rupees to 11 rupees 4 annas.

PETER SIMPLE.[1]

ONCE more with my family, I must acquaint the reader with what had occurred since my departure. My eldest sister, Lucy, had married an officer in the army, a Captain Fielding, and his regiment having been ordered out to India, had accompanied her husband, and letters had been received just before my return, announcing their safe arrival at Ceylon. My second sister, Mary, had also been engaged to be married, and from her infancy was of extremely delicate health. She was very handsome, and much admired. Her intended husband was a baronet of good family; but unfortunately she caught a cold at the assize ball, and went off in a decline. She died about two months before my arrival, and the family were in deep mourning. My third sister, Ellen, was still unmarried; she, also, was a very beautiful girl, and now seventeen. My mother's constitution was much shaken by the loss of my sister Mary, and the separation from her eldest child. As for my father, even the loss of his daughter appeared to be wholly forgotten in the unwelcome intelligence which he had received, that my uncle's wife had been safely delivered of a *son*, which threw him out of the anticipated titles and estates of my grandfather. It was indeed a house of mourning. My mother's grief I respected, and tried all I could to console her; that of my father was so evidently worldly, and so at variance with his clerical profession, that I must acknowledge I felt more of anger at it than of sorrow. He had become morose and sullen, harsh to those around him, and not so kind to my mother as her state of mind and health made it his duty to be, even if inclination were wanted. He seldom passed any portion of the day with her, and in the evening she went to bed very early, so that there was little communication between them. My sister was a great consolation to her, and so I hope was I; she often said so, as she embraced me, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, and I could not help surmising that those tears were doubled from the coolness and indifference, if not unkindness, with which my father behaved to her. As for my sister, she was an angel; and as I witnessed her considerate attentions to my mother, the total forgetfulness of self which she displayed, (so different from my father, who was all self,) I often thought what a treasure she would prove to any man who was fortunate enough to win her love. Such was the state of my family when I returned home.

I had been at home about a week, when one evening, after dinner, I submitted to my father the propriety of trying to obtain my promotion.

"I can do nothing for you, Peter; I have no interest whatever," replied he moodily.

"I do not think that much is required, sir," replied I; "my time will be served on the 20th of next month. If I pass, which I trust I shall be able to do, my name having been mentioned in the public

[1] Continued from vol. vii. p. 389.

despatches, will render it a point of no very great difficulty to obtain my commission at the request of my grandfather."

"Yes, your grandfather might succeed, I have no doubt; but I think you have little chance now in that quarter. My uncle has a son, and we are thrown out. You are not aware, Peter, how selfish people are, and how little they will exert themselves for their relations. Your grandfather has never invited me, since the announcement of my brother's increase to his family. Indeed, I have never been near him, for I know that it is of no use."

"I must think otherwise of Lord Privilege, my dear father, until your opinion is confirmed by his own conduct. That I am not so much an object of interest, I grant; but still he was very kind, and appeared to be partial to me."

"Well, well, you can try all you can, but you'll soon see of what stuff this world is made. I am sure I hope it will be so, for what is to become of you children if I die, I do not know—I have saved little or nothing. And now all my prospects are blasted by this——"and my father dashed his fist upon the table in a manner by no means clerical, and with a look very unworthy of an apostle.

I am sorry that I must thus speak of my father, but I must not disguise the truth. Still, I must say, there was much in extenuation of his conduct. He had always a dislike to the profession of the church; his ambition, as a young man, had been to enter the army, for which service he was much better qualified; but, as it has been the custom for centuries to entail all the property of the aristocracy upon the eldest son, and leave the other brothers to be supported by the state, or rather by the people, who are taxed for their provision, my father was not permitted to follow the bent of his own inclination. An elder brother had already selected the army as his profession, and it was therefore decided that my father should enter the church, and thus it is that we have had, and still have, so many people in that profession, who are not only totally unfit for, but who actually disgrace their calling. The law of primogeniture is beset with evils and injustice; yet, without it, the aristocracy of a country must sink into insignificance. It appears to me, that as long as the people of a country are content to support the younger sons of the nobility, it is well that the aristocracy should be held up as a third estate, and a link between the sovereign and the people; but that if the people are either too poor, or are unwilling to be so taxed, that they have a right to refuse taxation for such purposes, and to demand that the law of primogeniture should be abolished.

I remained at home until my time was complete, and then set off for Plymouth to undergo my examination. The passing day had been fixed by the admiral for the Friday, and as I arrived on Wednesday, I amused myself during the day, walking about the dock-yard, and trying all I could to obtain further information in my profession. On the Thursday, a party of soldiers from the depôt were embarking at the landing-place in men-of-war boats, and, as I understood, were about to proceed to India. I witnessed the embarkation, and waited till they shoved off, and then walked to the anchor wharf to ascertain the weights of the respective anchors of the different classes of vessels in the king's service.

I had not been there long, when I was attracted by the squabbling created by a soldier, who, it appeared, had quitted the ranks to run up to the tap in the dock-yard to obtain liquor. He was very drunk, and was followed by a young woman with a child in her arms, who was endeavouring to pacify him.

"Now be quiet, Patrick, jewel," said she, clinging to him, "sure it's enough that you've left the ranks, and will come to disgrace when you get on board. Now, be quiet, Patrick, and let us ask for a boat, and then perhaps the officer will think it was all a mistake, and let you off aisy, and sure I'll spake to Mr. O'Rourke, and he's a kind man."

"Out wid you, you cratur, it is Mr. O'Rourke you'd be having a conversation wid, and he be chuckling you under that chin of your's. Out wid you, Mary, and lave me to find my way on board. Is it a boat I want, when I can swim like St. Patrick, wid my head under my arm, if it wasn't on my shoulders? At all events, I can wid my nappersack and musket to boot."

The young woman cried, and tried to restrain him, but he broke from her, and running down to the wharf, dashed off into the water. The young woman ran to the edge of the wharf, perceived him sinking, and shrieking with despair, threw up her arms in her agony. The child fell, struck on the edge of the piles, turned over, and before I could catch hold of it, sank into the sea. "The child! the child!" burst forth in another wild scream, and the poor creature lay at my feet in violent fits. I looked over, the child had disappeared; but the soldier was still struggling with his head above water. He sank and rose again—a boat was pulling towards him, but he was quite exhausted. He threw back his arms as if in despair, and was about disappearing under the wave, when, no longer able to restrain myself, I leaped off the high wharf and swam to his assistance, just in time to lay hold of him as he was sinking for the last time. I had not been in the water a quarter of a minute before the boat came up to us, and dragged us on board. The soldier was exhausted and speechless. I, of course, was only very wet. The boat rowed to the landing-place at my request, and we were both put on shore. The knapsack which was fixed on the soldier's back, and his regimentals, indicated that he belonged to the regiment just embarked, and I stated my opinion that as soon as he was a little recovered, he had better be taken on board. As the boat which picked us up was one of the men-of-war boats, the officer, who had been embarking the troops, and had been sent on shore again to know if there were any yet left behind, consented. In a few minutes the soldier recovered, and was able to sit up and speak, and I only wanted to ascertain the state of the poor young woman whom I had left on the wharf. In a few minutes she was led to us by the warder, and the scene between her and her husband was most affecting. When she had become a little composed, she turned round to me, where I stood dripping wet, and, intermingled with lamentations for the child, showering down emphatic blessings on my head, inquired my name. "Give it to me!" she cried; "give it to me on paper, in writing, that I may wear it next my heart, read and kiss it every day of my life, and never forget to pray for you, and to bless you!"

"I'll tell it you. My name——"

"Nay, write it down for me—write it down. Sure you'll not refuse me. All the saints bless you! dear young man, for saving a poor woman from despair."

The officer commanding the boat handed me a pencil and a card; I wrote my name and gave it to the poor woman; she took my hand as I gave it to her, kissed the card repeatedly, and put it into her bosom. The officer, impatient to shove off, ordered her husband into the boat—she followed, clinging to him wet as he was—the boat shoved off, and I hastened up to the inn to dry my clothes. I could not help observing, at the time, how the fear of a greater evil will absorb all consideration for a minor. Satisfied that her husband had not perished, she had hardly once appeared to remember that she had lost her child.

I had only brought one suit of clothes with me: they were in very good condition when I arrived, but salt water plays the devil with a uniform. I laid in bed until they were dry, but when I put them on again, not being before too large for me, for I grew very fast, they were now shrunk and shrivelled up, so as to be much too small. My wrists appeared below the sleeves of my coat—my trowsers had shrunk half way up to my knees—the buttons were all tarnished, and altogether I certainly did not wear the appearance of a gentlemanlike, smart midshipman. I would have ordered another suit, but the examination was to take place at ten o'clock the next morning, and there was no time. I was therefore obliged to appear as I was, on the quarter-deck of the line of battle-ship, on board of which the passing was to take place. Many others were there to undergo the same ordeal, all strangers to me, and, as I perceived by their nods and winks to each other as they walked up and down in their smart clothes, not at all inclined to make my acquaintance.

There were many before me on the list, and our hearts beat every time that a name was called, and the owner of it walked aft into the cabin. Some returned with jocund faces, and our hopes mounted with the anticipation of similar good fortune; others came out melancholy and crest-fallen, and then the expression of their countenances was communicated to our own, and we quailed with fear and apprehension. I have no hesitation in asserting, that although "passing" may be a proof of being qualified, not passing is certainly no proof to the contrary. I have known many of the cleverest young men turned back (while others of inferior abilities have succeeded) merely from the feeling of awe occasioned from the peculiarity of the situation; and it is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that all the labour and exertion of six years is at stake at this appalling moment. At last my name was called, and almost breathless from anxiety, I entered the cabin, where I found myself in presence of the three captains who were to decide whether I was fit to hold a commission in his Majesty's service. My logs and certificates were examined and approved. My time calculated and allowed to be correct. The questions in navigation which were put to me were very few, for the best of all possible reasons, that most captains in his Majesty's service know little or nothing of navigation. During their servitude as midshipmen, they learn it by *rote*, without being aware of the

principles upon which the calculations they use are founded. As lieutenants, their services as to navigation is seldom required, and they rapidly forget all about it. As captains, their whole remnant of mathematical knowledge consists in being able to set down the ship's position on the chart. As for navigating the ship, the master is answerable; and the captains not being responsible themselves, they trust entirely to his reckoning. Of course there are exceptions, but what I state is the fact; and if an order from the Admiralty was given, that all captains should pass again, although they might acquit themselves very well in seamanship, nineteen out of twenty would be turned back when they were questioned in navigation. It is from the knowledge of this fact that I think the service is injured by the present system, and the captain should be held *wholly* responsible for the navigation of his ship. It has been long known that the officers of every other maritime state are more scientific than our own, which is easily explained, from the responsibility not being invested in our captains. The origin of masters in our service is singular. When England first became a maritime power, ships for the king's service were found by the Cinque Ports and other parties—the fighting part of the crew was composed of soldiers sent on board. All the vessels at that time had a crew of sailors, with a master to navigate the vessel. During our bloody naval engagements with the Dutch, the same system was acted upon. I think it was the Earl of Sandwich, of whom it is stated, that his ship being in a sinking state, he took a boat to hoist his flag on board of another vessel in the fleet, but a shot cutting the boat in two, and the *weight of his armour* bearing him down, the Earl of Sandwich perished. But to proceed.

As soon as I had answered several questions satisfactorily, I was desired to stand up. The captain who had interrogated me on navigation was very grave in his demeanour towards me, but at the same time not uncivil. During his examination, he was not interfered with by the other two. The captain who desired me to stand up, spoke in a very harsh tone, and quite frightened me. I stood up pale and trembling, for I augured no good from this commencement. Several questions in seamanship were put to me, which I have no doubt I answered in a very lame way, for I cannot even now recollect what I said.

"I thought so," observed the captain; "I judged as much from your appearance. An officer who is so careless of his dress, as not even to put on a decent coat when he appears at his examination, generally turns out an idle fellow, and no seaman. One would think you had served all your time in a cutter, or a ten-gun brig, instead of dashing frigates. Come, sir, I'll give you one more chance."

I was so hurt at what the captain said, that I could not control my feelings. I replied, with a quivering lip, "that I had had no time to order another uniform,"—and I burst into tears.

"Indeed, Burrows, you are rather too harsh," said the third captain; "the lad is frightened. Let him sit down and compose himself for a little while. Sit down, Mr. Simple, and we will try you again directly."

I sat down, checking my grief and trying to recall my scattered

senses. The captains, in the mean time, turning over the logs to pass away the time. The one who had questioned me in navigation reading the Plymouth newspaper, which had a few minutes before been brought on board and sent into the cabin. "Heh! what's this? I say, Burrows—Keats, look here," and he pointed to a paragraph. "Mr. Simple, may I ask whether it was you who saved the soldier who leaped off the wharf yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, "and that is the reason why my uniforms are so shabby. I spoilt them then, and had no time to order others. I did not like to say why they were spoilt." I saw a change in the countenances of all the three, and it gave me courage. Indeed, now that my feelings had found vent, I was no longer under any apprehension.

"Come, Mr. Simple, stand up again," said the captain kindly, "that is, if you feel sufficiently composed; if not, we will wait a little longer. Don't be afraid, we *wish* to pass you."

I was not afraid, and stood up immediately. I answered every question satisfactorily, and finding that I did so, they put more difficult ones. "Very good, very good indeed, Mr. Simple; now let me ask you one more, it's seldom done in the service, and perhaps you may not be able to answer it. Do you know how to *club-haul* a ship?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, having, as the reader may recollect, witnessed the manœuvre when serving under poor Captain Savage, and I immediately stated how it was to be done.

"That is sufficient, Mr. Simple. I wish to ask you no more questions. I thought at first you were a careless officer and no seaman; I now find you are a good seaman, and a gallant young man. Do you wish to ask any more questions?" continued he, turning to the two others.

They replied in the negative; my passing certificate was signed, and the captains did me the honour to shake hands with me, and wish me speedy promotion. Thus ended happily this severe trial of my poor nerves; and as I came out of the cabin, no one could have imagined that I had been in such distress within, when they beheld the joy which irradiated my countenance.

I sent for a Plymouth paper, and cut out the paragraph which had been of such importance to me in my emergency, and the next morning returned home to receive the congratulations of my family. I found a letter from O'Brien, which had arrived the day before. It was as follows:—

"My dear Peter,

"Some people, they say, are lucky to 'have a father born before them,' because they are helped on in the world, upon which principle, mine was born *after* me, that's certain; however, that can't be helped. I found all my family well and hearty; but they all shook a cloth in the wind with respect to toggery. As for Father M'Grath's cassock, he didn't complain of it without reason. It was the ghost of a garment; but, however, with the blessing of God, my last quarterly bill, and the help of a tailor, we have had a regular refit, and the ancient family of the O'Briens of Ballyhinch are now rigged from stem to

starn. My two sisters are both to be spliced to young squireens in the neighbourhood: it appears that they only wanted for a dacent gown to go to the church in. They will be turned off next Friday, and I only wish, Peter, you were here to dance at the weddings. Never mind, I'll dance for you and for me too. In the mean time, I'll just tell you what Father M'Grath and I have been doing, all about and consarning that thief of an uncle of yours.

"It's very little or nothing at all that Father M'Grath did before I came back, seeing as how Father O'Toole had a new cassock, and Father M'Grath's was so shabby that he couldn't face him under such a disadvantage; but still Father M'Grath spied about him, and had several hints from here and from there, all of which, when I came to add them up, amounted to just nothing at all.

"But since I came home, we have been busy. Father M'Grath went down to Ballycleugh, as bold as a lion in his new clothing, swearing that he'd lead Father O'Toole by the nose for slamming the door in his face, and so he would have done, if he could have found him; but as he wasn't to be found, Father M'Grath came back again just as wise, and quite as brave, as he went out.

"So, Peter, I just took a walk that way myself, and as I surrounded the old house where your uncle had taken up his quarters, who should I meet but the little girl, Ella Flanagan, who was in his service; and I said to myself, 'there's two ways of obtaining things in this world, one is for love and the other is for money.' The O'Briens are better off in the first article than in the last, as most of their countrymen are, so I've been spending it very freely in your service, Peter.

"'Sure,' says I, 'you're the little girl that my eyes were ever looking upon when last I was this way.'

"'And who are you?' says she.

"'Lieutenant O'Brien, of his Majesty's service, just come home for a minute to look out for a wife,' says I; 'and it's one about your make, and shape, and discretion, that would please my fancy.'

"And then I praised her eyes, and her nose, and her forehead, and so downwards, until I came to the soles of her feet; and asked her leave to see her again, and when she would meet me in the wood and tell me her mind. At first, she thought (sure enough) that I couldn't be in earnest, but I swore by all the saints that she was the prettiest girl in the parts—and so she is altogether—and then she listened to my blarney. The devil a word did I say about your uncle, or your aunt, or Father M'Grath, that she might not suspect, for I've an idea that they're all in the story. I only talked about my love for her pretty self, and that blinded her, as it will all women, 'cute as they may be.

"And now, Peter, it's three weeks last Sunday, that I've been bespeaking this poor girl for your sake, and my conscience tells me that it's not right to make the poor crature fond of me, seeing as how that I don't care a fig for her in the way of a wife, and in any other way it would be the ruin of the poor thing. I have spoken to Father M'Grath on the subject, who says, 'that we may do evil that good may come,' and that if she has been a party to the deceit, it's

nothing but proper that she should be punished in this world, and that will, perhaps, save her in the next; still I don't like it, Peter, and it's only for you in this world that I'd do such a thing; for the poor thing now hangs upon me so fondly, and talks about the wedding-day; and tells me long stories about the connexions which have taken place between the O'Flanagans and the O'Briens, times begone, when they were all in their glory. Yesterday, as we sat in the wood, with her arm round my waist, 'Ella, dear,' says I, 'who are these people that you stay with?' And then she told me all she knew about their history, and how Mary Sullivan was a nurse to the baby.

"'And what is the baby,' says I?

"'A boy, sure,' says she.

"'And Sullivan's baby?'

"'That's a girl.'

"'And is Mary Sullivan there now?'

"'No,' says she; 'it's yestreen she left with her husband and baby, to join the regiment that's going out to Ingy.'

"'Yesterday she left?' says I, starting up.

"'Yes,' replies she, 'and what do you care about them?'

"'It's very much I care,' replied I, 'for a little bird has whispered a secret to me.'

"'And what may that be?' says she.

"'Only that the childer were changed, and you know it as well as I do.' But she swore that she knew nothing about it, and that she was not there when either of the children were born, and I believe that she told the truth. 'Well,' says I, 'who tended the lady?'

"'My own mother,' says Ella. And if it was so, who can know it but she?

"Then,' says I, 'Ella, jewel, I've made a vow that I'll never marry, till I find out the truth of this matter; so the sooner you get it out of your mother the better.' Then she cried very much, and I was almost ready to cry too, to see how the poor thing was vexed at the idea of not being married. After a while she swabbed up her cheeks, and kissing me, wished me good-bye, swearing by all the saints that the truth should come out some how or another.

"It's this morning that I saw her again as agreed upon yesterday, and red her eyes were with weeping, poor thing; and she clung to me, and begged me to forgive her, and not to leave her, and then she told me that her mother was startled when she put the question to her, and chewed it, and cursed her when she insisted upon the truth; and how she had fallen on her knees, and begged her mother not to stand in the way of her happiness, as she would die if she did, (I leave you to guess if my heart didn't smite me when she said that, Peter, but the mischief was done,) and how her mother had talked about her oath and Father O'Toole, and said that she would speak to him.

"Now, Peter, I'm sure that the childer have been changed, and that the nurse has been sent to the Indies to be out of the way. They say they were to go to Plymouth. The husband's name is, of course, O'Sullivan; so I'd recommend you to take a coach and see what you can do in that quarter; in the mean time, I'll try all I can for the

truth in this, and will write again as soon as I can find out any thing more. All I want to do is to get Father M'Grath to the old devil of a mother, and I'll answer for it, he'll frighten her into swearing any thing. God bless you, Peter, and give my love to all the family. Your's ever, "TERENCE O'BRIEN."

This letter of O'Brien's was the subject of much meditation. The advice to go to Plymouth was too late, the troops having sailed some time, and I had no doubt but that Mary Sullivan and her husband were among those who had embarked at the time that I was at that port, to pass my examination. Show the letter to my father I would not, as it would only have put him in a fever, and his interference would in all probability have done more harm than good. I therefore waited quietly for more intelligence, and resolved to apply to my grandfather to obtain my promotion.

A few days afterwards I set off for Eagle Park, and arrived about eleven o'clock in the morning. I sent in my name and was admitted into the library, where I found Lord Privilege in his easy chair, as usual.

"Well, child," said he, remaining on his chair, and not offering even *one* finger to me, "what do you want, that you come here without an invitation?"

"Only, my lord, to inquire after your health, and to thank you for your kindness to me in procuring me and Mr. O'Brien the appointment to a fine frigate."

"Yes," replied his lordship, "I recollect—I think I did so, at your request, and I think I heard some one say that you had behaved well, and had been mentioned in the despatches."

"Yes, my lord," replied I, "and I have since passed my examination for lieutenant."

"Well, child, I'm glad to hear it. Remember me to your father and family." And his lordship cast his eyes down upon the book which he had been reading.

My father's observations appeared to be well grounded, but I would not leave the room until I had made some further attempt.

"Has your lordship heard from my uncle?"

"Yes," replied he, "I had a letter from him yesterday. The child is quite well. I expect them all here in a fortnight, or three weeks, to live with me altogether. I am old—getting very old, and I shall have much to arrange with your uncle before I die."

"If I might request a favour of your lordship, it would be to beg that you would interest yourself a little in obtaining my promotion. A letter from your lordship to the First Lord ——, only a few lines——."

"Well, child, I see no objection—only—I am very old, too old to write now." And his lordship again commenced reading.

I must do Lord Privilege the justice to state, that he evidently was fast verging to a state of second childhood. He was much bowed down since I had last seen him, and appeared infirm in body as well as mind.

I waited at least a quarter of an hour before his lordship looked up.

"What not gone yet, child? I thought you had gone home."

"Your lordship was kind enough to say that you had no objection to write a few lines to the First Lord in my behalf. I trust your lordship will not refuse me."

"Well," replied he, peevishly; "so I did—but I am old, too old to write—I cannot see—I can hardly hold a pen."

"Will your lordship allow me the honour of writing the letter for your lordship's signature?"

"Well, child—yes—I've no objection. Write as follows—no—write any thing you please—and I'll sign it. I wish your uncle William was come."

This was more than I did. I had a great mind to show him O'Brien's letter, but I thought it would be cruel to raise doubts, and harass the mind of a person so close to the brink of the grave. The truth would never be ascertained during his life, I thought; and why, therefore, should I give him pain? At all events, although I had the letter in my pocket, I resolved not to make use of it except as a *dernier* resort.

I went to another table, and sat down to write the letter. As his lordship had said that I might write what I pleased, it occurred to me that I might assist O'Brien, and I felt sure that his lordship would not take the trouble to read the letter. I therefore wrote as follows, while Lord Privilege continued to read his book.

"My Lord—You will confer a very great favour upon me, if you will hasten the commission which, I have no doubt, is in preparation for my nephew, Mr. Simple, who has passed his examination, and has been mentioned in the public despatches; and also that you will not lose sight of Lieutenant O'Brien, who has so distinguished himself by his gallantry in the various cutting-out expeditions in the West Indies. Trusting that your lordship will not fail to comply with my earnest request, I have the honour to be, your lordship's very obedient humble servant."

I brought this letter, with a pen full of ink, and the noise of my approach induced his lordship to look up. He stared at first, as having forgotten the whole circumstance—then said—"O yes! I recollect, so I did—give me the pen." With a trembling hand he signed his name, and gave me back the letter without reading it, as I expected.

"There, child, don't teaze me any more. Good-bye; remember me to your father."

I wished his lordship a good morning, and went away well satisfied with the result of my expedition. On my arrival I showed the letter to my father, who was much surprised at my success, and he assured me that my grandfather's interest was so great with the administration, that I might consider my promotion as certain. That no accident might happen, I immediately set off for London, and delivered the letter at the door of the First Lord with my own hands, leaving my address with the porter. A few days afterwards I left my card with my address with the First Lord, and the next day received a letter from his secretary, which, to my delight, informed me that my com-

mission had been made out some days before. I hardly need say that I hastened to take it up, and when paying my fee to the clerk, I ventured, at a hazard, to inquire whether he knew the address of Lieutenant O'Brien.

"No," replied he, "I wish to find it out, for he has this day been promoted to the rank of Commander."

I almost leaped with joy when I heard this good news. I gave O'Brien's address to the clerk, hastened away with my invaluable piece of parchment in my hand, and set off immediately for my father's house.

But I was met with sorrow. My mother had been taken severely ill, and I found the house in commotion—doctors, and apothecaries, and nurses, running to and fro, my father in a state of excitement, and my dear sister in tears. Spasm succeeded spasm, and although every remedy was applied, the next evening she breathed her last. I will not attempt to describe the grief of my father, who appeared to feel remorse at his late unkind treatment of her, and my sister, and myself. These scenes must be imagined by those who have suffered under similar bereavements. I exerted myself to console my poor sister, who appeared to cling to me as her only support, and after the funeral was over we recovered our tranquillity, although the mourning was still deeper in our hearts than in our outward dress. I had written to O'Brien to announce the mournful intelligence, and like a true friend, he immediately made his appearance to console me.

O'Brien had received the letter from the Admiralty, acquainting him with his promotion; and two days after he arrived, went to take up his commission. I told him frankly by what means he had obtained it, and he again concluded his thanks by a reference to the mistake of the former supposition, that of my being "the fool of the family."

"By the powers, it would be well for any man if he had a few of such foolish friends about him," continued he; "but I won't blarney you, Peter, you know what my opinion always has been, so we'll say no more about it."

When he came back, we had a long consultation as to the best method of proceeding to obtain employment, for O'Brien was anxious to be again afloat, and so was I. I regretted parting with my sister, but my father was so morose and ill-tempered, that I had no pleasure at home, except in her company. Indeed, my sister was of opinion that it would be better if I was away, as my father's misanthropy, now unchecked by my mother, appeared to have increased, and he seemed to view me with positive dislike. It was, therefore, agreed unanimously between my sister, and I, and O'Brien, who was always of our councils, that it would be advisable that I should be again afloat.

"I can manage him much better when alone, Peter; I shall have nothing to occupy me and take me away from him, as your presence does now; and painful as it is to part with you, my duty to my father, and my wish for your advancement, induce me to request that you will, if possible, find some means of obtaining employment."

"Spoken like a hero, as ye are, Miss Ellen, notwithstanding your

pretty face and soft eyes," said O'Brien. "And now, Peter, for the means to bring it about. If I can get a ship, there is no fear for you, as I shall choose you for my lieutenant; but how is that to be managed? Do you think that you can come over the old gentleman at Eagle Park."

"At all events I'll try," replied I, "I can but be floored, O'Brien."

Accordingly the next day I set off for my grandfather's, and was put down at the lodge, at the usual hour, about eleven o'clock. I walked up the avenue and knocked at the door; when it was opened, I perceived a hesitation among the servants, and a constrained air which I did not like. I inquired after Lord Privilege—the answer was that he was pretty well, but did not see *any* body.

"Is my uncle here?" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, with a significant look, "and all his family are here too."

"Are you sure that I cannot see my *grandfather*," said I, laying a stress upon the word.

"I will tell him that you are here, sir," replied the man, "but even that is against orders."

I had never seen my uncle since I was a child, and could not even recollect him—my cousins, or my aunt, I had never met with. In a minute an answer was brought, requesting that I would walk into the library. When I was ushered in, I found myself in the presence of Lord Privilege, who sat in his usual place, and a tall gentleman, who I knew at once to be uncle, from his likeness to my father.

"Here is the young gentleman, my lord," said my uncle, looking at me sternly.

"Heh! what—oh! I recollect. Well, child—so you've been behaving very ill,—sorry to hear it. Good-bye."

"Behaving ill, my lord!" replied I. "I am not aware of having so done."

"Reports are certainly very much against you, nephew," observed my uncle, drily. "Some one has told your grandfather what has much displeased him. I know nothing about it myself."

"Then some rascal has slandered me, sir," replied I.

My uncle started at the word rascal; and then recovering himself, replied, "Well, nephew, what is it that you require of Lord Privilege, for I presume this visit is not without a cause."

"Sir," replied I, "my visit to Lord Privilege was first to thank him for having procured me my commission as lieutenant, and to request the favour that he would obtain me active employment, which a line from him will effect immediately."

"I was not aware, nephew, that you had been made lieutenant; but I agree with you, that the more you are at sea the better. His lordship shall sign the letter. Sit down."

"Shall I write it, sir?" said I to my uncle; "I know what to say."

"Yes; and bring it to me when it is written."

I felt convinced that the only reason which induced my uncle to obtain me employment was the idea that I should be better out of the way, and that there was more risk at sea than on shore. I took a sheet of paper, and wrote as follows:—

"My Lord—May I request that your lordship will be pleased to appoint the bearer of this to a ship as soon as convenient, as I wish him to be actively employed? I am, my lord, &c. &c."

"Why not mention your name?"

"It is of no consequence," replied I, "as it will be delivered in person, and that will ensure my speedy appointment."

The letter was placed before his lordship for signature. It was with some difficulty that he was made to understand that he was to sign it. The old gentleman appeared much more imbecile than when I last saw him. I thanked him, folded up the letter, and put it in my pocket. At last, he looked at me, and a sudden flash of recollection appeared to come across his mind.

"Well, child—so you escaped from the French prison—heh! and how's your friend; what is his name, heh!"

"O'Brien, my lord."

"O'Brien," cried my uncle, "he is *your* friend; then, sir, I presume it is to you that I am indebted for all the inquiries and reports which were so industriously circulated in Ireland—the tampering with my servants—and other impertinences?"

I did not choose to deny the truth, although I was a little fluttered by the sudden manner in which it came to light. I replied,

"I never tamper with any people's servants, sir."

"No," said he, "but you employ others so to do. I discovered the whole of your proceedings, after the scoundrel left for England."

"If you apply the word scoundrel to Captain O'Brien, sir, in his name I contradict it."

"As you please, sir," replied my uncle, in a passion, "but you will oblige me by quitting this house immediately, and expect nothing more either from the present or the future Lord Privilege, except that retaliation which your infamous conduct has deserved."

I felt much irritated, and replied very sharply, "From the present Lord Privilege I certainly expect nothing more, neither do I from his successor; but after your death, uncle, I expect that the person who succeeds to the title will do all he can for your humble servant. I wish you good morning, uncle."

My uncle's eyes flashed fire as I finished my speech, which indeed was a very bold one, and a very foolish one too, as it afterwards proved. I hastened out of the room, not only from the fear of being turned out of the house before all the servants, but also from the dread that my letter to the First Lord might be taken from me by force; but I never shall forget the scowl of vengeance which crossed my uncle's brows, as I turned round and looked at him, as I shut the door. I found my way out without the assistance of the servants, and hastened home as fast as I could.

"O'Brien," said I, on my return, "there is no time to be lost, the sooner you hasten to town with this letter of introduction the better it will be, for depend upon it my uncle will do me all the harm that he can." I then repeated to him all that had passed, and it was agreed that O'Brien should take the letter, which having reference to the bearer, would do as well for him as me; and if O'Brien obtained an appointment, I was sure not only of being one of his lieutenants, but

also of sailing with a dear friend. The next morning O'Brien set off for London, and fortunately saw the First Lord the day after his arrival, which was a levee day. The First Lord received the letter from O'Brien, and requested him to sit down. He then read it, inquired after his lordship, asked whether his health was good, &c.

O'Brien replied, "that with the blessing of God, his lordship might live many years: that he had never heard him complain of ill health." All which was not false, if not true. I could not help observing to O'Brien, when he returned home and told me what had passed, "That I thought, considering what he had expressed with respect to white lies and black lies, that he had not latterly adhered to his own creed."

"That's very true, Peter; and I've thought of it myself, but it is my creed nevertheless. We all know what's right, but we don't always follow it. The fact is, I begin to think that it is absolutely necessary to fight the world with its own weapons. I spoke to Father M'Grath on the subject, and he replied, 'That if any one, by doing wrong, necessitated another to do wrong to circumvent him, that the first party was answerable, not only for his own sin, but also for the sin committed in self-defence.'"

"But, O'Brien, I do not fix my faith so implicitly upon Father M'Grath; and I do not much admire many of his directions."

"No more do I, Peter, when I think upon them; but how am I to puzzle my head upon these points? All I know is, that when you are divided between your inclination and your duty, it's mighty convenient to have a priest like Father M'Grath to decide for you, and to look after your soul into the bargain."

It occurred to me, that I myself, when finding fault with O'Brien, had in the instance of both the letters from Lord Privilege, been also guilty of deceit. I was therefore blaming him for the same fault committed by myself, and I am afraid that I was too ready in consoling myself with Father M'Grath's maxim, 'That one might do evil, that good might come.' But to return to O'Brien's interview.

After some little conversation, the First Lord said, "Captain O'Brien, I am always very ready to oblige Lord Privilege, and the more so, as his recommendation is of an officer of your merit. In a day or two, if you will call at the Admiralty, you will hear further." O'Brien wrote to us immediately, and we waited with impatience for his next letter; but instead of the letter, he made his appearance on the third day, and first hugging me in his arms, he then came to my sister, embraced her, and skipped and danced about the room.

"What is the matter, O'Brien?" said I, while Ellen retreated in confusion.

O'Brien pulled a parchment out of his pocket. "Here, Peter, my dear Peter; now for honour and glory. An eighteen-gun brig, Peter. The Rattlesnake—Captain O'Brien—West India station. By the holy father, my heart's bursting with joy," and down he sunk into an easy chair. "An't I almost beside myself?" inquired he, after a short pause.

"Ellen thinks so, I dare say," replied I, looking at my sister, who stood in the corner of the room, thinking O'Brien was really out of his senses, and still red with confusion.

O'Brien, who then called to mind what a slip of decorum he had

been guilty of, immediately rose, and resuming his usual elegant manners, as he walked up to my sister, took her hand and said, "Excuse me, my dear Miss Ellen; I must apologize for my rudeness, but my delight was so great, and my gratitude to your brother so intense, that I am afraid that in my warmth I allowed the expression of my feelings to extend to one so dear to him, and so like him in person and in mind. Will you only consider that you received the overflowings of a grateful heart towards your brother, and for his sake pardon my indiscretion?"

Ellen smiled and held out her hand to O'Brien, who led her to the sofa, where we all three sat down, and O'Brien commenced a more intelligible narrative of what had passed. He had called on the day appointed, and sent up his card. The First Lord could not see him, but referred him to the private secretary, who presented him with his commission to the Rattlesnake, eighteen-gun brig. The secretary smiled most graciously, and told O'Brien in confidence, that he would proceed to the West India station as soon as his vessel was manned and ready for sea. He inquired of O'Brien whom he wished as his first lieutenant. O'Brien replied that he wished for me, but that as in all probability I should not be of sufficient standing to be first lieutenant, that the Admiralty might appoint any other to the duty, provided I joined the ship. The secretary made a minute of O'Brien's wish, and requested him if he had a vacancy to spare as midshipman, to allow him to send one on board; to which O'Brien willingly acceded, shook hands with him, and O'Brien quitted the Admiralty to hasten down to us with the pleasing intelligence.

"And now," said O'Brien, "I have made up my mind how to proceed. I shall first run down to Plymouth and hoist my pennant; then I shall ask for a fortnight's leave, and go to Ireland to see how they get on, and what Father M'Grath may be about. So, Peter, let's pass this evening as happily as we can, for though you and I shall soon meet again, yet it may be years, or perhaps never, that we three shall sit down on the same sofa as we do now."

Ellen, who was still nervous from the late death of my mother, looked down, and I perceived the tears start in her eyes at the remark of O'Brien, that perhaps we should never meet again. And I did pass a happy evening; my father dined out, and did not interrupt us. I had a dear sister on one side of me, and a sincere friend on the other. How few situations more enviable!

O'Brien left us early the next morning, and at breakfast-time a letter was handed to my father. It was from my uncle, coldly communicating to him that Lord Privilege had died the night before very suddenly, and informing him that the burial would take place on that day week, and the will be opened immediately after the funeral. My father handed the letter over to me without saying a word, and sipped his tea with his tea-spoon. I cannot say that I felt very much on the occasion, but I did feel, because he had been kind to me at one time; as for my father's feelings, I could not—or rather, I should say, I did not—wish to analyze them. As soon as he had finished his cup of tea, he left the breakfast-table, and went into his study. I then communicated the intelligence to my sister Ellen.

"My God!" said she, after a pause, putting her hand up to her eyes; "what a strange, unnatural state of society must we have arrived at, when my father can thus receive the intelligence of a parent's death. Is it not dreadful?"

"It is, my dearest girl," replied I; "but every feeling has been sacrificed to worldly considerations and an empty name. The younger sons have been neglected, if not deserted. Virtue, talent, every thing set at nought—intrinsic value despised—and the only claim to consideration admitted, that of being the heir entail. When all the ties of nature are cast loose by the parents, can you be surprised if the children are no longer bound by them? Most truly do you observe, that it is a detestable state of society."

"I did not say detestable, brother, I said strange and unnatural."

"Had you said what I said, Ellen, you would not have been wrong. I would not for the title and wealth which it brings, be the heartless, isolated—I may say, neglected being that my grandfather was; were it offered now, I would not barter for it *Ellen's* love." Ellen threw herself in my arms; we then walked into the garden, where we had a long conversation relative to our future wishes, hopes, and prospects.

On that day week I accompanied my father to Eagle Park, to assist at the burial of Lord Privilege. We were ushered into the room where the body had laid in state for three days. The black hangings, the lofty plumes, the rich ornaments on the coffin, and the number of wax candles with which the room was lighted, produced a solemn and grand effect. I could not help, as I leaned against the balustrade before the coffin, and thought of its contents, calling to mind when my poor grandfather's feelings seemed, as it were, inclined to thaw in my favour, when he called me "his child," and in all probability, had not my uncle had a son, would have died in my arms, fond and attached to me for my own sake, independent of worldly considerations. I felt that had I known him longer, I could have loved him, and that he would have loved me; and I thought to myself, how little all these empty honours after his decease could compensate for the loss of those reciprocal feelings which would have so added to his happiness during his existence. But he had lived for pomp and vanity, and pomp and vanity attended him to his grave. I thought of my sister Ellen, and of O'Brien, and walked away with the conviction that Peter Simple might have been an object of envy to the late Right Honourable Lord Viscount Privilege.

When the funeral, which was very tedious and very splendid, was over, we all returned in the carriages to Eagle Park, when my uncle, who had of course assumed the title, and who had attended as chief mourner, was in waiting to receive us. We were shown into the library, and in the chair so lately and constantly occupied by my grandfather, sat the new lord. Near to him were the lawyers, with parchments lying before them. As we severally entered, he waved his hand to unoccupied chairs, intimating to us to sit down, but no words were exchanged, except an occasional whisper between him and the lawyers. When all the branches of the family were present, down to the fourth and fifth cousins, the lawyer on the right of my

uncle put on his spectacles, and unrolling the parchment, commenced reading the will. I paid attention to it at first, but the legal technicalities puzzled me, and I was soon thinking of other matters, until after half an hour's reading I was startled at the sound of my own name. It was a bequest by codicil to me of the sum of ten thousand pounds. My father, who sat by me, gave me a slight push, to attract my attention; and I perceived that his face was not quite so mournful as before. I was rejoicing at this unexpected intelligence. I called to mind what my father had said to me when we were returning from Eagle Park, "That my grandfather's attentions to me were as good as ten thousand pounds in his will," and was reflecting how strange it was that he had hit upon the exact sum. I also thought of what my father had said of his own affairs, and his not having saved any thing for his children, and congratulating myself that I should now be able to support my dear sister Ellen in case of any accident happening to my father, when I was roused by another mention of my name. It was a codicil dated about a week back, in which my grandfather, not pleased at my conduct, revoked the former codicil, and left me nothing. I knew where the blow came from, and I looked my uncle in the face; a gleam of malignant pleasure was in his eyes, which had been fixed upon me, waiting to receive my glance. I returned it with a smile expressive of scorn and contempt, and then looked at my father, who appeared to be in a state of misery. His head had fallen upon his breast, and his hands were clasped. Although I was shocked at the blow, for I knew how much the money was required, I felt too proud to show it; indeed, I felt that I would not for worlds have exchanged situations with my uncle, much less feelings; for when those who remain meet to ascertain the disposition made by one who is summoned naked to the tribunal of his Maker, of those worldly and perishable things which he must leave behind him, feelings of rancour and ill-will might, for the time, be permitted to subside, and the memory of a "departed brother" be productive of charity and good will. After a little reflection, I felt that I could forgive my uncle.

Not so my father; the codicil which deprived me of my inheritance, was the last of the will, and the lawyer rolled up the parchment and took off his spectacles. Every body rose, my father seized his hat, and telling me in a harsh voice to follow him, tore off the crape weepers, and then threw them on the floor as he walked away. I also took off mine, and laid them on the table, and followed him. My father called his carriage, waited in the hall till it was driven up, and jumped into it. I followed him, he drew up the blind, and desired them to drive home.

"Not a sixpence! By the God of heaven, not a sixpence! My name not even mentioned, except for a paltry mourning ring! And yours—pray, sir, what have you been about, after having such a sum left you, to forfeit your grandfather's good opinion? Heh! sir—tell me directly," continued he, turning round to me in a rage.

"Nothing, my dear father, that I am aware of. My uncle is evidently my enemy."

"And why should he be particularly your enemy? Peter, there

must be some reason for his having induced your grandfather to alter his bequest in your favour. I insist upon it, sir, that you tell me immediately."

"My dear father, when you are more calm, I will talk this matter over with you. I hope I shall not be considered wanting in respect, when I say, that as a clergyman of the Church of England——"

"D—n the Church of England, and those who put me into it!" replied my father, maddened with rage.

I was shocked, and held my tongue. My father appeared also to be confused at his hasty expressions. He sank back in his carriage, and preserved a gloomy silence until we arrived at our own door. As soon as we entered, my father hastened to his own room, and I went up to my sister Ellen, who was in her bed-room. I revealed to her all that had passed, and advised with her on the propriety of communicating to my father the reasons which had occasioned my uncle's extreme aversion towards me. After much argument she agreed with me, that the disclosure had now become necessary.

My sister left the room, and went up stairs after the cloth had been removed, and I then communicated to my father the circumstances which had come to our knowledge relative to my uncle's establishment in Ireland. He heard me very attentively, took out his tablets, and made notes.

"Well, Peter," said he, after a few minutes' silence, when I had finished, "I see clearly through this whole business. I have no doubt but that a child has been substituted to defraud you and me of our just inheritance of the title and estates; but I will now set to work and try if I cannot find out the secret; and, with the help of Captain O'Brien and Father M'Grath, I think it is not at all impossible."

"O'Brien will do all that he can, sir," replied I; "and I expect soon to hear from him. He must have now been a week in Ireland."

"I shall go there myself," replied my father; "and there are no means that I will not resort to, to discover this infamous plot. No," exclaimed he, striking his fist on the table, so as to shiver two of the wine-glasses into fragments; "no means but I will resort to."

"That is," replied I, "my dear father, no means which may be legitimately employed by one of your profession."

"I tell you, no means that can be used by *man* to recover his defrauded rights! Tell me not of legitimate means, when I am to lose a title and property by a spurious and illegitimate substitution! By the God of heaven, I will meet them with fraud for fraud, with false swearing for false swearing, and with blood for blood, if it should be necessary! My brother has dissolved all ties, and I will have my right, even if I demand it with a pistol to his ear."

"For Heaven's sake, my dear father, do not be so violent—recollect your profession."

"I do," replied he, bitterly; "and how I was forced into it against my will. I recollect my father's words, the solemn coolness with which he told me, 'I had my choice of the church, or—to starve;' but I have my sermon to prepare for to-morrow, and I can sit here no longer. Tell Ellen to send me in some tea."

I did not think my father was in a very fit state of mind to write a sermon, but I held my tongue. My sister joined me, and we saw no more of him till breakfast the next day. Before we met, I received a letter from O'Brien.

"My dear Peter;—I ran down to Plymouth, hoisted my pennant, drew my jollies from the dock-yard, and set my first lieutenant to work getting in the ballast and water-tanks. I then set off for Ireland, and was very well received as Captain O'Brien by my family, who are all flourishing. Now that my two sisters are so well married off, my father and mother are very comfortable, but rather lonely; for I believe I told you long before, that it had pleased Heaven to take all the rest of my brothers and sisters, except the two now married, and one who bore up for a nunnery, dedicating her service to God, after she was scarred with the small-pox, and no man would look at her. Ever since the family have been grown up, my father and mother have been lamenting and sorrowing that none of them would go off; and now that they're all gone off, one way or another, they cry all day because they are left all alone, with no one to keep company with them, except Father M'Grath and the pigs. We never are to be contented in this world, that's sartain; and now that they are comfortable in every respect, they find that they are very uncomfortable, and having obtained all their wishes, they wish every thing back again; but as old Maddocks used to say, "a good growl is better than a bad dinner" with some people; and the greatest pleasure that they now have is to grumble, and if that makes them happy, they must be happy all day long—for the devil a bit do they leave off from morning till night.

"The first thing that I did was to send for Father M'Grath, who has been more away from home than usual—I presume not finding things quite so comfortable as they used to be. He told me that he had met with Father O'Toole, and had had a bit of a dialogue with him, which had ended in a bit of a row, and that he had cudgelled Father O'Toole well, and tore his gown off his back, and then tore it into shivers. That Father O'Toole had referred the case to the bishop, and that was how the matter stood just then. 'But,' says he, 'the spalpeen has left this part of the country, and, what is more, has taken Ella and her mother with him; and what is still worse, no one could find out where they were gone; but it was believed that they had all been sent over the water. So you see, Peter, that this is a bad job in one point, which is, that we have no chance of getting the truth out of the old woman; for now that we have war with France, who is to follow them? On the other hand, it is good news; for it prevents me from decoying that poor young girl, and making her believe what will never come to pass; and I am not a little glad on that score, for Father M'Grath was told by those who were about her, that she did nothing but weep and moan for two days before she went away, scolded as she was by her mother, and threatened by that blackguard O'Toole. It appears to me, that all our hopes now are in finding out the soldier and his wife, the wet-nurse, who were sent to India—no doubt with the hope that the

climate and the fevers may carry them off. That uncle of your's is a great blackguard, every bit of him. I shall leave here in three days, and you must join me at Plymouth. Make my compliments to your father, and my regards to your sister, whom may all the saints preserve! God bless her for ever and ever. Amen. Your's ever,

"TERENCE O'BRIEN."

I put this letter into my father's hands when he came out of his room. "This is a deep-laid plot," said he, "and I think we must immediately do as O'Brien states—look after the nurse who was sent to India. Do you know the regiment to which her husband belongs?"

"Yes, sir," replied I; "it is the 33rd, and they sailed for India about three months back."

"The name, you say, I think, is O'Sullivan," said he, pulling out his tablets. "Well, I will write immediately to Captain Fielding, and beg him to make the minutest inquiries. I will also write to your sister Lucy, for women are much keener than men in affairs of this sort. If the regiment is ordered to Ceylon, all the better; if not, he must obtain furlough to prosecute his inquiries. When that is done, I will go myself to Ireland, and try if we cannot trace the other parties."

My father then left the room, and I retired with Ellen to make preparations for joining my ship at Plymouth. A letter announcing my appointment had come down, and I had written to request my commission to be forwarded to the clerk of the cheque at Plymouth, that I might save a useless journey to London. On the following day, I parted with my father and my dear sister, and without any adventure arrived at Plymouth Dock, where I met with O'Brien. The same day I reported myself to the admiral, and joined my brig, which was lying alongside the hulk with her topmasts pointed through. Returning from the brig, as I was walking up Fore-street, I observed a fine stout sailor, whose back was turned to me, reading the handbill which had been posted up every where, announcing that the Rattlesnake, Captain O'Brien, (about to proceed on the West India station, where *doubloons* were so plentiful, that dollars were only used for ballast,) was in want of a *few* stout hands. It might have been said of a great many, for we had not entered six men, and were doing all the work with the marines and riggers of the dock-yard; but it is not the custom to show your poverty in this world, either with regard to men or money. I stopped, and overheard him say, "Ay, as for the doubloons, that cock won't fight. I've served long enough in the West Indies not to be humbugged; but I wonder whether Captain O'Brien was the second lieutenant of the Sanglier. If so, I shouldn't mind trying a cruize with him."

I thought that I recollected the voice, and touching him on the shoulder, he turned round, and it proved to be Swinburne. "What, Swinburne!" said I, shaking him by the hand, for I was delighted to see him, "is it you?"

"Why, Mr. Simple! Well, then, I expect that I'm right, and that Mr. O'Brien is made, and commands this craft. When you meet the pilot-fish, the shark arn't far off, you know."

"You 're very right, Swinburne," said I, "in all except calling Captain O'Brien a shark. He 's no shark."

"No, that he arn't, except in one way; that is, that I expect he 'll soon show his teeth to the Frenchmen. But I beg your pardon, sir;" and Swinburne took off his hat.

"Oh! I understand; you did not perceive before that I had shipped the swab. Yes, I 'm lieutenant of the Rattlesnake, Swinburne, and hope you 'll join us."

"There 's my hand upon it, Mr. Simple," said he, smacking his great fist into mine so as to make it tingle. "I 'm content if I know that the captain 's a good officer; but when there 's two, I think myself lucky. I 'll just take a boat, and put my name on the books, and then I 'll be on shore again to spend the rest of my money, and try if I can't pick up a few hands as volunteers, for I know where they all be stowed away. I was looking at the craft this morning, and rather took a fancy to her. She has a d—d pretty run; but I hope Captain O'Brien will take off her fiddle-head, and get one carved: I never knew a vessel do much with a *fiddle*-head."

"I rather think that Captain O'Brien has already applied to the Commissioner on the subject," replied I: "at all events, it won't be very difficult to make the alteration ourselves."

"To be sure not," replied Swinburne; "a coil of four-inch will make the body of the snake; I can carve out the head; and as for a *rattle*, I be blessed if I don't rob one of those beggars of watchmen this very night. So good-bye, Mr. Simple, till we meet again."

Swinburne kept his word: he joined the ship that afternoon, and the next day came off with six good hands, who had been induced from his representations to join the brig. "Tell Captain O'Brien," said he to me, "not to be in too great a hurry to man his ship. I know where there are plenty to be had; but I 'll try fair means first." This he did; and every day almost, he brought off a man, and all he did bring off were good able seamen. Others volunteered, and we were now more than half manned, and ready for sea. The admiral then gave us permission to send press-gangs on shore.

"Mr. Simple," said Swinburne, "I 've tried all I can to persuade a lot of fine chaps to enter, but they won't. Now I 'm resolved that my brig shall be well manned; and if they don't know what 's good for them, I do, and I 'm sure that they 'll thank me for it afterwards; so I 'm determined to take every mother's son of them."

The same night we mustered all Swinburne's men, and went on shore to a crimp's house which they knew, surrounded it with our marines in blue jackets, and took out of it twenty-three fine able seamen, which nearly filled up our complement. The remainder we obtained by a draft from the admiral's ship; and I do not believe that there was a vessel, that left Plymouth harbour and anchored in the Sound, better manned than the Rattlesnake. So much for a good character, which is never lost upon seamen.

O'Brien was universally liked by those who had sailed with him; and Swinburne, who knew him well, persuaded many, and forced the others to sail with him whether they liked it or not. This they in the event did, and, with the exception of those drafted from the flag-ship,

we had no desertions. Indeed, none deserted whom we would have wished to retain, and their vacancies were soon filled up with better men.

We were very glad when the master attendant came on board to take us into the Sound; and still more glad to perceive that the brig, which had just been launched before O'Brien was appointed to her, appeared to sail very fast as she ran out. So it proved after we went to sea; she sailed wonderfully well, beating every vessel that she met, and overhauling in a very short time every thing that we chased; turning to windward like magic, and tacking in a moment. Three days after we anchored in the Sound, the ship's company were paid, and our sailing orders came down to proceed with the despatches, by next evening's post, to the island of Jamaica. We started with a fair wind, and were soon clear of the channel. Our whole time was now occupied in training our new ship's company at the guns, and learning them to *pull together;* and by the time that we had run down the trades we were in a very fair state of discipline.

The first lieutenant was rather an odd character; his brother was a sporting man of large property, and he had contracted from his example a great partiality for such pursuits. He knew the winning horses of the Derby and Oaks for twenty years back, was an adept at all athletic exercises, a capital shot, and had his pointer on board. In other respects, he was a great dandy in his person, always wore gloves even in service, very gentlemanlike and handsome, and not a very bad sailor; that is, he knew enough to carry on his duty very creditably, and evidently now that he was the first lieutenant, and obliged to work, learnt more of his duty every day. I never met a more pleasant messmate or a more honourable young man. A brig is only allowed two lieutenants. The master was a rough, kind-hearted, intelligent young man, always in good humour. The surgeon and purser completed our mess; they were men of no character at all, except perhaps that the surgeon was too much of a courtier, and the purser too much of a skinflint; but pursers are, generally speaking, more sinned against than sinning.

But I have been led away, while talking of the brig and the officers, and had almost forgotten to narrate a circumstance which occurred two days before we sailed. I was with O'Brien in the cabin, when Mr. Osbaldistone, the first lieutenant, came in and reported that a boy had come on board to volunteer for the ship.

"What sort of a lad is he?" said O'Brien.

"A very nice lad—very slight, sir," replied the first lieutenant. "We have two vacancies."

"Well, see what you think of him; and if you think he will do, you may put him on the books."

"I have tried him, sir. He says that he has been a short time at sea. I made him mount the main rigging, but he did not much like it."

"Well, do as you please, Osbaldistone," replied O'Brien. And the first lieutenant quitted the cabin.

In about a quarter of an hour, he returned. "If you please, sir," said he, laughing, "I sent the boy down to the surgeon to be examined, and he refused to strip. The surgeon says, that he thinks she

is a woman. I have had her up on the quarter-deck, and she refuses to answer any questions, and requires to speak with you."

"With me!" said O'Brien, with surprise. "Oh! one of the men's wives, I suppose, trying to steal a march upon us. Well, send her down here, Osbaldistone, and I 'll prove to her the moral impossibility of her sailing in his majesty's brig Rattlesnake."

In a few minutes, the first lieutenant sent her down to the cabin door, and I was about to retire as she entered; but O'Brien stopped me. "Stay, Peter; my reputation will be at stake if I 'm left all alone," said he, laughing.

The sentry opened the door, and, whether boy or girl, a more interesting face I never beheld; but the hair was cut close like a boy's, and I could not tell whether the surgeon's suspicions were correct.

"You wish to speak——holy St. Patrick!" cried O'Brien, looking earnestly at the face; and O'Brien covered his face, and bent over the table, exclaiming, "My God, my God!"

In the meantime, the colour of the young person fled from the face, and then rushed into it again, alternately leaving it pale and suffused with blushes. I perceived a trembling over the frame, the knees shook and knocked together, and had I not hastened, she—for a female it was—would have fallen on the deck.

I perceived that she had fainted; I therefore laid her down on the deck, and hastened to obtain some water. O'Brien ran up and went to her.

"My poor, poor girl!" said he, sorrowfully. "Oh! Peter, this is all your fault."

"All my fault! How could she have come here?"

"By all the saints who pray for us—dearly as I prize them, I would give up my ship and my commission, that this could be undone."

As O'Brien hung over her, the tears from his eyes fell upon her face, while I bathed it with the water I had brought from the dressing-room. I knew who it must be, although I had never seen her. It was the girl to whom O'Brien had professed love, to worm out the secret of the exchange of my uncle's child; and as I beheld the scene, I could not help saying to myself, "Who now will assert that evil may be done that good may come?" The poor girl showed symptoms of recovering, and O'Brien waved his hand to me, saying, "Leave us, Peter, and see that no one comes in."

I remained nearly an hour at the cabin-door, by the sentry, and prevented many from entering, when O'Brien opened the door, and requested me to order his gig to be manned and then to come in. The poor girl had evidently been weeping bitterly, and O'Brien was much affected.

"All is arranged, Peter; you must go on shore with her, and not leave her till you see her safe off by the night coach. Do me that favour, Peter—you ought indeed," continued he in a low voice, "for you have been partly the occasion of this."

I shook O'Brien's hand, and made no answer—the boat was reported ready, and the girl followed me with a firm step. I pulled on shore, saw her safe in the coach without asking her any question, and then returned on board.

"Come on board, sir," said I, entering the cabin with my hat in my hand, and reporting myself according to the regulations of the service.

"Thank you," replied O'Brien; "shut the door, Peter. Tell me, how did she behave? What did she say?"

"She never spoke, and I never asked her a question. She seemed to be willing to do as you had arranged."

"Sit down, Peter. I never felt more unhappy, or more disgusted with myself in all my life. I feel as if I never could be happy again. A sailor's life mixes him up with the worst part of the female sex, and we do not know the real value of the better. I little thought when I was talking nonsense to that poor girl, that I was breaking one of the kindest hearts in the world, and sacrificing the happiness of one who would lay down her existence for me, Peter. Since you have been gone, it's twenty times that I've looked in the glass just to see whether I don't look like a villain. But by the blood of St. Patrick, I thought woman's love was just like our own, and that a three months' cruize would set all to rights again."

"I thought she had gone over to France."

"So did I; but now she has told me all about it. Father M'Dermot and her mother brought her down to the coast near here, to embark in a smuggling boat for Dieppe. When the boat pulled in-shore in the night to take them in, the mother and the rascally priest got in, but she felt as if it was leaving the whole world, to leave the country I was in, and she held back. The officers came down—a pistol or two was fired, the boat shoved off without her, and she, with their luggage, was left on the beach. She went back to the next town with the officers, where she told the truth of the story, and they let her go. In Father M'Dermot's luggage she found letters, which she read, and found out that she and her mother were to have been placed in a convent at Dieppe; and as the convent was named in the letters—which she says are important, but I have not had courage to read them yet—she went to the people from whose house they had embarked, requesting them to forward the luggage and a letter to her mother—sending every thing but the letters, which she reserved for me. She has since received a letter from her mother, telling her that she is safe and well in the convent, and begging her to come over to her as soon as possible. The mother took the vows a week after she arrived there, so we know where to find her, Peter."

"And where is the poor girl going to stay now, O'Brien?"

"That's all the worst part of it. It appears that she hoped not to be found out till after we had sailed, and then to have, as she said, poor thing! to have laid at my feet and watched over me in the storms; but I pointed out to her that it was not permitted, and could not be, and that I would not be allowed to marry her. Oh! Peter, this is a very sad business," continued O'Brien, passing his hand across his eyes.

"Well, but, O'Brien, what is to become of the poor thing?"

"She is going home to be with my father and mother, hoping one day that I shall come back and marry her. I have written to Father M'Grath, to see what he can do."

"Have you then not undeceived her?

"Father M'Grath must do that, I could not. It would have been the death of her. It would have stabbed her to the heart, and it's not for me to give that blow. I'd sooner have died—sooner have married her, than have done it, Peter. Perhaps when I'm far away she'll bear it better. Father M'Grath will manage it."

"O'Brien, I don't like that Father M'Grath."

"Well, Peter, you may be right, I don't exactly like all he says myself; but what is a man to do?—either he is a Catholic, and believes as a Catholic, or he is not one. Will I abandon my religion, now that it is persecuted? Never, Peter; I hope not, without I find a much better, at all events. Still I do not like to feel that this advice of my confessor is at variance with my own conscience. Father M'Grath is a worldly man; but that only proves that he is wrong, not that our religion is—and I don't mind speaking to you on this subject. No one knows that I'm a Catholic except yourself; and at the Admiralty they never asked me to take that oath, which I never would have taken, although Father M'Grath says I may take any oath I please with what he calls heretics, and he will grant me absolution. Peter, my dear fellow, say no more about it."

I did not; but I may as well end the history of poor Ella Flanagan at once, as she will not appear again. About three months afterwards, we received a letter from Father M'Grath, stating that the girl had arrived safe, and had been a great comfort to O'Brien's father and mother, who wished her to remain altogether; that Father M'Grath had told her that when a man took his commission as captain, it was all the same as going into a monastery as a monk, for he never could marry. The poor girl believed him, and thinking that O'Brien was lost to her for ever, with the advice of Father M'Grath, had entered as a nun in one of the religious houses in Ireland, that, as she said, she might pray for him night and day. Many years afterwards, we heard of her—she was well and not unhappy; but O'Brien never forgot his behaviour to this poor girl. It was a source of continual regret; and I believe, until the last day of his existence, his heart smote him for his inconsiderate conduct towards her. But I must leave this distressing topic, and return to the Rattlesnake, which had now arrived at the West Indies, and joined the admiral at Jamaica.

In stating that "Peter Simple" will be discontinued after the present number of the Magazine, and very shortly will appear in three volumes, we will take this opportunity of defending the system of having one or two of the papers in the magazine as continuations. In the first place, if our friends will compare our magazine with others, they will at once perceive, from the close printing, that it contains so much more than the other Magazines, that even were these articles left out, we should have supplied as much original matter as our contemporaries. But the strong argument that we bring forward in favour of these continuations is, that it is impossible, in one short sketch, to delineate character truly, and give that effect which, as writers, we feel that our reputation demands. It is not by mere con-

densation that the character of an individual is efficiently portrayed, it is by that delicate and almost imperceptible colouring which tints the whole of the action and speaking. There is as much effect occasionally produced by the expansion, as there is in the concentration of the surface on which we represent individual portraits. Miniatures are not often the best likenesses. Perhaps there is another reason which we, as story-tellers, claim as our privilege, that of imparting a degree of prospective interest to our work, and inducing the public to look forward to the ensuing number. When the Kessehgou, or story-teller of the East, has entered upon the most effective part of his narrative, and his audience are breathless with interest and impatience, he drops his cap and his story at one and the same time, and until he perceives that his cap is replete with the small coin of the country—until, in short, Avarice has been vanquished by Curiosity, he proceeds no further. Why, then, may we not claim the same privilege, and wish to excite that interest which will occasion the purchase of the ensuing number? The praise which has been so flatteringly bestowed upon "Peter," has invariably been mixed up with diatribes against continuations; but these are flattering proofs of the interest which it has excited, and may be construed rather to the dislike of being obliged to leave off. But "Peter Simple" takes his leave for the present, that he may arrange the remainder of his memoirs, and lay them collectively before the public. One observation may here be made, which is, that there is no system so likely to produce a good work as that of continuations in a Magazine, and then publishing the whole. A narrative may appear in three volumes, and if there is one good chapter out of three, the public are generous and are satisfied; but when every portion is severally presented to be analyzed and criticised for thirty days, the author dare not flag. He must keep up to his mark, or he never can encounter an ordeal so severe. We have said that the public are generous, but we also know it to be irritable, and it may be displeased at "Peter" taking French leave. The lion in the Tower took a fancy, and magnanimously protected the little dog which it was expected would be devoured; when the little dog died, to pacify this king of the beasts, it was thought advisable to substitute another in its place. The plan succeeded, and the noble animal fondled his new companion. Most magnanimous, yet most ferocious public, we will follow the same example; and having removed "Peter Simple," we will substitute for your amusement, the life and adventures of "Jacob Faithful," with the firm conviction that you will not tear him into atoms. "Jacob Faithful" has one advantage over "Peter Simple," which is, that (to be guilty of a metaphorical *bull*) he travels over ground that is new and full of interest. He is a waterman on the river Thames, and it is singular that a subject so interesting and so replete with adventure, should never yet have been explored. We think that his narrative will afford some amusement—at all events, it shall be our endeavour to recite his adventures in the happiest vein which we possess. Allow us, then, without any more circumlocution, to remove the former slide from our magic lantern, and insert a new one; and then, ladies and gentlemen, "you shall see, what you shall see."

JACOB FAITHFUL.

" Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

GENTLE READER, I was born upon the water—not upon the salt and angry ocean, but upon the fresh, and rapid flowing-river. It was in a floating sort of box, called a lighter, and upon the River Thames, and at low water, that I first smelt the mud. This lighter was manned (an expression amounting to bullism, if not construed *kind*-ly) by my father, my mother, and your humble servant. My father had the sole charge—he was monarch of the deck; my mother of course was queen, and I was the heir apparent.

Before I say one word about myself, allow me dutifully to describe my parents. First, then, I will portray my queen mother. Report says, that when first she came on board of the lighter, a lighter figure and a lighter step never pressed a plank; but as far as I can tax my recollection, she was always a fat, unwieldy woman. Locomotion was not to her taste—gin was. She seldom quitted the cabin; never quitted the lighter—a pair of shoes may have lasted her for five years, for the wear and tear that she took out of them. Being of this domestic habit, as all married women ought to be, she was always to be found when wanted; but although always at hand, she was not always on her feet. Towards the close of the day, she laid down upon her bed—a wise precaution when a person can no longer stand. The fact was, that my honoured mother, although her virtue was unimpeachable, was frequently seduced by liquor; and, although constant to my father, was debauched and to be found in bed with that insidious assailer of female uprightness—*gin*. The lighter, which might have been compared to another garden of Eden, of which my mother was the Eve, and my father the Adam to consort with, was entered by this serpent who tempted her; and if she did not eat, she drank, which was even worse. At first, indeed, and I mention it to prove how the enemy always gains admittance under a specious form, she drank it only to keep the cold out of her stomach, which the humid atmosphere from the surrounding water appeared to warrant. My father took his pipe for the same reason; but at the time that I was born, he smoked and she drank, from morning to night, because habit had rendered it almost necessary to their existence. The pipe was always to his lips, the glass incessantly to her's. I would have defied any cold ever to have penetrated into their stomachs;—but I have said enough of my mother for the present, I will now pass on to my father.

My father was a puffy, round-bellied, long-armed, little man, admirably calculated for his station in, or rather out of, society. He could manage a lighter as well as any body; but he could do more. He had been brought up to it from his infancy. He went on shore for my mother, and came on board again—the only remarkable event in his life. His whole amusement was his pipe; and, as there is a certain indefinable

link between smoking and philosophy, my father, by dint of smoking, had become a perfect philosopher. It is no less strange than true, that we can puff away our cares with tobacco, when, without it, they remain an oppressive burthen to existence. There is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe. The savage warriors of North America enjoyed the blessing before we did; and to the pipe is to be ascribed the wisdom of their councils, and their laconic delivery of their sentiments. It would be well introduced into our own legislative assembly. Ladies, indeed, would no longer peep down through the ventilator; but we should have more sense and fewer words. It is also to tobacco that is to be ascribed the stoical firmness of those American warriors, who, satisfied with the pipe in their mouths, submitted with perfect indifference to the torture of their enemies. From the well-known virtues of this weed arose that peculiar expression, when you irritate another, that you "put his pipe out."

My father's pipe, literally and metaphorically, was never put out. He had a few apothegms which brought every disaster to a happy conclusion; and as he seldom or ever indulged in words, these sayings were deeply impressed upon my infant memory. One was, "*It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped.*" When once these words escaped his lips, the subject was never renewed. Nothing appeared to move him: the adjurations of those employed in the other lighters, barges, vessels, and boats of every description, who were contending with us for the extra foot of water, as we drifted up or down with the tide, affected him not, further than an extra column or two of smoke rising from the bowl of his pipe. To my mother, he used but one expression, "*Take it coolly;*" but it always had the contrary effect with my mother, as it put her more in a passion. It was like pouring oil upon flame; nevertheless, the advice was good, had it ever been followed. Another favourite expression of my father's, when any thing went wrong, and which was of the same pattern as the rest of his philosophy, was "*Better luck next time.*" These aphorisms were deeply impressed upon my memory. I continually recalled them to mind, and thus I became a philosopher long before my wise teeth were in embryo, or I had even shed the first set with which kind Nature presents us, that in the petticoat age we may fearlessly indulge in lollipop.

My father's education had been neglected. He could neither write nor read; but although he did not exactly, like Cadmus, invent letters, he had accustomed himself to certain hieroglyphics, generally speaking sufficient for his purposes, and which might be considered as an artificial memory. "I can't write nor read, Jacob," he would say, "I wish I could; but look, boy, I means this mark for three-quarters of a bushel. Mind you recollects it when I axes you, or I'll be blowed if I don't wallop you." But it was only a case of peculiar difficulty which would require a new hieroglyphic, or extract such a long speech from my father. I was well acquainted with his usual scratches and dots, and having a good memory, could put him right when he was puzzled with some misshapen *x* or *z* representing some unknown quantity, like the same letters in algebra.

I have said that I was heir apparent, but I did not say that I was the only child born to my father in his wedlock. My honoured mother had had two more children; but the first, who was a girl, had been provided for by a fit of the meazles, and the second, my elder brother, by tumbling over the stern of the lighter when he was three years old. At the time of the accident, my mother had retired to her bed, a little the worse for liquor; my father was on deck forward, leaning against the windlass, soberly smoking his evening pipe. "What was that?" exclaimed my father, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and listening; "I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't Joe." And my father put in his pipe again, and smoked away as before.

My father was correct in his surmises. It was Joe who had made the splash which roused him from his meditations, for the next morning Joe was nowhere to be found. He was, however, found some days afterwards; but, as the newspapers say, and as may well be imagined, the vital spark was extinct; and moreover, the eels and chubs had eaten off his nose and a portion of his chubby face, so that, as my father said, "he was of no use to nobody." The morning after the accident, my father was up early and had missed poor little Joe. He went into the cabin, smoked his pipe, and said nothing. As my brother did not appear as usual for his breakfast, my mother called out for him in a harsh voice; but Joe was out of hearing, and as mute as a fish. Joe opened not his mouth in reply, neither did my father. My mother then quitted the cabin, and walked round the lighter, looked into the dog-kennel to ascertain if he was asleep with the great mastiff—but Joe was nowhere to be found.

"Why, what can have become of Joe?" cried my mother, with maternal alarm in her countenance, appealing to my father, as she hastened back to the cabin. My father spoke not, but taking his pipe out of his mouth, dropped the bowl of it in a perpendicular direction till it landed softly on the deck, then put it into his mouth again, and puffed mournfully. "Why, you don't mean to say that he is overboard?" screamed my mother.

My father nodded his head, and puffed away at an accumulated rate. A torrent of tears, exclamations, and revilings, succeeded to this characteristic announcement. My father allowed my mother to exhaust herself. By the time that she was finished, so was his pipe; he then knocked out the ashes, and quietly observed, "It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped," and proceeded to refill the bowl.

"Can't be helped!" cried my mother; "but it might have been helped."

"Take it coolly," replied my father.

"Take it coolly!" replied my mother, in a rage—"take it coolly! Yes, you're for taking every thing coolly: I presume, if I fell overboard, you would be taking it coolly."

"You would be taking it coolly, at all events," replied my imperturbable father.

"O dear! O dear!" cried my poor mother; "two poor children, and lost them both!"

"Better luck next time," rejoined my father; "so, Sall, say no more about it."

My father continued for some time to smoke his pipe, and my mother to pipe her eye, until at last my father, who was really a kind-hearted man, rose from the chest upon which he was seated, went to the cupboard, poured out a teacup-full of *gin*, and handed it to my mother. It was kindly done of him, and my mother was to be won by kindness. It was a pure offering in the spirit, and taken in the spirit in which it was offered. After a few repetitions, which were rendered necessary from its potency being diluted with her tears, grief and recollection were drowned together, and disappeared like two lovers who sink down entwined in each other's arms. With this beautiful metaphor, I shall wind up the episode of my unfortunate brother Joe.

It was about a year after the loss of my brother, that I was ushered into the world without any other assistants or spectators than my father and Dame Nature, who I believe to be a very clever midwife, if not interfered with. My father, who had some faint ideas of Christianity, performed the baptismal rites, by crossing me on the forehead with the end of his pipe, and calling me Jacob: as for my mother being churched, she had never been to church in her life. In fact, my father and mother never quitted the lighter, unless when the former was called out by the superintendent or proprietor, at the delivery or shipment of a cargo, or was once a month for a few minutes on shore to purchase necessaries. I cannot recall much of my infancy: but I recollect that the lighter was often very brilliant with blue and red paint, and that my mother used to point it out to me as "so pretty," to keep me quiet. I shall therefore pass it over, and commence at the age of five years, at which early period I was of some little use to my father. Indeed, I was almost as forward as some boys at ten. This may appear strange, but the fact is, that my ideas, although bounded, were concentrated. The lighter, its equipments, and its destination, were the microcosm of my infant imagination; and my ideas and thoughts being directed to so few objects, these objects were deeply impressed, and their value fully understood. Up to the time that I quitted the lighter, at eleven years old, the banks of the river were the boundaries of my speculations. I certainly comprehended the nature of trees and houses; but I do not think that I was aware that the former *grew*. From the time that I could recollect them on the banks of the river, they appeared to be exactly of the same size as they were when first I saw them, and I asked no questions. But by the time that I was ten years old, I knew the name of every reach of the river, and every point—the depth of water, and the shallows, the drift of the current, and the ebb and flow of the tide itself. I was able to manage the lighter as it floated down with the tide; for what I lacked in strength, I made up with the dexterity arising from constant practice.

It was at the age of eleven years that a catastrophe took place which changed my prospects in life, and I must therefore say a little more about my father and mother, bringing up their history to that period. The propensity of my mother to ardent spirits had, as always is the case, greatly increased upon her, and her corpulence had increased in the same ratio. She was now a most unwieldy, bloated

mountain of flesh, such a form as I have never since beheld, although at the time she did not appear to me to be disgusting, accustomed to witness imperceptibly her increase, and not seeing any other females except at a distance. For the last two years she had seldom quitted her bed—certainly, she did not crawl out of the cabin more than five minutes during the week—indeed, her obesity and habitual intoxication rendered her incapable. My father went on shore for a quarter of an hour once a month, to purchase gin, tobacco, red herrings, and decayed ship biscuit—the latter were my principal fare, except when I could catch a fish over the sides, as we lay at anchor. I was therefore a great water drinker, not altogether from choice, but from the salt nature of my food, and because my mother had still sense enough left to discern that "Gin wasn't good for little boys." But a great change had taken place in my father. I was now left almost altogether in charge of the deck, my father seldom coming up except to assist me in shooting the bridges, or when it required more than my exertions to steer clear of the crowds of vessels which we encountered when between them. In fact, as I grew more capable, my father became more incapable, and passed most of his time in the cabin, assisting my mother in emptying the great stone bottle. The woman had prevailed upon the man, and now both were guilty in partaking of the forbidden fruit of the Juniper Tree. Such was the state of affairs in our little kingdom, when the catastrophe occurred which I am now about to relate.

One fine summer's evening, we were floating up with the tide, deeply laden with coals, to be delivered at the proprietor's wharf, some distance above Putney Bridge; a strong breeze sprung up, and checked our progress, and we could not, as we expected, gain the wharf that night. We were about a mile and a half above the bridge when the tide turned against us, and we dropped our anchor. My father, who, expecting to arrive that evening, had very unwillingly remained sober, waited until the lighter had swung to the stream, and then saying to me, "Remember, Jacob, we must be at the wharf early to-morrow morning, so keep alive," he went into the cabin to indulge in his potations, leaving me in possession of the deck, and also of my supper, which I never ate below, the little cabin being so unpleasantly close. Indeed, I took all my meals *al fresco*, and unless the nights were intensely cold, slept on deck, in the large dog kennel abaft, which had once been tenanted by the large mastiff, but he had been dead some years, had been thrown overboard, and in all probability had been converted into Epping sausages, at 1*s.* per. lb. Some time after his decease, I had taken possession of his apartment and had performed his duty. I had finished my supper, which I washed down with a considerable portion of Thames water, for I always drank more when above the bridges, having an idea that it tasted more pure and fresh. I had walked forward and looked at the cable to see if all was right, and then having nothing more to do, I laid down on the deck, and indulged in the profound speculations of a boy of eleven years old. I was watching the stars above me, which twinkled faintly, and appeared to me ever and anon to be extinguished and then relighted. I was wondering what they could be made of, and how they

came there, when of a sudden I was interrupted in my reveries by a loud shriek, and perceived a strong smell of something burning. The shrieks were renewed again and again, and I had hardly time to get upon my legs when my father burst up from the cabin, rushed over the side of the lighter, and disappeared under the water. I caught a glimpse of his features as he passed me, and observed fright and intoxication blended together. I ran to the side where he had disappeared, but could see nothing but a few eddying circles as the tide rushed quickly past. For a few seconds I remained staggered and stupified at his sudden disappearance and evident death, but I was recalled to recollection by the smoke which encompassed me, and the shrieks of my mother, which were now fainter and fainter, and I hastened to her assistantce.

A strong empyreumatic thick smoke ascended from the hatchway of the cabin, and as it had now fallen calm, it mounted straight up in the air in a dense column. I attempted to go in, but as soon as I encountered the smoke, I found that it was impossible; it would have suffocated me in half a minute. I did what most children would have done in such a situation of excitement and distress—I sat down and cried bitterly. In about ten minutes I removed my hands, with which I had covered up my face, and looked at the cabin hatch. The smoke had disappeared, and all was silent. I went to the hatchway, and although the smell was still overpowering, I found that I could bear it. I descended the little ladder of three steps, and called "Mother," but there was no answer. The lamp fixed against the after bulk-head, with a glass before it, was still alight, and I could see plainly to every corner of the cabin. Nothing was burning—not even the curtains to my mother's bed appeared to be singed. I was astonished—breathless with fear, with a trembling voice, I again called out "Mother." I remained more than a minute panting for breath, and then ventured to draw back the curtains of the bed—my mother was not there! but there appeared to be a black mass in the centre of the bed. I put my hand fearfully upon it—it was a sort of unctuous pitchy cinder. I screamed with horror, my little senses reeled—I staggered from the cabin and fell down on the deck in a state amounting almost to insanity: it was followed by a sort of stupor, which lasted for many hours.

As the reader may be in some doubt as to the occasion of my mother's death, I must inform him that she perished in that very peculiar and dreadful manner, which does sometimes, although rarely occur, to those who indulge in an immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Cases of this kind do indeed present themselves but once in a century, but the occurrence of them is but too well authenticated. She perished from what is termed *spontaneous combustion*, an inflammation of the gasses generated from the spirits absorbed into the system. It is to be presumed that the flames issuing from my mother's body, completely frightened out of his senses my father, who had been drinking freely; and thus did I lose both my parents, one by fire and the other by water, at one and the same time.

THE COCO ISLANDS.

The Cocos are situated in about 12° south latitude, and in longitude 97° east: the soil is formed entirely by the detrition of coral, of which these islands are wholly composed; and on the sea front, all around them, you may walk out at low water to the edge of the reef which encircles them, and look down, out of soundings—so perseveringly have the minute insects performed their labours towards the light, and built their little dwellings one above the other: for all these coral islands are nothing else than the accumulated masses of cellular habitations, peopled by myriads of living creatures, who, while incessantly labouring to construct their cells wherein to dwell, are at the same time seeking their own destruction; for no sooner have the minute architects raised their mansions above high water mark, than they become the tombs of their former tenants, who are thus destroyed in their own habitations. The Cocos consist of a group of between twenty and thirty islands, mostly of very narrow proportions, compared to their length, and surrounding a basin of about ten miles diameter. Excepting in two instances, all these islands are connected by causeways, which can be waded at low water. Of the two exceptions above alluded to, one forms the entrance to the harbour, which is narrow and intricate; but when once a ship is in, she lays snugly protected from all the prevailing winds; and when we dropped our anchor in this lovely haven, I thought of the passage in the Tempest—

> "Safely in harbour is the king's ship,
> In the deep nook there she's hid."

The whole of the islands are covered by cocoa-nut trees, so matted together, as to be almost impenetrable, and the fruit is scattered over the ground in prodigious numbers, in every direction. Were the produce good for any mercantile purpose, the quantity to be procured is inexhaustible; for one tree has been known here to yield upwards of one hundred and twenty nuts in a season. The average height of the islands may vary from fifteen to twenty feet; but several rise up abruptly in sugar-loaf cones considerably higher—these being covered with verdure to their summits, diversify and greatly enrich the beauty both of the foreground and outline of the landscape. The climate is delicious, the atmosphere clear in the extreme, and the sky of so exquisite a blue, that it would lend reality to one of Albano's most vivid pictures, or call to mind the passage in Don Juan—

> "O darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
> As some one somewhere sings about the sky."

The graceful waving of the elegant palm—the snow-white beach, rendered doubly beautiful by contrast with the verdant background which the trees afforded—the foaming breakers incessantly intervening between the islands, and curling up in terrific grandeur, as if envious of the repose and tranquillity of the retired nook, or the quiet safely sheltered bay, where the bleached sand was studded here and there with beautiful shells—

> "And all was stillness, save the sea bird's cry
> And dolphin's leap, and little billow crossed
> By some low rock or shelve that made it fret
> Against the boundary it scarcely wet."

Add to this, a sea of transparent emerald green, with not a shade of turbid water, the waves being pure and limpid both within and without

the basin, with a surface occasionally diversified with every tint of blue or darker green, sometimes blended into yellow or white, and forming a rare combination of beauty and variety, which is still increased by the unsuspecting confidence of the winged inhabitants of this fairy scene: for you may here actually take the confiding sea-birds off the trees, where, for want of cliffs, they contrive, notwithstanding their web-feet, to perch by thousands, and at sunset they all roost on the branches as regular as a flight of rooks. And what is still more singular, one beautiful variety, with black head and red bill and feet, and snow-white wings, which are very long, and shaped like the swallow, lays its eggs on the leaf of the palm, in one of the concavities, to prevent their rolling off, and absolutely hatches them in this situation, regardless of all the undulating waving occasioned by the winds, and forcibly reminding one, "that necessity is indeed the mother of invention." The crane, land-rail, and sandpiper, are the only birds not web-footed that have been seen here. No serpents or reptiles of any description have ever been found on these islands. Land-crabs are amazingly numerous, and are excellent eating; but the greatest curiosity of this description, is a species of craw fish, which here attains a size equal to a large hare. Unlike the crab, it is slow in its motion, and when approached, assumes a menacing attitude, rearing itself up, and opening its great claws: it works round on a pivot, always opposing this defensive front, and cautiously manœuvring that it be not outflanked. Beneath the tail is an oily fat substance, of considerable size, good for cooking, and occasionally used for lamps.

Independent of the cocoa-nut palms, there are several other trees; but they are neither numerous nor large, and their growth appears to be stinted by the usurping preponderance of the palms. The seeds of all the trees produced here are such as do not lose their germinating properties by exposure to the action of salt water; and they have all been drifted here from seaward, probably from distances of which we can form no conjecture. Good fresh water is found near the surface, in every direction, by digging; but there is no running water. Pigs, fowls, and ducks, thrive and multiply exceedingly, with no other food whatever but the cocoa-nut; and I never ate fatter or more highly flavoured poultry. Grain and vegetables grow, but have not hitherto been brought to any perfection. The sharp coral is very destructive to shoes, and in one day I wore out a pair. In the basin the coral is incessantly growing upwards, and rising in rosette-shaped masses in every direction, and imparting to the waves the reflection of the various coloured marine vegetables which grow at the bottom, a great portion of which, in the upper part of the haven, consists of the "turtle-grass," which attracts innumerable swarms of these animals, which are caught by a persevering chace of one individual from a small flat raft, with three men on it, and furnished with long poles, care being taken always to keep sight of the first object of pursuit, and on no account to be led away by the appearance of others in his track. In this manner they take as many as they want; for the unwieldy animal, though he darts off at first with considerable rapidity, is soon wearied and out of breath by this unusual exertion, and thus becomes an easy prey to his pursuers. No other amphibious animals are found at the Cocos. Fish of many varieties are found in abundance, and salt wherewith to cure them is produced by boiling the sea water.

After this description, you will naturally wish to know who are the inhabitants of this Lilliputian archipelago, which was never inhabited till about three years since, when a Mr. Hare arrived here in the "Borneo," a ship built on the island of that name. This gentleman brought with him a numerous retinue of Malays, male and female, and settled himself, establishing a code of rules and regulations for the government of the infant settlement. He took also a large stock of

stores and provisions, and an overseer to superintend the labours of his dependents. These people are located on three of the islands, where they have established themselves in huts, built with the branches of the palms, and they each of them farm on a small scale, having houses, poultry-yard, piggery, garden, &c. &c. every individual taking possession of as much freehold property as he pleases. Twenty dozen of ducks and fowls which we took away, made no sensible diminution of the stock of the proprietors, who gladly accepted in exchange biscuit, rice, and spirits. One shock of an earthquake has been felt since the present inhabitants arrived; but it was not very violent, nor did it last very long. If the cocoa-nut was an article of any substantial value as a mercantile production, any quantity might be procured here merely for the trouble of gathering it. I was at Madras upwards of two months, and had my nephew with me (on leave) most of that time. Dr. Sibbold was very kind to me at Trincomaly: we often talked of you. I remained a month at the Cape on my way home, touched at St. Helena, and arrived in England very ill towards the end of June.

MORNING IN GREECE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN."

Morn's rosy hand hath backward rolled
Her softly-gleaming gates of gold;
On Atho's height the cheerful beam
Chases the hoary hermit's dream;
And, as sweet bells enchant the air,
He counts his beads and breathes his prayer;
With hawk and hound the hunter roves
Through Tempe's Dryad-haunted groves;
In white capote, with cap of red,
The Arcadian shepherd quits his shed,
And drives his flock where flowerets wave
Above th' immortal Theban's* grave:
The pilgrim strains up Delphi's brow,
Where all, save Fame, is silent now,
Though Pythia's voice seems murmuring still
In every blast that sweeps the hill.
See! where from Imbro's wood-fringed creek,
The fisher guides his light caique,
And down the Egean brightly steers,
Like fancy flies o'er future years.
The gales, th' obedient slaves of flowers,
Waft sweets from Scio's citron bowers;
On Samo's shores glad voices swell,
Where childhood sports in grove and dell,
And peasants prune the viny spray,
To yield the grape the ripening ray;
While o'er the level glowing main,
From rocks where Sappho woke the string,
Soft as the sigh she breath'd in vain,
The lute's entrancing numbers ring.

* Epaminondas, who fell at the battle of Mantinea.

THE SPANISH BARBER.[1]

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER VI.

Description of a profound Star-gazer—His Mansion—Donna Paquita—Points of Attraction—Father Zanganillo, and his Appetite—Visit to the *Quinta*,*—Pleasant way of killing Time—Estraza's anxiety to find a Solution—Zanganillo's Slumbers—A most provoking Fly—The Sage's persecution—Fits of Absence—A Catastrophe, and new way of killing Flies—The Friar's horror and astonishment—Consolation—Estraza's Telescope and Star-gazing—Speculation concerning the Heavenly Bodies—A pleasant Bower—A most dutiful Nephew—And sundry other Matters, left to the Reader's curiosity.

"Don Hilario had an uncle, who was accounted the greatest original in the whole of Andalusia. Don Pantaleon Estraza was, indeed, a very considerable, eccentric personage. He was born on this our planet earth by a most egregious mistake—he must have felt it so, for his eyes were never taken away from a deep contemplation of the stars. He was the deepest and most profound astrologer, the most sapient philosopher that ever honoured the banks of Guadalquivir with his presence. We say the banks, because he possessed a beautiful mansion in that most romantic spot. Certainly had he been so inclined, he would have received the greatest enjoyment from the contemplation of the beauties of nature by which he was surrounded. But his speculations were of a very different stamp—all his anxiety was centered in what was passing in the moon. He had promised himself, with an enormous telescope, to forward his scientific researches, and he had fixed the machine on a little hillock in his garden, which spot he called his observatory.

"Don Pantaleon's residence was a curiosity—old books, maps, compasses, and mathematical instruments, were scattered in most scientific confusion, not only about his *sanctum*, but in the dining-room, and other *unintellectual* localities. Indeed, altogether Estraza was a most learned gentleman: so learned, that one was tempted to wonder how it was that the holy Inquisition had not thought it worth while to meddle with his affairs. But I can explain—the reverend father Zanganillo had taken the sage under his special protection. Zanganillo was certainly a most orthodox Catholic, as well as an excellent friar. He felt a deep-rooted and comfortable hate against any thing and every thing approaching to learning and knowledge; for he had very calmly settled it in his mind that learning and knowledge were synonymous with heresy and infidelity. Still he made an exception in favour of Don Pantaleon. He knew that the astronomer fulfilled all his religious duties, and he also knew that the lover of the moon and stars never failed to stock his cellar with excellent wines, and to spread his table with every delicacy of the season. He was certainly a most convivial man. Not that he ate much himself; his intellect was too refined for such gross purposes; but then he felt great vanity in inviting guests to his house. Nor was vanity alone concerned in the scheme: he was always in want of an audience to whom he might communicate the results of his profound studies, and

[1] Continued from p. 367. vol. vii.

* Country-house.

he had hit on a very efficient method of attraction. The hospitality of Don Pantaleon Estraza was proverbial.

"Whoever said that the reverend father Zanganillo was a glutton, would be guilty of a foul slander. But, on the other hand, whoever advanced that father Zanganillo possessed not a most amazing appetite, ought to be called an egregious story-teller. Well then, we will take a middle term, and merely hint that the good father was a match for three of the most capacious eaters and as many gallant bibbers in his Majesty's dominions. But he was no glutton—no drunkard—first, because he never rose from the table in a complete surfeit; and, secondly, because pouring wine down his reverend throat was much the same as pouring the intoxicating liquid into a cask. It would be difficult to say which would get tipsy first, the cask or the friar. Certainly nature had endowed the good Zanganillo with almost miraculous powers of digestion and potation; that truly was no fault of his, and he was most assuredly justified in patronizing those places where his extraordinary gifts might be called into full play. One of those places was the astronomer's mansion. Zanganillo paid a frequent visit to the learned sage's sanctum, well content to eat his fish, flesh, and fowl, and swallow his Xerez, and his Malaga, and expend his time, listening without *hearing* a word of the profound observations made by Estraza, on the nature of the heavenly bodies.

"Among the guests of Don Pantaleon, one of the most assiduous in his visits to his *quinta*,* was his nephew Hilario: this may appear strange, for Don Hilario, although blessed with a tolerable appetite of his own, had certainly divers ways of indulging that taste without taking the trouble of calling so repeatedly at his learned uncle's; there must have been some other attraction in the *quinta*, besides a well provided larder, and an excellently stocked cellar: what attraction could this be?—surely not the enormous telescope, nor the maps, or compasses, or the rest of the scientific lumber of the place. Certainly Don Hilario was no enthusiastic lover of the heavenly bodies—his affections and propensities were of a far more earthly complexion. But stay, Estraza, among his stock of curiosities, possessed one, which, however valueless in the eye of the stupendous philosopher, was in those of frail mortality of paramount consideration. Don Hilario knew that, besides the heavenly bodies, there was another 'body,' more in accordance with his taste, in his uncle's *quinta*—the owner of this precious body was Doña Paquita, his lovely aunt, the beautiful wife of the sapient gentleman. Don Hilario certainly loved his aunt with more than a nephew's affection. He was most dutifully attentive in his visits, for which both his relatives appeared very much indebted to him. He was certainly an excellent nephew—a remarkably affectionate and polite nephew—a nephew that allowed his wonderful uncle to prose away on the nature of the heavenly bodies, whilst he himself had all his thoughts fixed at the time on the terrestrial one of his young beautiful aunt.

"Doña Paquita was far from partaking the tastes of her wise lord. He used to spend the best part of the night in testifying his bound-

* Country mansion.

less admiration of the moon and stars, and certainly this could not be taken as a very flattering compliment by a young beautiful wife, who was in the meantime endeavouring to court sleep in a solitary chamber. Doña Paquita had the presumption to suppose that her charms ought to weigh favourably in the balance against any attractions of the moon. She was young and beautiful—a sparkling eye, a laughing mouth, and *piquante* complexion, and a remarkably pretty figure, were completely thrown away on the profound astronomer, to whom the discovery of an elephant in the moon would be far more gratifying than the contemplation of Paquita's beauty. The sage was not a young man either—people said he would never see fifty again. Indeed to me it appeared he could see nothing but the revolutions of the planets."

"But how came he to marry his young wife?"

"He did not marry her."

"Not marry her—what do you mean?"

"Why, Señor, he was *married to her*—that is to say, she being a poor relation, provident friends had decreed it, in their wise noddles, that the astronomer was a most desirable husband; and, indeed, their system of logic was not altogether amiss, for most assuredly a man so deeply absorbed with the affairs of the stars would allow his wife a most comfortable and desirable liberty in her own."

"And so he was married?"

"Certainly—to have a pretty woman by him could do him no harm. She never interfered with his studies—never. He was the happiest of mortals, on good terms with every one, and exceedingly well satisfied with his sapient self. Doña Paquita had not many ideas in her head; indeed the principal, nay, the only one, which seemed to usurp all her power of thinking, was the grateful consciousness which she possessed of her beauty. Doña Paquita was besides of a most happy temperament, or temper. She cared for nothing in this world. She was, indeed, a philosopher in her own way, and her philosophy consisted in not taking any thing to heart; but perhaps this arose from the circumstance of her having no heart to take the thing to. However, I will not make so rash an assertion—ladies' hearts are very ticklish articles to deal with, and to define their properties is, indeed, an instance of knowledge of no easy acquisition. But to proceed: Shortly after my coming into Don Hilario's family—the young gentleman, with a Don Sempronio, a friend of his, and father Zanganillo, made up a party to spend a couple of days at the astronomer's *quinta*. It must be remarked that Zanganillo invited himself; and as he never refused an invitation, he made it a point of accompanying the two friends. The party was received as usual. Don Hilario was very dutifully attentive to his young aunt, and I soon came to a conclusion as to the posture of affairs in that quarter.

"'Most beautiful weather this,' said Don Pantaleon. 'It certainly will be a very clear night.'

"'Very clear night,' echoed father Zanganillo.

"'Then I shall be able to astonish you with my discoveries in the heavenly bodies—you will attend, gentlemen, at my observatory, and then——. But pray no ceremonies, make yourselves at home.'

"This was really a superfluous invitation; for the party had made

up their mind pretty well on the subject. Lunch was served in the ground-room in front of the garden, and, strange to say, father Zanganillo, who, as we have said above, was no glutton, totally mistook the thing—he conceived this lunch was dinner, and accordingly ate in a manner well calculated to spoil any appetite: fortunately his appetite was not easily spoilt, otherwise heaven knows how the good friar would have been able to go through the duties of dinner in a creditable way.

"'*Caballero*,' said the sage, 'you must excuse me for an hour—the fact is, that I have been perplexed these three days with the solution of a problem, which I wish very much to discover.'

"'Don't mind me,' quoth Zanganillo.

"'Nor me,' said Don Sempronio; 'I shall take a stroll over the grounds.'

"Of course it would be folly for the sage to trouble himself about his wife and nephew; with them he could not be expected to stand on ceremony. Well, then, Estraza sat down at a table covered with the implements of his profound science; and then he began main and might to solve the rebellious problem. The weather was remarkably hot, and what with the heat and the fumes of the viands, of which we have seen Zanganillo had partaken most liberally, the said friar began gradually to fall into a doze, which in due process of time was matured into a deep slumber. Every one was now happy—the sage at his problem, the friar in a comfortable nap, Doña Paquita and the nephew in most interesting chat. Among his little foibles, Don Pantaleon was subject to extraordinary fits of absence—a failing which, I believe, is partaken in common by most of the erudite and profound tribe of wiseacres.

"'Behave properly, Hilario,' said the aunt; 'he will discover—hem!'

"'Yes, I will soon discover the problem,' murmured the sage.

"'Ha! ha! he calls it a problem!' said the nephew, laughing.

"'*Silencio!* for heaven's sake!'

"'Don't you perceive he is absent now?'

"'But the *Padre*, the fat Zanganillo!'

"Zanganillo here favoured the company with a most sonorous snore. This was certainly detrimental to the solution of the problem. Don Hilario bestowed a respectful kiss on his pretty aunt.

"'The problem is coming,' exclaimed Estraza; 'a little more, and the thing is done; now for perseverance!'

"Another kiss, not quite so respectful, followed this advice.

"'There!—that is just the thing—the solution will come at last.'

"Father Zanganillo, in token of approbation, redoubled his nasal concert. But now a source of vexation came to afflict the problem hunter. A large fly—a lazy, droning, teazing fly, had resolved to perplex and annoy the great geometrician. Without the least regard for the solution in process of being hatched, the said fly took a most special delight in worrying the studious gentleman. There she went humming, and flying, and frisking round his ear; and then she perched itself on the sapient nose, and then the teazing evolutions recommenced. This was excessively tiresome. Thrice was the pro-

blem on the point of being resolved, and thrice the mischievous fly scared the solution away. Don Pantaleon was waxing wrath; and in his efforts to get rid of his troublesome intruder, began to inflict sundry vigorous slaps on his innocent face. But his provoking adversary eluded the vengeful plans of the geometrician, and at each successful escape the shocking creature began to celebrate her triumph by a greater proportion of humming, and droning, and frisking, and teazing. Now she would alight quietly on a compass; then she would skim along the geometrical figures traced on a slate by the sage; then again she would favour his ear or his nose with a call; and thus this sort of amusement continued for the space of ten minutes, to the indescribable vexation of Estraza, who tortured himself in his emotions to kill the odious fly, the destroyer of his peace of mind, and of the problem. He began a regular hunt about the table, and manifold and cruel were the blows which he inflicted on the table and on his person! but, alas! all to no purpose; the fly would not be killed, but continued to flutter about to the unbounded mortification of the studious man.

"Meantime the reverend father Zanganillo continued his slumber and the concomitant snore: this was provoking! how was the much-hunted solution to be caught! the friar's face presented at this moment a most becoming appearance—full blown, rosy, expansive, redolent of health and copious eating, the reverend seemed indulging in a sort of seraphic slumber—God bless the man! Peace, innocence, and candour sat on that perspiring brow, for really the heat and the eating had operated so efficiently on the pores of the *Padre,* that his broad face presented a most glossy, shining, and oily appearance.

"It was a picture to contemplate, and no doubt both Paquita and her nephew were highly gratified by the sight; but a new subject for curiosity attracted now their attention. They had been witnesses to the annoyance and unrelenting persecution inflicted on Don Pantaleon by the recreant fly, and had probably been much amused by the process. But their surprise was deeply excited when they perceived the profound astronomer-geometrician get up on a sudden from his chair, and advance on tip-toe in the direction of the sleeping Zanganillo; the problem was left unresolved, while the sage, with all the symptoms of care and precaution stamped on his visage and movements, approached the reverend snore dispensator.

"'*Valgame Dios!* what is my husband about now?' whispered Paquita.

"'Who can tell—he is such an extraordinary bird,' replied the nephew; 'but hush, we shall perceive presently.'

"And they did perceive—and fine things they did perceive too. The problem investigator now stood quite close to the reverend, who was indulging in a slumber fit to grace an innocent baby, or the most seraphic creature. For a moment the sage appeared collecting his whole powers, as if for some extraordinary achievement—then suddenly raising his arm, he let fall on the rubicund chops of the slumberer one of the most tremendous slaps that were ever inflicted on mortal man, asleep or awake. No sooner was the portentous operation performed, than in a voice of triumph he exclaimed, 'Ha! at last I have caught you.'

"I have said that the reverend father Zanganillo slept in the sleep of innocence; he was, indeed, immured in a most profound slumber; but it must not be inferred therefrom, that the favour just bestowed upon him was to pass unacknowledged; on the contrary, the friar started on his legs with a kind of snorting noise, and opened his eyes in bewildered horror, for no doubt he conceived that the whole house was falling about his ears. He was stunned by the efficacy of the blow, and looked about for a moment in stupified confusion, unable to understand what had happened to his reverend cheek during his sleep. Paquita and the dutiful nephew testified their approbation of the performance by one of the most obstreperous, unqualified, and exuberant bursts of laughter that had ever disturbed the repose of the astronomer's *sanctum*. This chachinatory ebullition was not at all melodious to the ear of Zanganillo, who now perceived that he was the object of this excessive merriment. Moreover, he beheld the sapient Estraza looking rather puzzled opposite to him, no longer occupied with the solution of his problem, but gazing earnestly on the smarting cheek of the reverend sufferer. Zanganillo could no longer doubt that some inordinate and unjustifiable liberties had been taken with his holy visage, but yet he was puzzled to account for the how, the why, and the wherefore.

"'In the name of St. Anthony,' he exclaimed, 'what are you all about?'

"'Be easy, *Padre*,' answered the philosopher, in a most placid tone of voice; 'be easy—'tis nothing—'tis all over now—I've killed the mischievous and tantalizing creature.'

"'Kill what?' roared the friar in a fury.

"Another explosion of laughter welcomed this query.

"'Why!' responded Estraza, with the same placidity of voice and manner, 'only killed the fly that has been tormenting me this half hour, and has frightened away twenty times the solution of the problem.'

"This was the fact; the malevolent insect was smashed and glued to the flaming cheek of Zanganillo—a sight which afforded no less satisfaction to the vindictive astronomer than to the two spectators of that irregular and diverting scene.

"'*Valgame el Demonio!*' vociferated the friar, in a most tremendous passion; 'and so have you no other way of killing flies than on my cheek!—are you mad, sir!'

"Don Pantaleon Estraza considered this not only a spiteful, but an exceedingly foolish question. For so absorbed was he with his own problem, and the expediency of destroying his persecutor, that he totally overlooked the small trifle of the friar's cheek, and most sincerely forgot that such ferocious slaps were not to be inflicted on a face without considerable inconvenience resulting to the face so visited. In the full innocence of his heart, therefore, he with a stare of wondering exclaimed,

"'Well, *Padre*, in the name of St. Joseph what does it matter how I killed the fly, provided I *do* kill it. The manner signifies little I should imagine—so don't make so much noise about it.'

"Now this seraphic candour operated again most forcibly on the risible nerves of his wife and nephew, which event totally overthrew

the very small remnant of patience still in the possession of Zanganillo.

" ' *Voto va!*' cried the infuriated friar; 'do you mean to add this new insult to your first offence?'

" ' Insult—heaven help the man! No—why should I insult you?'

" Don Sempronio entered at this critical juncture, and having been made acquainted with the subject of the friar's grievance, endeavoured to restore tranquillity among the company.

" ' Certainly,' he said, with a ludicrous gravity, ' Don Pantaleon was perfectly justified in annihilating the tantalizing fly, so inimical to the solution of a favourite problem; but still I must confess, that as the reverend father Zanganillo's cheek had done absolutely nothing against the hatching of the said solution, it was really superfluous to favour it with so smart a visitation. See! *Valgame Santiago?* 'tis flaming yet.'

" Estraza now looked remarkably foolish for the space of a minute or so. He appeared for the first time to understand, that in killing the fly he had also contrived to damage Zanganillo's face.

" ' I am very sorry,' said he, with his usual placidity.

" The friar was not easily pacified; though he preserved silence, it was clear, by the sour moroseness of his looks, that his heart was still swelling with resentment. The geometrician, however, having made his apology, retired to his problem again. Paquita and the dutiful nephew resumed their agreeable task of flirting, and Don Sempronio endeavoured to sooth the irritated feelings of Zanganillo, by assuring him that he had just had a little confab with the cook, who told him he was preparing a dinner fit for his holiness the Pope.

" This intelligence soothed the irritation of the friar's heat, and also of his cheek. The geometrician was at liberty to continue the solution of his problem without care or remorse."

" Well, but, Gil, your young master."

" Don't you be impatient, señor; my young master I soon found was perfectly at home—his uncle loved him, and so did his aunt. But I have told you concerning the astronomer's telescope. Well, Don Felix, night came, and it was indeed a most lovely night; calm, stilly, soft, clear, bluish—such a night as lovers would immediately claim as their own. The moon—but stay, I would rather have the sapient Estraza speak on this subject. Estraza felt in extacies at the opportunity of studying the heavenly bodies; there he was, with his eyes fixed on the telescope, while the friar was dozing on a bench, and Paquita, with the dutiful nephew, sitting comfortably in a neighbouring bower.

" ' I shall soon make very extraordinary discoveries. Paquita, what are you about—won't you come and look at the moon?'

" ' No; I'm talking to Hilario concerning a rosary that I want to get mended.'

" ' O, very well—each one to his liking, say I. Ah! what a glorious prospect is opening to my view! I see the moon puts forth her horns now. No—no—I'm mistaken—I see nothing yet. Paquita, I see nothing yet.'

" ' Don't you?—perhaps you don't look sharp.'

" ' Nay, I look as sharp as I can; but—ah!—stop—bless me!—

there they are at last—no mistake now. Ha! how bright Mercury looks to-night; and then that star—what star is that? Holy St. Joseph! what a brilliant star—Paquita, come and see that star!'

"'I am admiring it.'

"'That's right: well, I never saw the like—I am in raptures—this is indeed a pleasant night—I could be content to feast my eyes thus until morning.'

"But here father Zanganillo thought proper to interrupt this intellectual feasting, and he hastily approached the astronomer with most unjustifiable indiscretion. I was observing every thing at a respectful distance, and was highly edified with the sundry scenes in process of performance. Zanganillo, on coming near Estraza, and having a more sublunary feast in view, with *malice prepense* put a stop to all these celestial reflections, by overturning the reflecting telescope. Presently after, Paquita and her nephew made their appearance, and approached the scene of confusion.

"'The chill of the night begins to grow unpleasant—shall we go into the house?' inquired Paquita.

"'Yes, let us go in,' said Zanganillo; 'surely it must be near supper-time.'

"'Now, father Zanganillo, pray do come and look at the moon,' exclaimed the enraptured astronomer, readjusting his apparatus.

"'Thank you, I don't care a straw for the moon or stars!'

"'*Jesu Maria!* how can you feel so indifferent about the heavenly bodies! to me it appears inexplicable.'

"The supper gave universal satisfaction. Every one except the worthy Zanganillo seemed satisfied with the day's work. But not even the excellent quality of the astronomer's wine could make the friar entirely forget the very irreverent liberty taken with his face. Indeed, as the word problem was one of those which Estraza had more constantly on his lips, and as that unlucky word was wont to bring the reverend's misadventure to the memory of the witnesses, and as the said recollection was invariably productive of a burst of merriment, it cannot be expected that Zanganillo should be completely at ease on the matter. The fact is, that he was often bantered on the subject; so much so, that losing all patience, he was more than once tempted to break his acquaintance with Don Pantaleon Estraza. But fortunately, Zanganillo was endowed with reasoning powers of no mean order. He wisely considered, that although it would be exceedingly agreeable to quarrel with the astronomer, it would not be quite so prudent, nor indeed just, to quarrel with his table and his cellar. Zanganillo had certainly no cause of complaint against the wines, and it would certainly be an act of monstrous injustice and folly to part with old friends, from whom he had received nothing but pleasant moments. Zanganillo, therefore, was content to swallow his anger in favour of the other sort of swallowing that was to follow; there was certainly much swallowing that night, but I dare swear that the profound astronomer, Estraza, possessed the greatest *swallow* of the whole set.

(To be continued.)

THE WEST INDIAN COLONIES IN THEIR STATE OF TRANSITION FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Domestic Manners and Social Condition of the White, Coloured, and Negro Population of the West Indies. By Mrs. Carmichael. 2 vols. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave-Maria-Lane.

Slavery! Where is the truly British bosom that does not, at that fearful word, inflate with indignant feelings, and heave, as it were, to fling from it afar even the idea of a state so degrading? This commiseration for the enslaved, this scorn for the enslaver, is a pure, a holy sentiment, holy almost as religion herself; and yet, alas! it is fated, like religion, too often to be put to many vile purposes—to be made the self-sounding trumpet of fanaticism—the cloak for hypocrisy—the plea for robbery—and a herald to a state of anarchy, the flames of whose torch will be quenched but in blood, and peace be purchased only by universal desolation. The besetting sin of England is her proneness to legislate overmuch and overquickly. The nation has been told there are slaves, and the nation has generously responded, "let them be free!" We do not enfranchise the maniac, the idiot, or the infant, yet we do not call them 'slaves.' Englishmen, do you know what a West Indian slave is? The idea impressed upon the minds of nine-tenths of you, my generous and deluded countrymen, is that of a well-formed, black-skinned human being, kneeling in a state nearly of nakedness, with uplifted and fettered hands, heaven-imploring and tear-surcharged eyes, his back lacerated with the whip, praying for the salvation of the merciless driver who is inundating the sufferer with his own gore, whilst the hard-hearted and ferocious planter is looking on with a stern eye, and encouraging the torture with energetic action and with horrid voice. Such, I know, is the picture familiar to your imaginations. Now turn to this—it is given you by an eye-witness, a lady, a Christian, benevolent, pious, and slavery-hating. It is the description of one who had resided five years with this misrepresented race, who entered into their feelings, soothed their sorrows, and shared their joys. Observe, and observing, reflect.

"Negro clothing is distributed annually at Christmas, at which season the ships arrive from England. It consists of strong blue woollen cloth, called Pennistowns—(the same that is so generally worn by the lower classes of females in Scotland for petticoats); that sort of coarse, strong, unbleached linen, known by the name of Osnaburgs; a felt hat, needles, thread, tape, scissors, and buttons to the men.

"Of the blue Pennistowns, they receive every year at Christmas six yards, a yard and half wide. Of the linen, five yards. The allowance of clothing for children depends upon their age; but after twelve years of age, the full quantity is given. Additional clothing is afterwards distributed to those whose work is harder, and very often indeed also to those whose carelessness has deprived them of clothing; for during the rainy season—*clothed they must be.* Every individual, from birth, receives one blanket annually; and in the event of an accouchement, there is absolutely not a want that is not supplied. I have often been in their houses at such times, and could not help thinking, how much better off they were for clothing, bedding, and baby-linen, than the great majority of the lower ranks in Britain.

"Their gala dresses are provided very often by themselves, although their master and mistress make many presents of this kind to the deserving. Field negroes dress in some respects differently from town servants.

"Head negroes upon estates, in full dress at holiday time, are extremely gay. They have all fine broad cloth, either made into jackets, such as gentlemen very often wear of a morning in the West Indies, or coats; they have neat waistcoats, either of black kerseymere, or white jean—as they are quite aware that a coloured waistcoat is not dress—their shirt is always of fine linen, and the collar of a fashionable shape, which, with the cravat, is as stiff as any reasonable dandy could desire. White jean, or linen trowsers, are the usual wear; all head people have shoes, and all servants have stockings, and a long cloth coat; this is given them by their master; but the country people often purchase those articles for themselves. I have seen an estate negro in St. Vincent, dressed at Christmas time as well in every respect as any gentleman could be; and he was a slave whose master was, and had been long absent. He told me every thing he wore was of his own purchasing: he had a quizzing glass, and as good a hat as any white man in the colony; he had a watch ribbon and key, but whether or not he wore a watch I cannot tell, as I did not put the question to him; but I have seen many with watches and seals. The more common field people have equally good shirts, trowsers, and waistcoats; but they have seldom or ever long coats, though frequently good broad cloth jackets; but the most common fashion for them is white jean, or striped coloured jean jackets. They do not often wear shoes, and never stockings.

"The boys are extremely well dressed; and as they all receive a new hat at Christmas, this adds to the general neat appearance of the negro population at that season.

"As for the women, I hardly know how to describe their gala dresses, they are so various. The wives or daughters of estates' head people, have the best of course —if I except domestics, who dress still gayer. They have fine worked muslin gowns, with handsome flounces; satin and sarsenet bodices are very common; their under garments are of the best materials, and they have either good cotton or silk stockings; their kid dancing shoes are often of the gayest colours, while their expensive turbans are adjusted with a grace, that makes the dress really appear elegant.

"It is common for them to have not a hair dresser, but a head dresser, or rather a turban putter on, upon such occasions; and for the mere putting on of the turban, they pay a quarter dollar,—not less than 1*s.* 1*d.* sterling!! This is a custom not confined to domestics, but predominates throughout all ranks of the female slave population. They have all beautiful handkerchiefs upon their necks; some are of British manufacture, but many are costly silk ones from Martinique,—while others wear them of India muslin.

"The real value of their jewellery is considerable; it consists of massy gold ear-rings, and rings upon their fingers. Coral necklaces, and handsome gold chains, lockets, and other ornaments of this description. The more common field female negro, very often, if elderly, is decked out in a very large patterned chintz, or perhaps the bodice is made of this, while the skirt is of muslin; or, *vice versa*, the skirt chintz, and bodice and sleeves muslin. They all have one really good necklace; but they often also wear along with it, half a dozen other necklaces, of coloured glass beads, such as light blue, yellow, white, and purple. Every negro has a garnet necklace; all have ear-rings, and rings on their fingers: and at Christmas time, a handsome new turban too is worn. The very youngest baby is well dressed at such a time, and even for a child they scorn old clothes; indeed it rarely happens that the same dresses are worn twice at Christmas. I have heard them say to each other, 'Look at so and so, see how mean she be, she wore that very same dress last Christmas.' White muslin frocks, and a nice new handkerchief for the children as a turban, are universally worn: abundance of coloured beads, ear-rings, and finger-rings. Some few, whose mothers are fashionable waiting maids, put shoes, generally coloured ones, upon their children; but the country children never wear them.

"Both girls and boys are fond of coloured ribbons; the boys wear them round the hat, set off with a smart bow, and the girls wear them as a sash. This is the only piece of half worn dress that a negro will condescend to wear; but ribbons, although half worn, are much valued by the young people. Their dresses are made up very often by their mistress and her family; for two months before Christmas, and also before Easter, I used to be as busy as possible, cutting out dresses, super-

intending the trimmings, and inventing different fashions for them,—for they imagine that what is too common, cannot be very genteel. As for the men, their shirts and trowsers must be cut for them; and many a pair have I superintended in this way, and have occasionally, though not in St. Vincent, acted as tailor. Negroes fancy that a white lady can do every thing; and they say, 'Misses, if you no do for me, who you do it for?' In this way their tailoring and dress-making is most generally executed; and really I do think, that the negroes in full dress during the holidays, contented and happy as they used to be, was one of the most interesting scenes imaginable. Both men and women have nice white pocket-handkerchiefs to wipe away the perspiration; and both sexes, young and old, are perfumed with French lavender water: indeed so common is this, that I was surprised soon after my arrival by one of our servants asking me one day for some lavender water, as his was done. There was to be company that evening; and I afterwards observed, that the men servants were in the habit, whenever they were in dress, of using perfumes."

In pity to the starved mechanic, the over-worked peasant of England, and the famishing free labourer of Ireland, I will not dwell upon the contrast. We have now the degraded slave pressed before us; let us observe how he is fed.

"Every field negro has two pounds of excellent salt fish served out weekly, and head people have four pounds. A pound and a half is allowed for every child, from the day of its birth unto twelve years of age, when full allowance is given. This is the most favourite food of the negro, and they prefer it to salt beef or pork, a small piece of which they relish occasionally. They have (besides the garden which I have already described as being attached to their house) a portion of ground at a short distance from the negro houses. In this ground they plant provisions; chiefly plantain and Banana trees. Two full-grown bunches of plantains are worth from 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* sterling, if bought wholesale, but by retail they are exactly double the price."

In addition to these, their own gardens produce them esculent vegetables in a plenty, and of a luxury unknown to our less genial climate, which we have no space to enumerate. The fruits on the estate are the perquisites of the negroes, and the most uninformed know that they are as innumerable in species as they are delicious in taste. Can the following be affirmed generally of the English labourer?

"There is not one slave upon an estate who cannot raise an abundance of these fruits, roots, and vegetables—far more than he can use for his own consumption. The great majority of negroes have their grounds fully stocked; some, however, are lazy and will not work their grounds to the extent that they might do; while runaways do no work at all, either for their masters or themselves, and live by plundering the provision-grounds of industrious negroes. There is not an instance of a negro who works well for his owner, who has not his provision-grounds in the greatest order, and full of all sorts of supplies, both for himself and the market. Every individual has his own ground, and every mother has a fixed portion more for each child. In St. Vincent, Saturday from twelve at noon is allowed them to work their grounds, or else the whole day once every fortnight. Sunday is their own the whole year round. The half Saturday every week, or the whole fortnightly, is not given during crop-time."

Mrs. Carmichael was

"Regularly supplied with all the fruits, roots, vegetables, poultry, eggs, pork, and also goat and kid, by the negro slaves, and having walked again and again, over the provision-grounds of estates, by these means I saw the whole system fully and experimentally developed. The slave may be perfectly idle, and yet he is supported. The British labourer strains every nerve to live. The slave is provided for without anxiety on his part; the object he has in view is not to live, but to save, and get rich. A wife and family are often a serious burden to the British labourer, and in order to support them, he is frequently obliged to seek pecuniary aid from the parish. A wife and family have been the greatest possible advantage

to a slave, for his master supplied them with every thing: his wife washes and cooks, the children soon begin to assist the mother, and they all work in their garden and grounds, and reap a great annual crop of different kinds."

We trust that all who read this, will also read Mrs. Carmichael's elegant and perspicacious work, and they will find, that independent of living a life of comparative ease and luxury, every negro, who has common prudence, is enabled to lay by 30*l.* sterling per annum; and therefore the duration of his slavery is perfectly voluntary. None of the negroes' enjoyments and privileges cease with his capacity to be of use to his master; in his old age he is not confined to a workhouse, or handed over to the tender mercies of a parish overseer. Woe to the old when emancipation shall have deprived the miscalled slave of his rations, of his provision-ground, and the gifts for life of his master. The ties of blood are but little respected among the dark race. So almost invariably cruel are the mothers to their infant children, that it is found necessary to adopt a somewhat Spartan method of rearing the negro youth, by educating them in common; but certainly not Spartan as regards the indulgences which are permitted them. We now see how the black bondsman is clothed and fed; let us discover what labours, herculean and exhausting, he has to undergo in exchange for the blessings we find him in the constant habit of enjoying. We may divide the servants into three classes—the field negroes, who are the most numerous; the domestics, who are the most troublesome; and the tradespeople, who are the most respectable. We will begin with the last, and we can assure our countrymen, that they do their work with a gravity, a coolness, and a prudent regard to their own animal powers, that is very commendable, and any thing but overpowering. It is impossible to overwork a negro, for the best of all possible reasons, he will not be overworked. We now come to the domestics, and we shall again refer to the testimony of the intelligent and kind-hearted Mrs. Carmichael.

"There is in every gentleman's family a man who styles himself Mr. ——'s head servant; his duty is merely to see that the boys under him clean the plate, knives and forks, wash the dinner, breakfast, and tea service, &c. He sees them lay the cloth and arrange the table for the different meals of the family; and he stands in the room during dinner, with the air of an emperor, pointing occasionally to the boys what to do, and bestowing abundance of scolding upon them; nor will the repeated entreaties of his master or mistress, to have done teazing the others, and do his own duty, have any effect: scolding he considers his peculiar privilege, and forego this privilege he will not. He at times removes a dish or plate, and places it in the hand of one of the boys; but in general he is a mere cipher, as far as use is concerned, and yet were the boys left without him, you could not get on at all. I attempted this; but such a scene of confusion and anarchy ensued, that I found, from experience, that bad as despotism may be, it is a far less evil than a republic. This head man, or rather gentleman—for he would be highly incensed were he treated without the utmost deference to his rank, is also employed in some families to go to market,—an occupation which he likes; for he makes no small profit by it in various ways, which, however, it is not our business at present to treat of. This is the whole work of a head servant; however, I can assure my readers, that he does groan, nevertheless, under the oppression of so much exertion; and that nothing short of twelve hours' sleep, and twelve hours' lounging in the twenty-four, will ever make him contented. Some have coloured men as head servants; but whether negro, coloured, slave or free, there is not a perceptible shade of difference in the duty that is performed by them.

"The cook is frequently a male, and is also a person of consequence; he has, if

the family be large, either a boy or a woman to assist him; he cooks only soups, meat, fish, and vegetables, nor would he submit to the hardship of baking bread, or making pastry or puddings. The wood used in cookery is cut, and put down for him, and all the water provided; and it is rarely that he will wash or scour the pans or kitchen utensils,—some younger boy or girl being employed for that purpose."

We have no room for the description of the kitchen, with its "too many cooks," who, however they may serve their master's, take care not to spoil their own broth; but proceed in our quotations.

"In many families, a head female servant is employed to assist the lady in dressing, work with the needle, or bake pastry, make puddings, &c. These are dishes which make their appearance rarely; and a waiting-maid considers she does very well, if she assists her mistress in dressing, and does about as much work with her needle in one day, as her mistress in one hour. She has generally a young girl under her, who attends to the bed-chamber, and this is never thoroughly done; yet this is all that is required of them, and indeed it is all they will do. The other servants are employed in cleaning the house; and their number, and particular employments, are wholly dependent upon the family to which they belong; for of course where the family is large, there must be an increase of servants.

"The office of a groom ought, one would imagine, to be precisely the same as in England, but that the negro groom makes it a very different office, is no less true. In fact, no horse is brushed or curried, far less properly fed, unless the master stands by and sees it done. The oats sell well in the market; and besides, the groom can feed his own poultry with the oats; and it need not be said, that he prefers fattening his own fowls to feeding his master's horse.

"The domestics who officiate as washerwomen, have nothing else to do. Perhaps the best way of making my readers comprehend the mode in which they perform this work, is to refer them to the notice of this subject at the commencement of the volume. With respect to the time which they require for the performance of their labour, I have had trials of many different washerwomen—some slaves and some free—but I never found that fourteen dozen of clothes, such as are commonly used in a family, could be washed and got up from Monday morning to Saturday evening by less than three able-bodied women. They never used less, but generally more, than twice the quantity of soap, blue, and starch, required by washerwomen at home; and of all your troublesome establishment, the washerwomen are the most discontented, unmanageable, and idle. It is altogether out of the question ever to look for all the articles coming back that went out; and the destruction of clothes and linens, in consequence of their carelessness, is past belief. I have myself in one twelvemonth had six dozen of chamber towels, a bed-quilt, two pairs of sheets, stockings without number, pocket handkerchiefs and petticoats to a considerable amount, lost, or more probably stolen, in this way; for I knew perfectly, that they were appropriated to their own use, as I not unfrequently detected the articles in their possession after they thought a sufficient length of time had elapsed for me to forget the loss of them. Every thing, as I have said, is ill washed in the West Indies; they smooth down frills and flounces along with the gown, making every articles of a lady's dress as stiff as buckram. They insist, whether you will or not, upon rubbing the smoothing iron over with candlegrease, to make it pass, as they say, easily over the linen; and when I absolutely refused giving candle for this purpose, they stole it themselves, and used it in spite of me."

What will the English housewives say to this? Again,—

"With respect to the number of domestics required in a family, that necessarily depends upon the number of the family, the style in which they live, and the home they reside in; but a moderate family, who would live genteelly and comfortably in an English city with three maid servants and one man, and the washing put out, would require at least ten grown-up servants, and from five to six young people, from ten to seventeen or eighteen years of age; and, after all, the house and general work would be very indifferently done. This I consider a very fair average; but if the family exceeded five or six, such an establishment would be found insufficient."

The poor ill-used negro! Mr. Buxton's bosom, that swells over with the excess of philanthropy, would that it were decorated by a

greased-smoothed frill, got up by the delicate hands of the oppressed Mistress Quanina, and that, for one short month, he was compelled to work his domestic establishment with a company of free blacks. Notwithstanding his well known piety, which is certainly not a candle hid under a bushel, he would gain more in experience than would they in godliness. But we have now arrived at the touchstone of the subject, the very apex of the planter's cruelty—the labours, the faintings, the horrors, that the dying negro sustains in the sun-scorched field, under the fiery and life-consuming tropics. Mrs. Carmichael, lift up your gentle voice, and speak.

"It has been generally in Britain believed that negroes are hard worked in the West Indies; and the common opinion is, that they labour more than the working population of this country. If there be one sentiment respecting the colonies more erroneous than another, it is this; for although I arrived in the West Indies fully convinced that I should find, and indeed almost determined to find, every slave groaning under oppression, yet I was not one month in St. Vincent, before I was compelled, from my own experience of negro character, to be somewhat sceptical, whether *it were possible to overwork a negro*, and I now feel no doubt upon the subject: the fact is, they are so perfectly aware that you must give them all the necessaries of life, that if they determine not to work, or at least to do little, how are you to proceed in order to make them do more? for even if punishment, corporal punishment, were resorted to, it is not dreaded by them half so much as work. Employment is their abhorrence—idleness their delight; and it is from having so minutely watched their dispositions, habits, and method of work, that I have come to this conclusion —that *to overwork a negro slave is impossible.*

"By far the greater number of the slave population are occupied in the culture of the cane; and as I have heard such false, not to say ludicrous descriptions, of the labour necessary for its cultivation, and of its manufacture into sugar, the best way is first to give a short description of the general state of agriculture I saw pursued in the West Indies."

"I shall now describe the usual negro work, beginning with that in which the great majority of the negroes are engaged, viz. the culture of the sugar cane.

"Early in November the land is prepared for holing: the holes are about fifteen inches deep, and from three to four feet square, lined regularly off: they are as exact as the squares of a backgammon-board—this is the hardest work upon the estate, and an allowance of rum and water is distributed to each in the field so occupied. I have often watched the negroes at this work for a length of time, and though it is the hardest work that is required in the culture of the cane, it is literally nothing when compared with many of the necessary operations in the agriculture of Great Britain, such as ploughing, reaping corn, or mowing hay. The weight of the hoes used in this labour are by no means unwieldy, or heavy for a grown man or woman; and none else are employed in this work. A great deal has been said about the plough not being used in this branch of the West Indian agriculture; but in many of the West India colonies, the ground is so steep and rocky, as totally to preclude the possibility of such an attempt; beside, it never could do the business neatly, and the difficulty of having white servants to plough, renders it a great obstacle even in those few colonies where the land is level. It was attempted upon one estate in the neighbourhood of Kingstown, but no success attended it; and after the piece was ploughed, it was found absolutely necessary to send the negroes in to hole it, before the plants could be put in. In St. Vincent, it is impossible for any one who has had a previous eye for country affairs, not to admire this part of the agriculture: it is done so neatly, and so regularly, that I have seen a field dressed there that looked at a short distance as nice as the preparation for turnip husbandry in Britain.

"The work of holing is slowly performed, and a band of Scotch potatoe hoers would not gain one meal a day, were they to proceed in the same leisurely manner. You see the negroes often two and three at a time standing for many minutes looking about them, and never raising their hoe. When so engaged, they are usually cheerful, telling laughable stories to each other, and singing songs, or rather choruses. I never once heard any of them complain of the work as too hard; but I have heard

very many of them express themselves pleased when it was about to commence, because they had their additional rum and water. There is a person regularly appointed to carry water to the field, the whole year through, whatever they are engaged in; always three times; and if the weather be particularly hot, it is carried five times a day. When rum is not given, Mandango sugar or molasses is used; indeed the women seem at all times to prefer sugar and water. This is universal.

"Planting canes generally commences in the end of November, or beginning of December; from three to four plants are put in each square. The plant consists of the upper joints of the cane, which contain no saccharine juices, from eight to nine inches long, with generally five to six eyes, from which the shoots sprout. This is very light work, and they make it more so, by trifling over it in such a way, that this at once strikes the eye of a stranger,—premising that stranger to have been in the habit of watching farming operations in Great Britain.

"Weeding the young canes succeeds planting; it is begun when the cane is about twenty inches in height: this is very easy work, and is performed by the children from eight years and upwards; they have each hoes, proportioned to their strength. Children are uniformly preferred for this work, because their feet being small, they do not tread down the young plants as a grown person would do.

"Stripping canes is the next operation: every joint of the cane as it grows, throws out two very long leaves, with serrated edges. From the powerful sun of that country, these leaves soon droop, wither, and become dry as straw. They are therefore stript off the cane, to expose it to the full effect of the sun's rays, in order to ripen it sufficiently, otherwise it would be unfit for the after progress of sugar making. These dried leaves are called trash, and are laid along the ground, to prevent the sun's influence on the earth, that every moisture possible may be retained for the nourishment of the plant. Part of the trash is used for foddering the cattle, and it is always used for thatching houses, and suits equally well as straw. Stripping is light but disagreeable work; for though the serrated edges have become too dry to cut the fingers, they are then brittle, and fly about like thistle-down. They are stript once, or many times, according as the season proves wet or dry.

"Cutting canes in general commences in January, at least any thing cut before that time is merely small cutting, to obtain plants, or make a few hogsheads before Christmas.

"During crop-time, (that is, harvest,) the negroes are employed in the manufacture of sugar, and the general agriculture of the estate.

"The negroes enjoy crop-time, and look forward to it with pleasure: much merriment then goes on amongst them; and I never heard or saw more mirth in a British harvest field, than I have often witnessed in a cane-piece. Negroes have fertile imaginations; and it is not unusual for them to compose impromptu, words to their songs, very often of the most ludicrous nature: one sings it over once, and the rest join in chorus. Old stories too, generally of a cheerful cast, are also employed by them to beguile the time, exactly in the same way as is customary in a Scotch harvest field: they may eat as much of the cane as they like; and it always struck me as something out of the way, if I met a negro during crop-time on the estate, not sucking a cane. They cut off a joint or two, while at work with their bill, and suck it. It is particularly wholesome, nutritious, and agreeable, when one is thirsty, for its juice is even during the heat of the day delightfully cool. It is hardly to be credited the quantity of cane that is daily consumed in this way during crop-time—this, however, is not only permitted, but encouraged, so long as they do not steal the canes; but this they universally do, for two purposes, feeding their hogs, and selling to huckster women, who buy the juice from them at the rate of about fourpence a bottle sterling. These hucksters boil the juice into syrup and clarify it, when it is sold for about one shilling and a penny sterling per bottle. The consequence is, that all slaves, but more especially those in the vicinity of the towns, live a great deal annually upon plunder; but this is overlooked by the proprietors. Were negroes so harshly treated as is generally supposed, they would not be suffered to act in this manner without being punished for it.

"Manuring the ground is most generally done when the cane is about twenty inches high, after the first weeding. Pens for the stock, well laid with trash, are put up in different parts of the estate, so that the manure may never be far distant from any part of the estate which requires it. It is carried by mules or carts; or if too steep for these, by the negroes, from the pens, in light wicker baskets. These they carry on their heads; in fact, a negro carries every thing on his head; and be what it may, poises it with surprising nicety. Give a little child a tea-cup to carry,

and it is always hoisted on his head, and he will trip off with as much unconcern as if he had nothing on it, while his arms are swung on each side like two pendulums. I have often asked them why they always carried every thing on their head, and they uniformly answered, "What 's on the head we no feel, what on a hand hurt da shoulder."

This is a long extract, and gladly, did our limits permit, we would give much more. Crop-time is the harvest-home of the West Indies, is looked forward to with eagerness, is welcomed with enthusiasm, and enjoyed with unbounded glee. We affirm that every one who is pushing forward thus recklessly emancipation, is a traitor to all the deluded who rely upon him, if he wilfully avoids reading the excellent book from which we have so largely extracted. We think we have proved that the negroes are better fed, better clothed, better tended, and more considerately laboured, than the free working population of any country in the world. These slaves are also, for what they do, infinitely better rewarded; and the numbers are very great who have it in their power, yet (cleaving to the blessings of their slavery) will not purchase their freedom. But what is slavery? Certainly not an enforced obedience to regulations mutually beneficial to two parties, though imposed upon one without the consent of the other. If this be slavery, may not the planter himself exclaim, that "I too am a slave! Regulations and laws are imposed upon me without my consent. I am directed in what manner I shall work my black servant—how I shall feed him—how clothe him—how reward—how punish him. He is thus no longer mine—he is the state's. I have only an interest in his labour, and every day that interest becomes more precarious and less advantageous." Would an English gentleman submit to such dictation as to the mode in which he should conduct his establishment? Who is free? Not even the English gentleman, who would repel with indignation the trammels fixed upon the planters. Is he not also the slave of circumstances? Is not his very station his task-master? Are the usages of society no fetters? Is fashion no tyrant? Verily, in our hearts, we believe that he has less of the joyousness of freedom within him, than the cared-for and careless cultivator of the cane. What do the saintly emancipators mean by giving freedom to the slaves? Is freedom, in their sense, equal rights with the white and free population? And are they, the negroes, at the same time to retain their provision-grounds? Is the land of the free to support the lives of the emancipated? If such is to be the case, we think that the balance of severity of regulations would fall upon the whites, and the parties would change places. Or do they mean by freedom, the privilege of the English pauper, of starvation outside, or famishing withinside, the workhouse? The negro apprenticeship of seven years is over; and then—and then—they are to work or starve: they had not that bitter alternative in all its horrors before—but no matter. Believe me, they will not choose to work; and if you choose that they should starve, you will find that there are two parties to make the option complete; and they will not starve while they can take, and where before you had a contented and cheerful race of mitigated slaves, you will be overrun with banded troops of unmitigated rascals. The negro is essentially

a savage—the black, and too often, cannibal blood, is rank in him. Generations must supervene, the blood must be tempered by more gentle crossings, and diet and habit do their slow but sure work, before you can rank him with civilized man. Preaching will fine him to a hypocrite, doctrines bewilder him to an idiot. He is a child with the strength of a man—he is a man with the ignorance and wantonness of a child, without its innocence. If ever a race of beings required an actual and visible restraint, in his present state, it is the negro. As yet, he cannot understand moral obligations, and the engines of the law must be continually in his sight, to make him remember that the law exists. Theft is with him at present, and will long be, the order of the day, and the practice of the night. He must soon be looked upon as a responsible agent, delinquents must be punished, and the West Indies will become an archipelago of gaols. Take an instance of effrontery and wholesale dishonesty related to Mrs. Carmichael by the Chief Justice of Trinidad.

"There was a dinner given by a club, to the ladies in Kingstown. They dined upon the green in tents; the Governor proposed after dinner, that the cold turkeys, fowls, and hams, &c. should be taken to the nearest gentleman's house, and that they should adjourn there and give the ladies a dance. The nearest house happened to be Mr. Warner's, who was then a barrister in St. Vincent's. Mrs. W. took the trouble of seeing the arrangements made for supper; and one negro boy was left in the upper gallery, where it was laid out, to take care of it. After the dancing had ended, the party went up to supper,—but, alas! supper there was none: every article had disappeared; nothing was left but a few empty platters. Every inquiry was made; but of course that clever personage, Mr. Nobody, or Jumbee, was the thief. Next morning, an old faithful servant of Mr. Warner's found the bones of the feast scattered here and there all through a neighbouring cane-piece; the fragments of the dishes also were found; for they had literally tossed the supper dishes and all, over the windows into this cane-piece. This was rather a daring piece of impudence; but the lesser kinds of impudence, as I have already remarked, are common wherever there are negro servants."

No one was punished, for to have visited these cool depredators with chastisement, would have been about as just as to have imprisoned an Englishman for wearing a round hat. 'Tis the custom of the race.

We contend that, in the revolting sense of the word, the negro labourer is not a slave: he is only a labourer under restrictions absolutely necessary to his well-being, and more beneficial to himself than to his master—that if these restrictions be removed, he will relapse from his present state of semi-barbarism into utter barbarity—that he will become a curse to himself, and the destroyer of all that he can overpower by force, or circumvent by fraud—that the West Indies, deserted by civilization, will ultimately be transformed into a wilderness, infested by hordes of naked barbarians, and all the horrors of internal Africa be re-enacted in the lovely islands of the Caribbean sea—and, above all—hear it, ye saints!—slavery will flourish more vigorously than ever.

The insinuating yet arogant influence of the over-righteous pervades not every where. Sugar will be cultivated, and slaves, not under the jurisdiction of an English cant-influenced legislature will be the cultivators. Foreigner slave-holders will have the market to themselves, demand will be great, and great also the sufferings of

the goaded negro, unprotected by orders in council, and unwatched by English philanthropy. As we sorrowfully anticipate, should the wild scheme now contemplated be put in practice, that each West Indian island will speedily become a little Africa, slave-catching and slave-making will, as on the continent, become the pastime and the revenue of each petty negro prince, and it is one of the calculations which may be made on future events, that other sugar colonies may import for our West Indies at some no distant period, the sons and daughters of those very slaves that we are now showing such intemperate haste to emancipate.

But is there not still time to pause? While we are now writing, the bill has not yet passed the lower house. Can we not retrace our steps? Are we not on the point of being sacrificed to the vaunts of a sanctimonious, self-satisfied, and many deluding sect—not we only—not only the proprietors and the planters of the West Indies—but the ignorant, yet happy negroes themselves? Do not the saints wish to institute a kind of theocracy among the unenlightened blacks? for it is among the unenlightened that they love to expound, to revel, and to rule. Let but the planters be fairly heard in their own defence, and they will easily be able to prove that such is the tendency, if not the avowed purpose, of these missionaries. Even the conduct of Messrs. Goy and Stevenson, respectable Wesleyan Methodists, was, to put the best construction upon it, at least suspicious. Instead of communicating unreservedly with Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, they preferred receiving all their information from the slaves. As to the good that these preachers do to the souls of their neophites, if we may judge by the extent of their scriptural knowledge, the Methodists might as well have been turning up their eyes, and perhaps something else, at their love-feasts at home. As to the morals of the dark population, they have been worse than useless—they have made them more discontented, more rebellious, but not less dishonest, less lewd, or mendacious. Let us see a negress's idea of Christian duty.

"I recollect B. once quarrelling desperately with his wife K. He was rather indisposed, and he told her to stay at home, and make soup for him; she refused, saying 'it was Sabbath,' and she would not sin so much as not to go to church, and she actually made good her point, and went. I told B. he was very silly to quarrel with his wife about such a thing, for he knew very well his soup would be made for him, whether his wife did so or not. When K. returned, he got out of bed, and whipped her for her disobedience. Now this woman was not then in communion with the Methodists, but she sat there regularly, and considered herself a very good Christian indeed; yet she was not really a correct woman upon the most common points of morality, and did not care to break the fourth commandment in a variety of other ways; but she attached an undue importance to going to chapel, and I am convinced that this woman, from what she said to me, would have felt a superstitious dread, under any circumstances, had she ventured to stay away."

Here we find superstition but no piety, a Christian and sacred duty to a sick husband neglected for the sake of swelling an ignorant congregation of a teacher nearly as ignorant. Observe only how guardedly, even respectfully, Mrs. Carmichael speaks of men with whom no person of education could associate.

"The Dissenters saw the error, and availed themselves of the opportunity; and it would be most unjust not to say, that they merit great credit for the wish to dispense

the glad tidings of salvation among the negroes. It is only to be lamented, that their zeal has so far exceeded their prudence; and that the missionaries employed, although often pious and not unlearned, are ignorant of the world, and so very unpolished as to render it impossible for them to mix in the good society of the West Indies. It has very commonly been repeated, and very generally believed, that the colonists have discouraged, in every way, the instruction of the negroes: I have never seen any opposition thrown in the way of negro religious or other instruction. On many of the St. Vincent estates, the Wesleyan missionaries preached, and had also schools for religious instruction. There is even, if I mistake not, more than one private chapel upon some of the estates, supplied by the Wesleyan Methodist missionaries, *built by the proprietors* of the estates. I am, at all events, certain there is one such which is regularly so supplied; and although the proprietor be himself a steady and conscientious member of the Church of England, he built this chapel in order to procure regular instruction for his negroes.

"I have several times attended evening service in the Wesleyan chapel, and found the congregation numerous—far exceeding that of the Established Church. Many of the most respectable members of the white population were present, although the majority were always coloured and black. The congregation invariably listened with attention, and the utmost decorum was uniformly preserved, save and except the too frequent groans, and deep sighs, to which I have already alluded.

"Although the white and coloured population who attended the Methodist chapel, were of course, in general, able to understand the discourse, I feel convinced (after having devoted myself a good deal to the instruction of negroes,) that the slave population comprehended almost nothing of it.

"Our own people always attended, and invariably asserted that they "understood all that the parson told them;" but when I came to examine them upon what they had heard, it was evident that they had not one rational or distinct idea upon the subject, although many of them had attended regularly for years."

Is this discouragement? Surely one who can speak so temperately should be listened to with confidence.

"B. and one or two more, were for a time the most finished hypocrites I ever beheld: they had learnt at chapel to groan, turn up their eyes, and indeed, as well as all St. Vincent negroes, to say 'please God' at every sentence. Tell a child to bring a tea-cup from the pantry, and the answer is sure to be, 'Yes, misses, please God, I'll do so directly.' I did all I could to break them of such expressions, as originating in hypocrisy, and as utterly disgusting in common conversation. I have met with some in Britain, who were of opinion that 'if the Lord will' ought to be used upon all occasions; for every thing, said they, is uncertain in this world—but to use this, or any other similar expression, upon all occasions, degenerates into the ludicrous, and, indeed, becomes irreverence towards the Deity. Suppose when a mistress of a family orders dinner, that a servant answers, 'Yes, ma'am, if the Lord will;' is not such an answer more calculated to excite the risible faculties, than to raise in the mind any recollection of the uncertainty of earthly affairs? It is a thousand pities that the negroes have acquired those hypocritical forms, which considered, as they are by the negroes, as the sign of Christianity, stand in the way of their advancement in true religion.

"Judging by the conduct of those negroes who were the most regular attendants at the Methodist chapel, I am unwillingly driven to the belief, that the Methodist missions have done little for the cause of true religion, and have rather helped to foster dangerous delusion. The Methodists, I fear, have done harm; for they have diffused a general feeling among the negro population, that abstaining from dancing, from drinking, (a vice, by the way, which negroes are rarely prone to,) and a certain phraseology, which is mere form on their part, is Christianity. Now it would be much better, if the negroes were taught that lying, stealing, cruelty to each other, or the brute creation, slander, and disobedience, were sins in the sight of God, rather than level their anathemas against dancing—the favourite, and let me say, the innocent, recreation of the negroes; unless when it trenches, as it sometimes does, upon the sacredness of the Sabbath."

When Mrs. Carmichael wished to give these deluded and ignorant creatures good, healthful, moral instruction, and adjured them by the love of that Saviour whose name they had so frequently in their

mouths, to leave off lying, stealing, fighting, and other worse vices, they became tired, and told her that "they would not learn any more." But let the lady use her own words.

"When I found them stealing, lying, or acting cruelly to each other, I took them aside, and endeavoured kindly to point out to them their sin, as hateful in the sight of God—that they knew this, and that God would judge them by the knowledge they now possessed. It is hardly to be expressed how they disliked such a mode of correction, and, indeed, they told me that they 'would rather be flogged as be teased so.' But I had a great aversion to corporal punishment; and was most desirous that an appeal to the feelings, aided by moral and religious instruction, should enable us to banish all such debasing methods."

It is no doubt a gratifying feeling to the lank-haired missionary to hear two or three hundred poor savages shouting out "Glory! glory!" groaning, sighing, and ejaculating, and to see them striking their bosoms, and weeping at the mortal sufferings endured at the great Expiation; but to us, this mummery is a desecration of all that is holy, an impiety that nothing but the most reckless audacity, the most brazen impudence, could for a moment shamelessly put upon barbarian ignorance. After all these vivid expressions of the negro, we shall find him, in the lapse of a little half hour, robbing his master, making lying more horrible by perjury, or perhaps comfortably seated with his two or three wives, teaching his children the most skilful method of plundering their indulgent master. The attendants upon these missionaries, after years, know absolutely nothing of religious doctrines—moral duties they may and do learn of their vilified masters, and would, were they not intermeddled with, in time practise.

"Some few negroes can read, but the number is very small who possess this advantage. Strange as it may seem, I never asked a negro if he knew who was God's Son, (or the Redeemer of mankind,) that he could answer.—'Me never know 'bout him,' was the universal answer. I have put this question to dozens of negroes of all ages, who were in the habit of attending the Methodist chapel; nay, who had attended for many years with regularity, and yet it appeared that not one of them had ever heard of the Saviour in so plain a way as to convey to him an idea of his Being. Nay, I have met with many of the lower class of coloured people, who were equally ignorant; and it was witnessing this total ignorance of the most important of all truths, that led me to the conviction that religious instruction had not hitherto been conveyed to the negro in a sufficiently plain form, else they must have known who was the Son of God."

Great as are our inclinations, we have neither time or space, to dwell upon the fallacies of the accounts believed in at home of negro driving, and the frequency and the cruelty of punishments, nor on the more pleasing picture of the slave giving his supper parties, his balls, or strutting forth on his holidays perfumed and jewelled, the black Narcissus of the Barbadian fountains, the satisfied dandy of the pine-apple promenade; but let all who can read, buy, beg, borrow, do all but steal Mrs. Carmichael's book, and disabuse themselves of prejudices, misrepresentations, and false notions, wilfully implanted by interest, and too readily believed by good-nature, and they will then find what we are about to purchase with the 20,000,000*l.* so generously given. When we said *all* should read this work, we mean with one large exception, that embraces the poor mechanic, the parish-fed and toil-worn labourer, and the hundreds of thousands of

the starving, and next to starving, population of this free and happy country; all these, we earnestly entreat not only not to read this work if they have the opportunity, but diligently to eschew the hearing of all mention thereof, lest, peradventure, for once using their rational faculties, they should petition our reformed legislature not to extend to them the elective franchise, or any other sort of enfranchisement, but merely to bless them with slavery, *à-la-mode* the West Indies—that they may exchange the parish workhouse for the garden and provision-ground, the parish surgeon for the estate doctor, the parish soup for plentiful rations, the parish task-work of breaking stones on the road, for five and a half days' moderate labour in the week, and they will freely consent to be called, as they save their 30*l.* yearly, poor white negroes, to be thrashed with a whip when they deserve it, and put in the stocks when they don't, and they will endeavour the more to deserve all this degradation by wearing their jewellery, using their perfumes, and giving their balls with as much spirit, and more taste, than their sable-skinned brethren of the West.

Do we advocate slavery? We fling the degrading imputation with disgust from us. Every right, every privilege, that can be useful, that can be pleasant, that even can be permitted to every individual in the body politic, be he the kidnapped black or the free-born Englishman, we will stand up, and, did the occasion require it, even contend for to the death. The black labourer has every right, every privilege, fitting to him; to give him more would be giving him his destruction; he is therefore not a slave to the oppression of the white, but to his own ignorance, to his own ferocity, and to his own inaptitude to value the blessing of civilization. As he improves so will be slackened, as they have ever been, the restraints of the guardianship over him. But precipitancy will ruin—has, perhaps, ruined all—for, if the House of Lords should decide that it is too late to undo what has so hastily been done, we can only say that the saints, profaning a faith that they have made to themselves a vehicle for worldly distinction, and an exchequer for worldly lucre, have dressed up in the name of One, who we dare not, like them, have continually on our lips, an altar, more barbarous than that of Moloch, on which we fear, at no distant period will be offered up the mingled blood of the black and the white, the master and the servant; and, whilst the distant land is swampy with human gore, the one we are so proud to call our own, will still be encumbered with the instigators of all these horrors, folding their hands with complacency, and exclaiming to their more moral neighbour, "We thank God that we are not like this publican!" Cant! thou wilt have much more to answer for than the twenty millions thou hast so dexterously whined forth from the pockets of an impoverished, a too charitable, and a deluded nation. Thou wilt be stripped of thy pharisaical garments, and be compelled to stand in thy naked deformity, trembling before the tribunal of thy God.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

Fiction and fact are so intimately blended in the occurrences of life, assume each so completely the garb of the other, that we cannot point out a fiction that derives not its parentage from fact; scarcely a fact, beyond the multiplication and pence table, that is not mixed up with, or wearing the disguise of, fiction. How many a fiction has been ruled to be fact, under names that are genuine in our courts of law; how many a fact has been regarded as fiction in that which has been looked upon as the invention of the novelist, in which every thing is true excepting the proper names! There is more moral, aye, and actual truth, in a well-written tale, than in ninety-nine cases and reports at nisi prius. In what I am about to relate, I shall take the trouble to invent only names. Would to heaven, in the next declaration with which I am served, that the lawyer may do no more!

Was it, that under the severe and starched surveillance of the divorce-hating queen of the psalm-loving king, the third George, that the ladies of the court were more moral or more cautious? or that, under the relaxed sway of their regent son, they were more licentious or less hypocritical? who can tell? our countess flourished in both eras, with a reputation, though attacked, yet triumphant; and with the fame of a chastity, that though often breathed upon by malice, yet when the vapour had passed away, left it as bright and unsullied as the mirror, which was at once the type of her purity, and the altar at which she arrayed those features, not certainly for any sacrifice, but which she hoped might cause many. Let us hasten to pourtray her. May our pencil be as faithful as our expedition must be great. She will be soon classed in the nomenclature of "lost species." She is almost the only existing specimen of *la vieille cour*—the displayer of the jewelled stomacher, the graceful navigator of the sailing hoop, at a time when ladies scorned to walk, but swam through a room, like painted dolls squatted in ornamental washing tubs, gliding softly through a stream of fragrant and scented beaux. She had never been witty. She never had had occasion to be so. Queen Charlotte had never turned her back upon her, nor had her royal spouse ever omitted, when he saw her in the circle, to stutter over her youthful charms. Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted her portrait when she was in the freshness of her youth—Sir Thomas Lawrence when a *little* past the meridian of her charms; but then, ladies of fifty were the fashion. She was a constant visitor at the Pavilion, and Gentleman George had there bowed over her small and diamond-encrusted fingers with admiration. The rumour that he had kissed them stands but upon doubtful authority. Surely, even with this last drawback, she had done enough for glory. Let us not prate any more about your Scipios or your Hannibals. She is now eighty. I doubted if she had ever been young, even in her youth. I held, that instead of heart, she must have had a mass of iced egotism encased in a bosom of etiquette. Judged I rightly? We shall see.

I called upon her last Wednesday morning, with my features properly drilled into the lugubrious, to announce to her the death of Sir Charles Chumpington, who had been her devoted for the last sixty years, yet could not, either by the means of his love, or his madeira, keep the gout out of his stomach. He had very appropriately died of it.

"*N'importe,*" was her reply; "many of my friends have gone this season. He was eighty-seven. I shall outlive him many years."

"What! is this all the grief you express for that model of faithful lovers, who has adored you sixty years, whom no cruelty could repel, no coldness estrange? Ah! we see no such men now-a-days!"

"Let him go, with his lamentations and his sighs. They made his happiness. He needed them more than I his adoration. He needs but little now. He will occupy no room in the creation; he had no soul, and his ashes—we willingly afford them space for the burial fees—yet it is much to lay out upon refuse so worthless."

"I was right," said I to myself. "I knew that she had no heart."

She was silent for a few moments, then recovering herself with unwonted vivacity, she resumed. "I am in a tattling humour—you will have most of my wealth—you shall have some of my experience. That man's death has awoke many recollections. Learn to think better of me. Hear and pity me. At sixteen, I was married to the Earl of Antivolt. I had never much wit. I was then *tout-à-fait-bête*. In all I did and said, I smelt strongly of bread and butter. My husband brought me wealth, rank, and fifty years. I brought him youth, beauty, and an only son. He gave me his caresses and his contempt—the one as odious as the other was just. In return, I gave him a silent, young, and strong hatred. My God, how I hated him! At seventeen, I was a mother and a widow. The old and *blazé libertin* attempted to reach my happiness from the tomb, which he had so effectually crushed whilst living. As his widow, his wealth was at my disposal; but if I married, I should stand at the altar a bride nearly pennyless.

"I now entered upon life, with my heart disenchanted for ever. My late husband had always treated me like a fool, and I believed I was one. I judged of the genus by the man. I hated all mankind; and well I revenged myself upon them—for I was very beautiful———behold!"

She led me to the end of her boudoir, and drew back a green silk curtain, and showed me the portrait by Sir Joshua. She was represented as a nymph hunting, with a corsage of satin stained in imitation of a tiger skin, with long-flowing sleeves of rich lace, a bow in her hand, and pearls interwoven with her stiff pomatumed and powdered hair. Notwithstanding all this, it was an admirable painting of a still more admirable woman—tall, finely rounded, dark, with black Spanish eyes, severe and noble features, with vermilion lips that did not, though they ought to have smiled; and her hands! the mould in which they were cast, nature has now-a-days laid upon the shelf. I gazed on the *was*, and the *is*, and saw, in the magnificent remains before me, what made me firmly believe that the painter had not flattered. She continued:—

"I hated men. Their homages insulted me. I vowed them an eternal hatred and resentment. When one has no need of virtue, one has it not; in that behold the reason why, with austere morals, I was not virtuous. I had no heart. What had I to do in the world? Nothing but to dress, to show myself, and to sicken with ennui. As long as the women hoped that my ferocious virtue would soon be converted by the maxims they were pleased to call wise, they patronized me; but when they saw that it did not relax, with what bitterness of hate they persecuted me! The inuendoes, the lies, the infamies, that they spread—the hired spies they forced upon me in my household—the humiliations I underwent—even now I shudder to think of them. It had all the venom of a religious persecution. They would have soon triumphed. The severity of my virtue was rendering me infamous—my chastity unchaste. Certain ladies, devoted to the most licentious debauchery, feigned to believe themselves in danger near me."

"All this at the court of St. James's!"

"The white damask cloth that was smoothed and starched so primly by the royal clear-starcher, spread so daintily in her halls, covered a cor-

ruption that was truly horrible. My character was almost gone—eyes began to look cold upon me. To preserve my honour I was forced to take a lover. I took Sir Charles Chumpington. He loved me—yes, in the sincerity of his soul. Had he one? He was one of those cold and positive men that cannot attain to the elegance of vice, or achieve the wit of a lie. He was struck with my beauty only—he did not take the trouble to discover my heart. If he had found in me the power of loving, he would not have known how to answer to it. There never existed a more material man than this poor Chumpington. He ate with devotion, slept upon every chair that came in his way, and, to make out an existence, smoked cigars with an application truly indefatigable. I do not think that he had an idea a day. Of this man I thought I could make every thing, with him, that I could do any thing. I was fearfully deceived. The brute! who with his great appetite, and his sleepy habits, I imagined possessed a blood so calm, laughed in my face when I proposed to him friendship, saying, it was a sentiment impossible to be entertained for a fine woman. O! if you knew what he called love!

"Scarcely had I yielded to him those rights which weak women can never recover, than he persecuted me with an air of possession that was detestable. In three days I found Sir Charles Chumpington insupportable.

"Well, my dear nephew, I had never sufficient energy to fairly rid myself of him; he has been my torment and my disgust these sixty years. Always attracted by my repugnance, and the obstacles that I put to his passion, he has persecuted me with the most patient—the most courageous—the most sustained—and the most wearisome love, that ever woman had to live through. It is true that he erected himself into my most efficient protector, and made my part in society the more easy to play: the men dared no longer seek—the women insult me. He was a terribly accurate shot, and atrociously jealous. Besides, he was one of the handsomest as well as the laziest of men: lived ostentatiously, and was invariably constant. I was thus placed in an envied situation, but that, I assure you, indemnified me but little for the annoyances of his love. Do you now think, my dear boy, that I am as guilty towards him as you imagined, when you accused me of indifference?"

"I perfectly understand you," I replied. "It is you whom I pity and esteem. You sacrificed yourself to the morals of the times, and you were persecuted for a conduct that ought to have covered you with glory. With a little more moral strength, you would have found all the happiness that you could not find in an intrigue. But let me express my astonishment at one fact, that you did not, in the course of your long life, meet with a single man who understood you, and who was capable, by being worthy of you, of inspiring you with a genuine passion. Must we conclude that men are now more loveable than formerly?"

"Don't be so silly," said she, laughing.

"And when you were young, were you never tempted to try to overcome this ferocious aversion?"

"Well," said she, clapping down her gold snuff-box smartly upon the table, "since I have begun to confess, you shall know all. Listen attentively. Once, once only in my life was I in love; but then I loved as none ever did before, with a passion indomitable and devouring, yet sentimental and platonic. Ah! if old women of eighty would relate to you frankly their lives, you would discover in the feminine soul sources of vices and virtue of which you have no idea. However, guess of what rank was the man for whom a countess, the proudest among proud countesses, almost lost her reason, and surely lost her heart, if a proud countess ever had one."

"The young Prince of Wales, or the Duke of York."

"O! if you begin there, it will take you five hours to reach my lover. I had rather tell you. He was a player."

"One who always played the king, however."

"The most noble—the most elegant that ever trod the boards. You are not surprised?"

"Not too much. Our nobility have made of indifferent actresses very good duchesses? Why should you not make of an excellent actor a very good lover?"

"Softly, softly; his name was Wilkins. He came from one of the provinces. How he dignified the kingly and imperial character! He might have been about thirty-five, perhaps forty, though on the stage he often appeared but twenty. Shakspeare should have survived to have seen him!"

"However, I do not remember his name in the dramatic annals."

"He had no reputation. He was appreciated neither in town or country. At his first appearances, he was generally outrageously hissed, but from the labour he applied to improve in his part, he was at length tolerated, and even sometimes applauded; but altogether he was considered as an actor of bad taste. The world judged Wilkins as sagely as it did myself. They said of him, 'He is an exaggerated ranter; he labours, yet he feels nothing.' Of me, 'This contemptuous and cold woman has no heart.' Who knows that we were not of all then living the two beings who felt most? The theatre was then the fashion, though they played neither so elegantly nor so well as they now do. I went twice a week, and, like the rest of the fashionable world, bore my three hours' ennui intrepidly. As yet, I had never even been amused. However, after a long sojourn in the country, I returned to my box in the theatre. Wilkins that night played the king in some ranting tragedy. I no sooner heard the sound of his voice than I was moved, yet I had listened to Garrick with indifference. His voice was one of the things which in him they objected to. It was more penetrating than sonorous: it was beautifully modulated, and, at times, seemed to come from the very vaults of the heart. He was also low in stature: it was a received axiom in the decrees of good taste, that a king of five feet six could not gracefully bind the diadem on his brows. Napoleon had not yet ruled, or Kean electrified. Wilkins was small made, and lean. His beauty did not consist in his features, but in the majesty of his forehead—in the irresistible grace of his attitudes—in the abandonment of his passionate expression—in the elevation of his proud and melancholy countenance. I never saw in a statue—in a painting—in the living man—a power of beauty more ideal or more sweet. It was for him that the word *charm* was created: it applied to his words—his looks—his motions. What shall I say? This charm was flung over me. This man, who walked, spoke, and acted by impulse, who sobbed with his heart more than with his voice, who, to identify himself with his passion, forgot his being;—this man, whom his soul seemed to be crushing and destroying, and whose look contained all the love that I had vainly sought for in the world, exercised over me a power truly electrical;—this man, who was created for a time of glory and sympathies, and who had only myself who could understand and keep pace with him, was, during five years, my king—my god—my life—my love!

"I could no longer live without seeing him. It soon became impossible for me to conceal the impression that he made upon me. I ceased going to the stage-box. I feigned to have a methodistical call, and went every evening to Lady Huntingdon's chapel in Spafields. However, from thence, disguised as a maid-servant, I went and mixed with the populace, and placing myself in the pit, I allowed no one of his words or looks to escape me. Afterwards, to be more in safety, I disguised myself so as to

have the appearance of a young lawyer's clerk. Such was my passion, that I confess to you, instead of struggling against it, I gave myself up to it with a delicious delirium. It was so pure! why should I blush at it? It created for me a new existence, it initiated me, all at once, into what I had so much desired to know and to feel. It made me a woman. I became capricious, jocular, satirical, vivacious, and energetic. The simple Sir Charles observed that devotion had a singular effect upon me. The world found me grow more beautiful every day; my dark eye softened with sentiment, my smile became intelligent, my conversation witty, my remarks just. Sir Charles Chumpington had all the honour of this metamorphose. He was, however, very guiltless of it.

"Then, then I began to appreciate my existence—life, luxury, youth, and beauty. Happiness revealed itself to me through all my senses. The costume of the ladies of my time, which is now much ridiculed, was then of an extraordinary richness and brilliancy, worn with infinite taste, and chastened in all its exaggerations. With all this paraphernalia of feathers, rich stuffs, hoops, and flounces, a woman was forced to use a kind of slow majesty in all her movements. I have seen some very fair ladies, who, when powdered, and drawing after them their long trains of white satin, and balancing with skill the spotless plumes that waved over their foreheads, might be truly compared to some bird like to, but much more noble than, a swan. Perhaps a white turtle dove is the better type; for the delicate little bodies concealed amidst enormous folds of silk, and replications of muslin, with the long wings of lace that fell from our arms, concealed us as the down does the dove; and when we thrust out from beneath this graceful pile of white, our little balancing feet in those high-heeled shoes that allowed only the extremities of the toes to meet the ground, it was truly then that we feared to touch the earth, and that we walked with the disdainful caution of a little shepherdess on the border of a brook. At that time all ladies had a noble air, and, believe me, this costume became me well, and made mine the more noble. Hitherto, the care that I had taken with my person, was to revenge myself upon those miserable women who had so horribly plotted against me; but from the moment that I loved, I began to enjoy my beauty for myself. I had but that to offer Wilkins to compensate him for the hisses and hootings of London; and I was happy in thinking how great would be, one day, the joy of this poor player, so disregarded or so contemned, to learn that the Countess of Antivolt had devoted to him her heart and her worship.

"And now for my management. After I had dazzled some circle, either at my own, or at the house of another, the fit of devotion would come upon me; I would change my attire for one fitting the conventicle, and with *true* Christian humility discarding my equipage, would get into a hackney coach and drive——to the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, where a young artificial flower-maker, whose secrecy I had purchased, and who was devoted to me, helped me in her snug little apartment to equip me *en cavalier*. From thence I would get to the pit in the theatre, and devote my whole soul to Wilkins; there, plunged into a torpor of admiration, I listened with my hands grasping my knees, my neck extended, and my forehead bathed with perspiration. I held my breath, cursed the fatiguing brilliancy of the lights, which left my eyes dry and burning, that were rivetted upon his attitudes and his motions. I hated his enemies, I trembled for his dangers, his fictitious griefs made me shed with him floods of tears; and when he died, I was forced to stifle my cries, by thrusting my handkerchief into my mouth.

"However much that he disgusted the public which affected to despise him, there were sublime moments when he held their hearts in his hand, and made them, in spite of themselves, tremble and applaud.

It was seldom, but when it did happen, the commotion was frenzied: it seemed that, subdued by his genius, the audience wished to repair all their former injustice. Indeed, in these moments, the house seemed to have been struck with a sudden delirium; and, as the audience separated, they looked on each other with astonishment for having been moved by such a miserable being as Wilkins. It was then that I gave myself up to all the insanity of my emotion. I shrieked—I wept—I called him by name passionately. Happily my feeble voice was lost in the roaring of the storm that raged around.

"Sometimes they hissed him in passages in which he appeared to me sublime, and then I rushed from the theatre raging with anger. Those were the moments the most dangerous for me. Great was my temptation to seek him—to fling myself in his arms—to weep with him—and with him to execrate the age, and console him by offering him my enthusiasm and my love.

"One evening, as I was leaving the theatre, I saw a little, lean man, pass by me. A scene shifter lifted his hat to him, saying, 'Good night, Mr. Wilkins.' Eager to see him more nearly, I flung myself on his steps, and without thinking upon the dangers to which I exposed myself, I entered with him into a tavern. Luckily it was one of that low description, that it was barely possible to meet there any one of my class. When by the light of a smoky oil lamp I gazed intently upon Wilkins, I thought that I was mistaken, and had followed some other person. He was at least forty, yellow, haggard, worn, and badly equipped. He had a plebeian air, spoke with a vulgar and coarse voice, swallowed gin greedily, and swore brutally. I was obliged to hear his name pronounced several times before I could believe he was my god of the theatre—the inspired interpreter of Shakspeare. His eye was dull, almost stupid, and his accent became almost cockney in speaking to his tavern-associates about—gin, girls, and gaming. His appearance was despicable—his cheeks hollow. The temple was empty and poor—the oracle dumb—the god had become a man—nay, not even a man—but a *player*. He departed. For myself, I was so stupified that I could not swallow the glass of negus, that with a haw-haw air, I had called for. Fear seized me. It was the first time in my life that I was in an equivocal place, and in contact with people of this stamp. I rose and fled for fear, but I forgot to pay. The waiter pursued me. I felt horribly shamed. I was obliged to return, pay, and explain, amid the distrustful and mocking grinners around me. On again going out I perceived myself followed. I sought in vain for a coach; the play had been long over, and they had departed. In this dilemma I was accosted by a huge, tall blackguard, that I had remarked squatted in a corner of the tavern, who had the appearance of a catchpole, a spy, or something worse. I know not what he said to me; however, suddenly by the courage of fear transformed into a heroine, I slashed him furiously across the face with my cane, and whilst he remained stunned by his own pain and my audacity, I darted off like an arrow, and soon arrived at my little artificial flower-maker's apartments.

When I awoke next day at noon, in my gorgeously curtained bed, I thought that I had dreamt, and that I was seriously cured of my love. I endeavoured to rejoice at it, but in vain. I experienced a mortal regret. The baleful shadows fell upon my life. I was disenchanted. That day I thrust Sir Charles from my doors. O the dulness of that long, long day! In the evening I really went to chapel, and had determined to become devout. I took a severe cold, and returned ill. When I had kept my bed for several days, Lady Farrar came and assured me that I had no fever, that bed alone rendered me ill, and that in order to rouse myself I must go that evening to the play. She had designs upon Sir Charles, and wished me dead.

"It happened otherwise. 'Come, come,' said she, 'you have not, for a long time, seen Wilkins. He has improved. He is even sometimes applauded. I have a notion, that in time he will become supportable.' I went. Disenchanted as I believed myself to be, I no longer feared to betray my passion to the public. I dressed myself excessively, and went courageously to the stage-box to brave a danger that I thought no longer existed for me. But the danger was never more imminent. Wilkins was sublime, and I was never more enraptured. The memory of the events of the evening at the tavern perished. My agitation was terrible. I was forced to cover my face, bathed in tears, with my handkerchief; in my disorder I smeared over my rouge, and disarranged my patches. Happily I had the skill to attribute all this emotion to Mrs. Siddons, and I was believed. This evening Wilkins remarked me. Whether attracted by the splendour of my costume, or the excess of my feelings, I know not; but I well understood by the direction of his eyes, as he stood aside from the theatre, that he was asking and had learned my name from some one near the side scenes. They spoke of me at intervals. What would I have given to have known the impression I had made upon my elected lover!

"My frequent absence at the times I was accustomed to receive Sir Charles, and especially my formal refusal to be any thing hereafter to him more than a friend, roused his jealousy; and one day I perceived him following me in one of my pretended visits to the Methodist chapel. I immediately saw that my nocturnal disguises were at an end. I now resolved to go publicly to the theatre. I had now learned hypocrisy. I pretended to be ravished by the powers of Mrs. Siddons. It is true that I could no longer give way to the impulse of my feelings as an unknown youth in the pit, but I soon found a more than meet compensation for this indulgence. Wilkins saw me, observed me—my beauty struck, my sensibility flattered him. He could hardly take his eyes from off me. He soon became so distracted as to draw down the public sibillation. I could not be deceived. He was devotedly in love. I usually occupied the lowest box, quite upon the stage; I lost not one of his looks, and he might thus gaze upon me without exciting observation. As he made love to me through the organs of the parts that he represented, I was the happiest and most proud of women; for, in those hours, it was not by the player, but by the hero, that I was loved. Well, two years elapsed of this silent and intense passion; three winters more now flowed on in which this passion was shared by the adored one, and I never gave poor Wilkins, even by a glance, any hope that he should ever look into the mysteries that were acting so passionately in my bosom. I knew that he had often followed me in my walks and drives; but I had not deigned to distinguish him from the crowd. These five years are the only ones that I have lived, though decaying nature tells me that I am eighty.

"At last, I read one day in the paper the name of an actor, who had been engaged at Drury-lane to supply the place of Wilkins, who had taken an engagement in Dublin. This was to me stunning news. I could not conceive that I could longer exist without this emotion, this storm of passion and of tenderness. It gave the progress of my love a wonderful impulse. Whilst I was a prey to the most terrible irresolutions, I received a letter in an unknown hand, the only love-letter I ever preserved—of all the thousands that I have received from Sir Charles, and the thousands from a hundred others. Read it."

"Madam;

"I am morally sure that this letter will inspire you with nothing but contempt, you will not even find it worthy of your anger; but what is it to a man who is falling down a precipice, whether he meet at the

bottom that will dash him to atoms, one stone more or less? You will consider me as mad, and you will not be deceived. O that I could obtain from you a single compassionate thought! If, this evening, I perceive on your features the slightest shade of pity, I shall depart less miserable; I shall carry from England a recollection that may, perhaps, give me strength to live elsewhere, and to pursue my ungrateful and degrading career. Madam, you already know my passion. My cries of misery and despair have betrayed it to you a thousand times upon the stage. No, Madam, I am mad—you never dreamt of such presumption. You were only sensible to the sublimities of Shakspeare, and the noble passions of tragedy; and I, fool to believe that the agonies of my heart found an echo in yours. Pardon me! let me only bless you on my knees for that sensibility that I have discovered in your soul, and that none other has ever accorded me, for those tears that you have shed for my scenic misfortunes, for those timid looks that I had the temerity to believe sought to console me for the indifference or the disdain of the audience.

"Fool, indeed, that I am—but the greatest of all my follies was the casting my eyes beyond that row of tawdry lights that draw an invincible line between me and the rest of society. It is to me a magic circle, and I have dared to lift up my eyes—I, a player—and fix them upon a beautiful woman; upon one so young, so noble, so generous, so attractive, and placed so far above me. But what destiny is yours—still unmarried, and, as the world says, still unloved. What strange fatality weighs upon both of us, that you in the bosom and the ornament of a world so brilliant and so enlightened, can find none to do justice to your soul, but the heart of a poor player! Well, nothing shall wrest from me that consoling thought—I even believe, that had we been born upon the same level of society, you would not have been indifferent to my devotion, whatever rivals I might then have had, whatever my mediocrity now is. I must make you acquainted with one truth, that I possess something greater than do those, who with all their wealth, their titles, and their pride, surround you—the power of loving you as you ought to be loved.

"Wilkins."

"This letter," continued the countess, "that I found to be very original in the age in which it was written, had in it something so passionate, so nervous, and so true, that it fairly overpowered me. My pride ceased to struggle, and my passion conquered. I will not tire you with my irresolutions, my caprices, my terrors. I answered, as nearly as I can remember, in these words.

"'I do not accuse you, I accuse destiny. I do not pity you only, I pity myself. No temptation of pride, of prudence, or of prudery, shall induce me to pluck from you the consolation of knowing yourself to be distinguished by me. Preserve it, since it is all that I have to offer you. I can never consent to see you.'

"The next day I received a note that I hastily read, and that I had hardly time to fling into the fire, that it might escape the perusal of Sir Charles, who found me occupied over it. It was conceived nearly these terms.

"'Madam;

"'I must speak with you, or I die. Once, once only, but one single hour. What fear you from the interview, since you trust to my honour and to my discretion? Madam, I know who you are, I know the severity of your morals, I know your piety, I know even your sentiments

for Sir Charles. I have not the madness to hope from you aught but one word of pity, but that word must fall from your lips upon me; my heart must receive it warm from your mouth, and treasure it up and bear it away, or that heart will break.'

"I must say this for my glory, that I had not for a single instant the fear of being insulted by a heartless libertine. I religiously believed in the humble sincerity of Wilkins. I replied,

"'I will see you. Find a secure place; but hope from me no more than what you ask. I trust you as I would my God. If you seek to abuse my faith you are a wretch, and I should not fear you.'

"The answer. 'Your confidence has saved you from the worst of wretches. His Royal Highness has done me the honour to propose to me to inveigle you to a certain rendezvous that he possesses. You shall see that Wilkins is not altogether unworthy your faith. To me, for these three years, no woman under heaven has existed but yourself. Condescend to be at the appointed place at the breaking up of the theatre. The directions were then given.

"I received this note at four in the afternoon. All this negociation had passed in one day. That day I had employed in rambling through my apartments like one insane. This rapidity of events and decisions against the resolutions of five years, struck me as a dream, and when at last I found myself engaged beyond the power of retraction, I staggered to my ottoman, lost my power of respiration, and saw the room spin round under my feet.

"I was seriously ill. A surgeon was sent for, who bled me. I forbade my people from saying a word about my indisposition. I feared importunities and advicemongers, and I would not be prevented from going out in the morning. I threw myself on my bed, and closed my doors to every body. The bleeding had physically relieved and weakened me. I felt a great prostration of mind. All my illusions vanished with the excitement of the fever. I recovered my reason and my memory, and recalled to my mind the terrible deception of the tavern, and the miserable appearance of Wilkins. I then felt a horror for what I had done. Above all, I wept for Wilkins, whom, in seeing, I was about to lose for ever, and whom in loving, I had experienced so much happiness for five years—with whom to converse, I felt assured that I could not love for five minutes. In my grief, I flung about my arms madly, the lancet-wound re-opened, and my blood flowed with such rapidity, that I had but time to call my woman when I fainted. A deep and death-like sleep surprised me, against which I vainly struggled. I awoke not, suffered not—for hours I was as one dead. When I opened my eyes my room was dark, my mansion silent, and my *femme de chambre* sleeping at the foot of my bed. I remained sometime bereft of thought. All at once memory revisited me. I breathlessly asked myself if it were day or night—if I had slept an hour or an age, if breaking my word had not slain Wilkins—if it were yet time? At length I made a violent effort—I sprang from my bed, opened the curtains, and saw the moon bright in the heavens, my repeater struck ten. I rushed upon my woman and awoke her with a start. 'Annette! what is to-day?' I exclaimed. She thought me delirious, and would have fled for help. I held her. I reassured her. I learnt that I had slept but three hours. I blessed God. I ordered a hackney coach. Annette regarded me with stupor. She transmitted my orders, and made ready to dress me. I took the most simple of my habiliments. I placed no ornament in my hair, I refused rouge. I wished to inspire Wilkins

with esteem and respect, which were more precious to me than his love. However, I felt a sentiment of pleasure, when Annette, astonished at all that passed, said to me, surveying me from head to foot, 'Indeed, my lady, I know not how it is, you wear but a simple white dress, you are ill and pale as death; well, may I die, if ever I saw you so handsome as you are this evening. I pity the men who will look upon you.'

"At midnight I entered the appointed street. I was carefully veiled. A kind of groom came to receive me. He was the only person visible in this mysterious dwelling. He conducted me through a dark court to a room built like a pavilion, buried in darkness and silence. After having placed his lanthorn of green silk in the vestibule, he opened the door of a long and obscure apartment, showed me, with a respectful bow and an immoveable countenance, a ray of light that broke across the distance, and said to me in a low tone of voice, as if he feared to wake the sleeping echoes, 'Madam is alone. No one has yet arrived. Madam will find in the farthest saloon a bell, to which I shall answer should she want any thing;'—and he disappeared as if by enchantment, and closed the door upon me.

"A horrible fear came over me. I trembled lest I had fallen into a private madhouse. I recalled him. His solemnly stupid air re-assured me. I asked him the hour. I knew it well. I had struck my repeater ten times in the coach. 'It is midnight,' said he, without raising his eyes. I saw that he was a man perfectly well familiarized with the duties of his office. I came to the decision of penetrating to the indicated and distant saloon, and in a moment convinced myself of the injustice of my fears, by seeing that all the windows opened to the ground into a small garden that adjoined the Green-park. Nothing could be more delicious than this boudoir, which was in reality nothing but a music-room. The walls were of stucco, as white as snow, the frames of the looking-glasses of dead silver, musical instruments of an extraordinary beauty were scattered among furniture covered with white velvet. The room was lighted from above, but the glazing was almost concealed by a delicately worked foliage of the purest alabaster which surrounded the rotunda. In the glare of day I am convinced the solar rays must have been softened down to a light as tender as that shed by the harvest-moon. I examined with curiosity and interest this retreat, yet know not to this day the reputation of the house to which it was attached. It might have been a temple dedicated to licentiousness; but if it were so, Wilkins had caused objects to disappear that could have wounded my sight, or have made me suffer through my situation. A single statue of white marble decorated the middle. It was an antique, and represented Isis veiled, with a finger upon her lips. The mirrors that reflected her and me equally pale, and both dressed in white and chastely draperied, made illusions so strong, that the mortal eye could not have distinguished which were the statues, which the breathing women. All at once this superstitious, this dreadful and delicious silence was interrupted. The distant door opened and closed. Light footsteps were heard. I sank into an arm-chair more dead than living. I was about to see Wilkins off the stage. I shut my eyes, and bade him internally adieu, without opening them.

"Judge my surprise! Wilkins was as beautiful as a descending angel! He had not given himself time to take off his theatrical dress, and it was the most elegant that I had ever seen. His neat and elastic figure was tightly fitted in a vest of white satin. He wore rosettes on his knees of a cherry-coloured ribband, and a short mantle of the same hue was thrown over his shoulders. He wore an enormous ruff *à l'Anglaise*, with his own dark, short, curled, and unpowdered hair, and a Spanish hat, shadowed with white feathers, which waved over his forehead, and played round a cluster of brilliants. In this costume he had

been just playing the part of a high-born page. I had never seen him so handsome, so young, so poetical. He kneeled to me. I could not forbear giving him my hand: he had so timid, so submissive an air. It seemed to me then that he shone in all the luxuriant bloom of youth. His forehead had all the purity, his agitated heart all the ardour of a first love. He took my hands and covered them with devouring kisses. Then I became wild. I drew his head upon my lap, I caressed his burning temples, his wild and black hair, and yet he grew not bold. All his transports were concentrated in his heart. He began to weep like a child. Oh! I own to you that I mingled my tears deliciously with his. I forced him to lift up his head and look upon me. Great God! what beauty, what brilliancy, and what tenderness in his eyes! His burning and faithful soul gave a charm even to the very defects of his figure, to the outrages of time and fatigue. O the power of the soul! He who does not comprehend its wonders, has never lived! Behold the premature lines on his noble brow, the languor of his smile, and the pallor of his lips! My heart bled. O then I had need of tears, when I remembered the miseries, the chagrins, the disgusts, and the toils of his life. I identified myself with all his woes, even with those of his long and hopeless love for myself. Then I had no other thought but to repair to him the ills of fortune. 'My dear Wilkins, my noble Hamlet, my beautiful Don Juan!' Thus I addressed him in my bewilderment. He spoke to me: he related to me all the phases, all the progress of his love. He told me how from a dissipated actor, I had converted him into a self-esteeming man, how I had restored him the courage and the illusions of his youth. He displayed his respect, his veneration for me, and his contempt for the foolish cheatery of worldly love. He told me that he would eagerly give the remainder of his life in exchange for the bliss of passing one hour at my feet, but that he would sacrifice this hour as well as his life, to the fear of offending me. Never did a more penetrating eloquence search the heart of a poor woman. Never did Shakspeare make love speak with such conviction, such poetry, and such power. All that passion could inspire of the deep, the impetuous, the delicate and the sweet, were displayed in his words, his voice, his eye, his caresses, and his submission. Alas, alas! was he deceiving himself? was he *still*, still ACTING?"

"Certainly not," cried I, looking sternly at the Countess. She seemed to grow young immediately, and to throw off as a robe her eighty years. Who was it that said the heart of a woman can have no wrinkles?

"Listen to the end," said she. "Inflamed, stunned by all that he said to me, I flung my arms around him; I thrilled as I touched the silk of his dress, as I inhaled the perfume from his hair. My brain whirled. All till then unknown to me, all I thought myself incapable of feeling, was revealed to me, as it were in floods of glory—but it was too violent. I fainted. He quickly recalled me to myself. I found him at my feet, more timid, more agitated than ever. 'Pity me,' said he, 'kill me, banish me.' He was paler and more deathlike than myself. But the revolutions that my nervous system had experienced during this stormy day, made me pass rapidly from one train of thought to another. The lightning-flash that had revealed to me a new existence, grew pale. My blood became calm. The deliciousness of pure sentiment returned.

"'Listen, Wilkins,' said I to him. 'It is not contempt that tears me from your transports; but if you love me assist me to resist myself. Let me carry from hence the transporting satisfaction that you have loved me with your heart only. Perhaps, perhaps, had I been pure, I would have been yours with joy; but know that Sir Charles has profaned me; know that, driven by the horrid necessity of preserving myself from scandal, I have submitted to the caresses of the man that I have never

loved. I fear to equalize you with that object. Let us not make the attempt. Reign in my heart, and in my memory. Let us separate for ever, and carry from hence smiling thoughts and adored reminiscences. I swear, Wilkins, that I will love you till death. I swear also to remain henceforward virtuous, since I have resisted you. It will not be difficult, and you may believe me.'

"Wilkins prostrated himself at my feet. He implored not, he reproached not. He told me that he had never dared to hope for the happiness that I had yielded him, and that he had no right to expect more. However, his depression, and the emotion of his voice frightened me, in receiving his adieu. I asked him, if he would not think of me with pleasure—if the happiness of this night would not spread a charm over the remainder of his days, and if his past and future pains would not seem to him softened each time that he invoked my name. He fell anew at my feet, and kissed my garments with wildness. I felt that I was wavering. I made him a sign, and he retired. The coach that I had ordered arrived. The automaton usher of this clandestine retreat knocked three times without to apprize me of it. Wilkins threw himself before the door in despair. He had the looks of a spectre. I went and presented him my lips to kiss, then gently repelled him, and he yielded. As I approached the door and he wished to follow me, I pointed to him a chair in the middle of the saloon, beneath the statue of Isis. He sate there. A passionate smile wandered over his lips, his eyes flashed forth one last glance of gratitude and love. He was still handsome, still young, still a hero. Another step, and, as I turned for a last look, ere I left him for ever, he had become old, haggard, frightful. His body seemed paralytic. His contracted lips failed, and fell when he would have smiled. His eye was fixed and glassy. He was only Wilkins—a miserable shadow of the lover and the prince."

The Countess paused, then, with a saddened smile, and agitating her whole frame like a falling ruin, she murmured,—"From that moment I heard no more of him." The Countess made another pause, still longer than the preceding, and then with terrible strength, the effect of many years, the obstinate love of life, or the hope of approaching death, she became gay, and said to me smiling, "Well, what think you now of the virtue of the Georgian era?"

"Madam," replied I, "I have no wish to doubt it. However, were I less affected, I would say, perhaps you did well to have been blooded that day."

"Wretched man," said the Countess, "how little do you understand the history of the heart!"

Reader! had she one? Ask your own—you have read the facts. Of the proud peeress or the poor player, which was the more fictitious character? Who can tell? I might now squeeze morals from this relation as plentifully as moisture from the water distended sponge, and conclude as does Miss Martineau, with *a summary of principles illustrated in this tale.* But I shall waive the pedant, and conclude by saying, that it is hard to distinguish whether a sapless heart is either a burnt-out cinder, or a *caput mortuum*, that cannot take fire.

THE PORTUGUESE QUESTION.

The present state of affairs in Portugal has assumed that degree of importance, as almost exclusively to absorb the public mind. The Portuguese question, indeed, stands foremost in political consideration; a variety of contending interests fluctuates on the tide of its vicissitudes—results of the highest political consequence hang on the issue of the contest. Hence, we can easily explain the jealous eye with which the Northern powers look on the proceedings in the Peninsula.

In Portugal they behold the field where the great battle must be fought, and the fate of a greater principle decided. In Don Miguel they see the representative of the superannuated system of despotism, whilst they regard Don Pedro as the champion of revolution. To conform, in some measure, with weak and foolish prejudices, both parties endeavour to cover themselves with the mantle of legitimacy. But this, hitherto great political bugbear, has lost so much of its power and illusion, that it would be as well if sovereigns would renounce a fallacy which can no longer delude the mind of any rational being, except, indeed, of those who are stubbornly bent on being deluded. The principle of legitimacy has been so often misinterpreted, falsely explained, and openly violated, that the most irreconcileable contradictions may be alternately employed on the same side for the furtherance of political purposes.

Don Pedro's expedition to Portugal excited, at the time of its setting out, only contempt and merriment among the partizans of Miguel, and those who sympathised with his cause throughout the continent of Europe. The Emperor of Brazil was considered in the light of a political Don Quixote, and indeed the title of Sancho Panza facetiously bestowed in the sequel on Captain Napier, by the conservative prints, fully bears out my assertion. What could Don Pedro and his ruffian bands of lawless adventurers achieve, when opposed by the unanimous enthusiasm of a loyal and devoted people! There was nothing but madness and folly in the attempt. The mercenaries and foreigners who followed the fortunes of Don Pedro, would desert his standard on the first occasion. Should they succeed in effecting a landing they would soon be dispersed and exterminated by an indignant people—cries of contempt and horror would pursue the appalled and fugitive rebels, and those who escaped with life would return to England, only to deplore their folly—curse the stock jobbers by whom they had been deceived, and bear melancholy testimony to one of the most rash and unjustifiable attempts ever recorded in the annals of rebellion—then, by way of a winding up, a considerable quantity of pathos and crimination was bestowed, not only on those who doomed these devoted victims to be immolated on the altar of revenge, excitement, and political expediency, but even on the deceived wretches themselves, who were allowed to go and disturb the tranquillity of a happy nation.

Such was the language of those, with whom the tranquillity of a happy nation, means "a complete state of moral subjection." Don Miguel was represented as all but idolized in Portugal; the entire body of the clergy, the greater portion of the nobility, and the whole mass of the people, were blindly devoted to his cause. The attempt to represent Don Miguel as a hero was prudently abandoned, as savouring too much of a joke; but, on the other hand, by way of counterpoise, his opponent was exhibited in the most detestable colours. Don Pedro, humorously styled Peter the Pirate, was made out one of the most thorough paced and unredeemable wretches that ever disgraced humanity. All possible faults and vices, public and private, were confidently imputed to him, and he was even denied those qualities of valour and fortitude, which have often graced the attempts of the worst kind of usurpers and conspirators. We shall presently see how these prophecies have been fulfilled, and how far events have justified the estimate of character, means, and deserts, thus assigned to each of the contending parties.

Don Miguel was in complete and undisturbed possession of the kingdom of Portugal. He was duly and minutely informed of all the plans and proceedings of his opponent. A great space of time was consumed in preparations for the expedition. Don Pedro had indeed to struggle with appalling difficulties—the means at his command were ludicrously out of proportion, if he merely meditated the *conquest* of Portugal. He must, indeed, have been a Don Quixote, if he supposed that with six thousand hungry and lawless adventurers, (as his followers were called,) he was to subjugate a whole kingdom, unanimous in their opposition, and defended by a devoted army of fifty thousand men. He must have rested some hopes on other resources. He must also have depended on a strong party in the nation. Don Pedro walked into Oporto without opposition, and thus rendered himself master of the second city in the kingdom, in the very face of a powerful army, and of leaders who had had more than sufficient time to provide for all the contingencies of an invasion. Yet what was the result of this military occupation of so important a place? how were the friends of Miguel affected by the event?—why they *rejoiced* and *mourned*—rejoiced that the Pedroites had been caught in the trap prepared for them, and *mourned* over the deluded wretches that had been led to the sacrifice.

The question that naturally will offer itself to the impartial reader is, what prevented Miguel from pouncing on his foe when he had him thus safely caged? Don Pedro's means of defence were lamentably small, and he was compelled to make up in boldness, activity, and fortitude, the inefficiency of his armed force. Yet Don Miguel's generals, with a generosity which cannot be sufficiently extolled, allowed the besieged to erect a line of fortifications, no doubt with the heroic notion that this forbearance on their part would tend to render the contest somewhat more equal. It is not our purpose to detail the various proceedings during the siege of Oporto; suffice it to say, that the hosts of Don Miguel were uniformly repulsed. The siege, however, was closely pressed, and the city soon became a prey to an uninterrupted series of dangers, deprivations, and distress.

Very alarming accounts reached the friends of the constitutional cause, and even the hopes of the most sanguine began to droop. Nay, there was a moment when "*The Times*," which could not certainly be accused of partiality to Don Miguel, announced the downfall of Oporto. The intelligence generally obtained credit, and threw dismay among the friends of the party. Nothing but gloom hung on the prospects of the Pedroites—the army at Oporto was represented as discontented, disunited, and wanting the first necessaries of life, and almost ready to lay down their arms. The withdrawal of Colonel Hodges, Marshal Solignac, and others, tended to corroborate this mournful intelligence, and augment the mass of clouds that already darkened the prospects of the Pedroites.

A bold plan of operation was necessary to be adopted; the expedition to the Algarves took place, and soon after, the brilliant victory of Napier deprived the Miguelites of their fleet. In the same month the Duke of Terceira entered Lisbon with 1,500 men—the city being evacuated by the Duke of Cadaval at the head of 6000. Doña Maria was proclaimed. Saldanha signally defeated Bourmont before Oporto. The siege of this city was raised, and the young Queen of Portugal was recognized by England and France. All these events, each of which was of importance, followed each other with astonishing rapidity, and seemed to make amends for the protracted and *inactive* system of warfare, if it may be so called, which had been previously displayed in the contest. We will now deduce some conclusions from the chapter of events which we have thus rapidly presented to our readers.

The same sneer was provoked by the expedition to the Algarves that had marked the previous proceedings of the Constitutionalists. Yet Palmella and Terceira made good their landing, and soon rendered themselves masters of all the towns on the range of the coast. Yet what was the nature of the force they commanded?—2,500 men. Why were they not cut off and dispersed? Can any man seriously maintain that 2,500 men, hated and abhorred, as they were depicted to be, by the whole mass of the inhabitants, were enough to carry all before them? What is the necessary conclusion? that either the Miguelites were the most apathetic and cowardly of men, or that the invaders were far from being such universal objects of hatred and abhorrence.

Then comes the naval victory obtained by Napier. This exploit, which to those conversant in such matters was a subject of no less wonder than surprise, is another strong argument in favour of Don Pedro. How will the Miguelites get over this incident? Did the Portuguese squadron perform its duty or not? The partizans of despotism coolly assert, that there was foul and deep treason in the affair. If so, what becomes of the so often and so loudly extolled fidelity of the Portuguese to the cause of Don Miguel? And again, if the fleet was sold to Don Pedro, what necessity was there for the really sanguinary, although partial, combat that took place? The most natural solution that we can find to this problem, is the *absence* of the unanimity and self-devotion to which we have alluded. Every succeeding event tended to upset the confident assertions of

Miguel's adherents and friends. The Duke of Terceira marches towards Lisbon with a handful of men, (1,500,) through a country said to be decidedly hostile to the cause of Donna Maria. Where was the enthusiasm of the inhabitants for Miguel? Molellos, with a force of four thousand men, and *the whole of the Algarvias on his side*, allowed 1,500 men to advance towards the capital, without even attempting to check their progress. Yet Molellos and the province of Algarve are depicted as being animated with the most gallant and unanimous spirit in favour of Don Miguel. We leave this curious anomaly to exercise the ingenuity of the usurper's friends. The Duke of Terceira reaches the neighbourhood of Lisbon with his handful of men. Telles Jordao offers battle, with a force four times as great. Yet his corps is completely defeated, and himself killed in the action. Here again we ask, was this rout the effect of treason, or is it a tacit acknowledgment that one Pedroite is equivalent to four Miguelites in courage, discipline, and enthusiasm? Either of the conclusions will serve our purpose. But the most extraordinary incident of the drama is yet to follow. Cadaval, after his gallant proclamation and exuberant vauntings—after calling on the inhabitants to show their loyalty, and threatening the invaders with quick extermination, Cadaval performs a military operation, which has completely puzzled the most experienced tacticians. At the approach of the 1,500 Pedroites, he gallantly leaves the city to meet the foe? No—to retreat, at the head of six thousand men! Donna Maria is then, without loss of time, proclaimed at Lisbon, and Villaflor invited to enter the place.

Again we call on Miguel's friends to explain this curious event. Was this the effect of another treason? If so, who was the traitor? Surely not Cadaval, for we see him afterwards remain in command, and totally unmolested, as if he had achieved the most important services? Whence then did the treason proceed? was it from the heart of the capital itself? If so, why did not Cadaval extinguish the flame? Most assuredly he had more than a sufficient force at command for the purpose—yet he retreats. Why? If he apprehended real danger, if he anticipated a formidable rising of the inhabitants, in the name of common sense what becomes of the boasted loyalty of the Lisbonians to the cause of Miguel? If the approach of 1,500 men can produce so strong a moral effect on the city as to compel the authorities to quit it when in possession of such ample means, and with such a strong force at command—necessary conclusions must be produced in total contradiction to the assertion of Miguel's friends. But Miguel's friends never stick at trifles; they are certainly the boldest and coolest men at advancing extraordinary and untenable propositions. They contend that only a few lawless and desperate characters took a part in the rising at Lisbon—which is equal to saying that the Duke of Cadaval and the gallant garrison, 6,000 strong, ran away in dread of a few desperate characters, undisciplined and badly armed.

Meantime, Marshal Bourmont, who was to settle the question as soon as he assumed the command of the forces besieging Oporto—Bourmont, the conqueror of Algiers, to whom the annihilation of Don

Pedro and the liberal cause would be a mere pastime, a second *veni, vidi, vici*—Bourmont was completely repulsed and defeated by Saldanha, and then obliged to raise the siege in order to carry his formidable person to another quarter. But how did these usually discouraging incidents affect the friends of Miguel? They must have depressed their spirit, and almost quenched the flame of hope. No, quite the contrary; they rejoice and illuminate, and sing *Te Deums.* Every succeeding disaster, every fresh defeat, is made a subject of congratulation. From some most Machiavelic system, which totally baffles the understanding, they hail every new reverse of fortune quite as much as their successful opponent; an admirable arrangement truly, for by this means both parties are content. Oporto is taken—the Algarves invaded—the Miguelite fleet captured—Lisbon in possession of the enemy—the Miguelites uniformly beaten in every encounter—Doña Maria recognized by the two first powers in Europe—the resources of Don Pedro both in men and money greatly increased;—yet when Miguel has lost his fleet—his capital, and the second city in the kingdom—when the enthusiastic population, instead of annihilating the invaders, looks quietly on their proceeding—when his army has been repeatedly and severely beaten,—what is the conclusion deduced by his friends abroad? *Why, that Don Miguel's cause is more flourishing than ever!* So several French and English papers very gravely tell the public.

The military operations of the Miguelite generals is another source of bewilderment; for a long time we were kept in constant alarm by the *intended* achievements of these heroes. The names of Molellos and Cadaval (he who advanced *backward* at the approach of Villaflor) were seen gallantly figuring in *print.* Molellos was here, Molellos was there—Molellos had advanced towards Lisbon—Molellos was to effect a junction with Cadaval—Molellos and Cadaval were *preparing* to fall on and annihilate the rebels—Molellos and Cadaval had received orders to keep themselves in readiness to march—Molellos' division had been reinforced. Molellos was received with acclamations in every town and village, and Cadaval was occupying himself with some profound plan of operations. Certainly, the military movements of Molellos and Cadaval will afford an ample field for future historians; their abstruse and profound tactics will at once puzzle and delight the military student; for ourselves, ignorant as we are in these matters, we must humbly exclaim with Molière's valet, "*Mon Dieu! ça doit-etre bien beau car je n'y comprends rien.*"

But the fame of Molellos and Cadaval was doomed to sink into obscurity before the colossal glory of Bourmont. No sooner was this general defeated at Oporto, and compelled to raise the siege, than the splendour of his achievements superseded all lesser exploits. And now, instead of the Portuguese names of Molellos and Cadaval, which had hitherto adorned the public journals, we find those of Bourmont, Clouer, Larochejaquelin, and D'Almer, exclusively, assuming their place. Don Miguel's friends are justly indignant at the interference of foreign officers and soldiers in the army of Don Pedro. It is an abominable instance of intervention, and surely nothing short of *generals* ought to be admitted into the service. But of this more

anon; let us first finish the *narrative* portion of our subject. After a prodigious quantity of preliminary announcement and threats, and after Bourmont had considerably increased his forces by the curious and singular process of desertion, killing, wounding, and missing, he at last appears before Lisbon—storms and takes it, and every thing is over with Don Pedro, until indeed authentic accounts arrive from Portugal, and we find things in *statu quo*—that is, Don Pedro in possession of Lisbon, and Bourmont where he was. Bourmont attacked the lines on the 5th of September, and after a smart engagement was compelled to retreat. This some would suppose looked very much like a defeat. But no, Miguel's friends think differently from other people, and, according to the old practice, they again rejoice in this new thrashing. The papers, on their side, calmly tell us, that after a severe contest, Bourmont *having obtained his object*, retreated. Having obtained *what object?* the object of being repulsed. Again both parties are satisfied with the day's work. Thus things remain for the present. We certainly are no prophets, and cannot possibly foretell what may happen, but according to the best rules of reasoning, we are disposed to believe that Bourmont will *not* take Lisbon. In which case the Carlists will sustain a great loss, for Bourmont is said to have sworn to take Lisbon or *die* in the attempt—an awful threat for the friend of despotism. But Bourmont not having taken, nor *died* before Oporto, according to promise, there is a chance that the same consolatory hope may be cherished as regards Lisbon.

The question of neutrality is one that offers, with reference to Portuguese affairs, an ample field for curious speculation. It is perfectly laughable to read the protestations of Don Miguel's advocates against the conduct of the English and French governments; for if these could be censured for anything, it would be more justly for their lamentable want of spirit and decision. The dread of provoking an European war, has induced the rulers of both England and France to observe a system of politics at which the despots laugh in their sleeves. Nothing can be a more mistaken idea, than the hope of conciliating those sovereigns by affecting to follow only a sort of middle course. This weak and tortuous expedient tends only to annoy and disgust the friends of liberty, without in the least conciliating the lovers of oppression. Why is the contest in Portugal suffered to be protracted under existing circumstances? Why this recognition of Doña Maria—this show of friendship and adhesion to her cause—these constant declamations concerning her rights, and, on the other hand, this want of decision in adopting effectual and conclusive measures? Is it with the view of not provoking the anger of the adverse sovereigns? Absurd notion! The anger of these rulers was excited the very moment that England and France countenanced the invasion of Portugal by Don Pedro; and to suppose that despotic kings will view things with more indulgence, simply because England and France prefer acting on the sly, rather than resort to a more open and decided plan of operation, affords indeed a lamentable variation from the rules of common sense. Despots will always look on the abettors of liberal institutions as their natural foes; and a system of shuffling, temporizing, and tampering, and an affectation of neutrality, can only

add contempt to their indignation; and the only thing which England and France have to expect, is to compromise the success of the cause which they pretend to adopt, without, in the remotest degree, propitiating the vindictive ire of their enemies.

The French government, under the controul of a citizen king, affords a striking instance not merely of indecision, but of wanton meanness and selfish calculation. The disrespectful treatment experienced by the young queen of Portugal, on her leaving France, reflects deeply on Louis Philippe; not merely in his capacity as a *liberal* monarch, but also on his character as a gentleman. But Louis Philippe, who is as great a man in the *Bourse* as in the palace, has hit on a new and admirable speculation — that of king-making. He, no doubt, considers trading in *constitutional monarchies* as good a job as any other going. With truly parental solicitude, he feels anxious to provide for a numerous family; and what can be more laudable and magnificent, than the idea of supplying all the vacant, or likely to be vacant, thrones of Europe with princes or princesses of his own stock? There is a whole brood of them ready to be hatched into kings and queens under the fostering wing of the parent bird, as occasion may require. We candidly believe, that the friends of freedom have very little to expect from a government in which *family* considerations are made a national question—a government, which scruples not to endanger the safety of a great principle, by a paltry infusion into its composition of personal interests.

England, fortunately, is differently situated: whatever may be the errors committed, or likely to be committed by the administration, she will always present a more creditable aspect; for theirs will be the mistakes originating in higher interests, the aberrations springing from more lofty views. The reception which Doña Maria met with at the English court, afforded a striking contrast with her departure from the French capital. The constitutional king of Great Britain gave a good lesson of manly kindness and polite behaviour to the citizen king of the French—a lesson which we are rather afraid is beyond the comprehension of the latter personage. England stands deeply and honourably pledged to support the cause of Doña Maria; and in the positive conviction that no partial concession can propitiate the Holy Alliance, the most manly, as well as most politic plan to follow, is to assume at once a position of firm and uncompromising decision.

Returning to the question of neutrality, this has long since ceased on both sides, if indeed it ever existed in either party. Portugal is now the great place of meeting of all the stray Carlists, and all the fugitive partizans of *La Vendée*, and we are really amused by the unblushing effrontery of some prints, which, in the same page, send forth bitter reproaches against the foreign mercenaries in Don Pedro's service, and launch into florid praises of Bourmont and Co., who support the cause of Don Miguel. But it is idle to waste another moment on this subject. Every thinking man is, by this time, aware of the real state of the question as regards neutrality and non-interference. One thing, however, is worthy of notice—the magnanimity of the

French king, who beheld with coolness and indifference his most inveterate foes not merely assembling and fighting again and again, but openly boasting of certain ulterior projects with reference to France. It is impossible to carry the Christian virtues of longanimity and forbearance to a greater extent.

The real state of public opinion in Portugal is a matter not to be passed over in silence. After pondering over a mass of contradictory statements, and perusing attentively the book of actual events, we may come to a clear elucidation of the truth. Don Miguel has on his side a faithful army, and an equally devoted clergy, attended by a necessary train of fanatics; Don Pedro counts in his ranks the enlightened and industrious classes of society. Lisbon and Oporto, the two great emporiums of Portugal, are decidedly in his interest. The people, or the great mass of the nation, as it is called, are actuated by a most philosophic apathy as to the contest,and this experience has rendered palpable to any unprejudiced mind. Had the whole mass of the nation been sincere in their love for Miguel and despotism, as it was constantly asserted, Don Pedro could not have attained his present position. We can easily imagine that a peasantry inflamed by monks and friars, will feel a momentary zeal for Miguel, but we can also perceive that these enthusiasts will find their ardour cool the moment that they are left to act for themselves in the face of threatened danger. There is no doubt that an ignorant Portuguese peasantry will follow any ruler like a herd of sheep, or at least will submit patiently to any system of government. Check the ecclesiastical power, which is the most serious impediment offered in your way to improvement, and the object is easily attained; and hence we cannot but applaud the late conduct of Don Pedro, in his decree with regard to the clergy.

Connected with this portion of our subject, is an argument constantly brought forward, and which is equally remarkable for injustice and absurdity. We have heard it repeatedly asserted, not merely by the enemies of liberal institutions, but by many calling themselves friends of freedom, that the peninsula of Spain and Portugal is not *yet* in a fit state to receive political ameliorations. When is this *fit* state to arrive? "The superstition and ignorance—the deep-rooted prejudices, and long-established abuses, predominant in those countries, will render vain any attempt at regeneration." Admirable logic! So, because Spain and Portugal have been for a long lapse of time the seats of ignorance and superstition, prejudice and abuse, they must continue still in the same lamentable condition! When, or how are they to be enlightened? The people must be gradually prepared, say the above-cited *soi-disant* friends of freedom, (who are, by-the-bye, a comical tribe,) and yet they do not tell us how this process of preparation is to be accomplished. We suppose that the Peninsula is to be illuminated by some miraculous agency; for we do not see how the undertaking is to be achieved in any other way. Only fancy a cavern hermetically closed, with a strong guard to prevent any one introducing a light into the tenebrious locality; the consequence will be, that in order to introduce the light, the strong guard must be displaced, or the cavern will remain in darkness to all eternity. But

no; the strong guard is to be allowed active play, and yet the light must be introduced *gradually* into the cavern. This looks like a poser! How is this to be done? Let the *farcical* liberals decide: for our parts, we conclude that this illumination must be achieved by miraculous interposition.

From the general question let us now descend to the individual examination of the parties concerned in the Portuguese contest. It has been the fashion to heap on Don Pedro as great a quantity of abuse, as any one single man is able to carry. We do not intend to become his panegyrist, nor to undertake the task of apology. Let facts speak for themselves. Whatever may be Don Pedro's private character, history must only judge him in his public capacity so long as his *private* does not interfere with his *public* life. This once established, we find that his conduct during the contest is much more deserving of praise than censure, if the virtues of perseverance, activity, courage, and, to all appearance, sincerity in the cause, are things worthy of admiration. With paltry bickerings, and womanish tittle-tattle—with petty intrigues, and equally petty jealousies, it is not our intention to meddle. These will necessarily exist, in a greater or smaller degree, as long as men and women continue to be manufactured of the same materials, but they can never cloud the brilliancy of a bright cause, much less be adduced as an argument against the goodness of a great principle. Making the necessary allowance for the stimulus of human passions, and the diversity of human views, for the conflict of excitement, confusion, and want of calm discrimination, which is unavoidably consequent on an unsettled and military state of things; we must confess that very high praise is due to those who have so zealously embraced the cause of Doña Maria. From the very commencement of the enterprise—an enterprise matured under all the clouds of adversity and exile, until the cheering moment when they found themselves in the Portuguese capital—the adherents of the Constitutional cause have exhibited a striking example of self-devotion, courage, and fortitude, which ought to throw any partial error into the shade, and encircle their brows with the laurels justly earned. Nor is our praise limited to Don Pedro's followers, Portuguese and foreign, but it extends to Don Miguel's soldiers at Oporto, who, although uniformly repulsed, have shown, even under misfortune, a devoted zeal and courage worthy of a better cause. Nothing can be said of his generals and nobility—their names have now sunk into insignificancy—we hear of nothing now but Bourmont and Larochejaquelin, Clouet and D'Almer, &c. &c.—these are French names; Palmella, Terceira, and Saldanha, are Portuguese ones; those who point to Napier, now a Portuguese subject, with a Portuguese title, ought not to forget Sir John Campbell, who was represented in a similar character by the friends of Don Miguel. We find too, not only a great, but also the most enlightened, portion of the nobility on the side of Doña Maria. In fact, an attentive observer will see that, in the present posture of affairs, Don Pedro's party is really Portuguese and national. The names of the leaders and persons by whom he is surrounded, and the character and respectability of the classes by whom he is supported, justly give him this claim.

But we will not dilate on this subject, nor indeed should we have said thus much, but for the ridiculous clamours constantly ringing in our ears concerning the *nationality*, if we may so express it, of Don Miguel's cause, and the ever-recurring assertions that Don Pedro and his adherents are nothing but a mere band of lawless adventurers and mercenary foreigners.

That the liberal cause will triumph in the end, we have the most sanguine hopes, amounting almost to certainty. But if, contrary to reasonable expectation, it should be lost—England and France will have incurred a heavy responsibility. The enemies of freedom, by adopting the vigorous line of conduct, from which the friends of liberty seem to shrink, will have accomplished their object, and may laugh in derision at those pusillanimous men, who having the game in their own hands, allow it to be lost through mere weakness and imbecility. Bourmont is now fighting for a principle, not for a person. Miguel is the pretext, the real object is despotism—the mask is taken away, subterfuge is at an end, and all illusion is vanished. Should he succeed in his attempt in Portugal, what is to follow can easily be imagined—England and France are aware of all, and no one at this posture of affairs can plead ignorance in extenuation of more criminal folly.

We parted, not as lovers part,
No tear was in thine eye;
No mantling blush was on thy cheek,
Thy bosom breathed no sigh.
Yet was there something in thine air,
That seemed to all unmoved;
Something that told my bursting heart,
Dearest, that I was loved.

For when I took thy gentle hand,
To breathe my last adieu,
Methought within my trembling clasp,
That white hand trembled too.
And when, too, from my faltering tongue,
The parting accents fell,
Thou didst not—dearest, can it be,
Thou could'st not?—say, farewell!

Forgive if I have boldly erred,
If fancy 'twere alone
That stay'd thy voice, and lent thy hand
The tremors of my own.
Forgive, forgive the daring thought,
Forgive the hope, the love,
That bids me seek thee once again,
My bliss or woe to prove.

CHIT CHAT.

New Editor before a table, containing three reams, more or less, of scribbled paper lying about. In every corner of the room letters addressed "To THE EDITOR OF THE METROPOLITAN," *staring him in the face. He turns away his eyes from one side to the other, as if to avoid reading his own title.*

Ed. Wheugh! it's no use—I must face them. Stanley was never more bored with the slave question; and when Secretary of Ireland, his correspondence was not more voluminous. One would think that there was nobody else in the world to write letters and send communications to, but to me. At the time that M—— laid his mantle so kindly upon my shoulders, I thought he was doing me the greatest honour and kindness; and I was so grateful, I thought I could not be more so. Now I find the difference; grateful as I was then, my gratitude would be immeasurably greater, if he would only strip it off again, and leave me "the post of honour in a private station."

Enter Volage and Punever.

Vol. You are crusty, Mr. Editor. We expected you all smiles.

Ed. And with reason; behold those awful pyramids of papers, and then tell me if I have no cause for horror and alarm.

Vol. But, surely, you don't read all that is sent to you?

Ed. Read—God help me! I must, and that too when I would fain be writing. I would much rather be promulgating my own nonsense, than deciphering that of other people's; however, let the world look to it. Yet am I a very slave, and one of the literary world—a world, by-the-bye, the worst of the hitherto discovered hemispheres.

Vol. Bless the man! who persecutes you?

Ed. There's a question! why, every one. I am a target to receive all the shots of discontent, spite, envy, ill-humour, ignorance, or *ennui*. Every one thinks me fair game: first, I am the victim of my contributors; then of the gentlemen of the press; the first are full of astonishment and disgust at my injustice in not inserting their papers—the second feel surprised and indignant that I should display no better judgment in the selection of contributions. Really, contributors and writers for the press are most difficult beings to deal with, and to please. And then the authors! Oh!—

Doctor. What do they complain of?

Ed. Why, Doctor, what ails you to-day? You seem in admirable humour to ask silly questions. What do authors complain of? Why, of my excessive atrocity in not praising their works as much as they consider just. As these gentlemen can find the beauties of their compositions better than I can, I wish for the future they would write their own *critiques*—it would save much time, and prevent a vast deal of discontent.

Doctor. Your troubles are exaggerated.

Ed. Indeed! well, then, be yourselves the judges. Pay attention to one or two specimens of the epistolary favours of my contributors.

"Sir;

"I take the liberty of sending you a series of papers on the old English poets of the Elizabethan age, with copious extracts from their works. I have been at immense pains in collecting and preparing this interesting collection; and have spent six hours a day at the British Museum for the space of twelve years for the purpose. Yet, strange to say, such is the ignorance and folly of publishers—I may call it the tyranny—that they

ha ve unanimously declined undertaking the printing of the work, and thi s too, *risum teneatis!* when they are continually insulting the public taste with inundations of trash, under the title of novels and romances, me moirs and travels. I have come, therefore, to the resolution of giving you the preference over the rest of the magazines. By printing three sheets of this interesting matter each month, the whole series, I apprehend, will be completed in the course of three years. With respect to remuneration, I leave this to your sense of justice. It strikes me, without being liable to the imputation of vanity, that the importance of the work, and the time I have spent in preparing it, demand more than ordinary consideration." "THOMAS WATKINS, L.D.D.

"P. S. By the time the whole series is published in the magazine, I shall have completed an equally erudite and interesting dissertation of the prose writers of the same period."

Another P.S. "Don't you think that a couple of papers *exclusively* dedicated to an analysis of *Spencer's Faery Queen* would be available?"

Now, gentlemen, I put it candidly to you, can any man, editor or otherwise, stand the horror of one hundred and eight sheets of the Elizabethan resurrections? to say nothing of the threats contained in the two *Postscripts?*

Doctor. Certainly, the learned Watkins is too *hard* upon you.

Ed. He may be *hard*, but he will find I am not so *soft* as he thinks me! Doctor, I got that from you—for really you are as incorrigible as a young correspondent of the feminine gender, when she once takes to rhyme love and dove, eyes and sighs, gloom and doom, &c. &c. But now listen. *(Reads.)*

"SIR;

"I enclose a poem on the "Beauties of Constancy," which, vanity apart, has elicited the praises of a numerous circle of acquaintances, and more specially of Doctor Blister, the surgeon, who is reckoned a great judge of poetry in our town. The whole poem is at your service—money being no object with me *for the present.* You will merely send me two copies of the Magazine, one for myself, and the other for Doctor Blister. "ROBERT GOTOBED."

What say you to Master Gotobed? Do you know the fellow had the impertinence to send me a most abusive letter, because I declined his offer? But this was no novelty to me, as I am in the habit of receiving half a score of similar favours per month. Contributors think that a *voluntary* article *must* be inserted, and I cannot persuade them that some papers are dearly purchased at *gratis.* The patience of holy Job could not endure what I am doomed to suffer. Now, gentlemen. *(Editor takes up and exhibits several papers.)* "The Spectre Bride," "A Night of Horror," "The Confessions of a Forsaken Maid," &c., these are what are called tales of *interest.* Here are more of the tribe; (founded on fact—a great fib;) then there is a collection of the *curious* papers, such as "Notes from the portfolio of an M. P." —the said M. P., by-the-bye, never having occupied any place in Parliament, except in the gallery. "Some Account of the late Philanthropic William Wilberforce, Esq.," by an intimate friend, who only saw him twice in his life at the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, Freemason's Hall. "Diplomatic Disclosures," by a gentleman in the confidence of a lately deceased minister; these disclosures were made some six years ago, simultaneously, by all the newspapers, morning and evening; and this confidential gentleman, therefore, is rather a day after

the fair with his important communication. Then follow a host of "Uncles Rogers, Cousins Bobs,"—"Aunt Deborah's Spectacles"—"Brother Tom's Nose"—"Jack the Lily"—"Demosthenes," &c. &c., and other *light* papers, as they are called; the light papers, *entre nous*, being the *heaviest* of the whole set. But I say nothing concerning the contributions of gentlemen from Oxford and Cambridge—the learned dissertations on the "Greek Nouns," "Eleusian Mysteries," the "Saxon Derivations," the "Anglo-French idioms," &c. &c. Nor will I trouble you with articles on the Drama, the Factory System, Church Reform, &c. &c. I will merely hint, that I have received no less than ten papers on the National Debt, the writers of which propose severally an infallible plan, not merely to reduce, but actually to extinguish, that tremendous *onus;* and yet, so benevolent are these gentlemen, so perfectly disinterested, that two of them only demand six guineas for their inestimable secret, and the other four carry their magnanimity and patriotism so far, as to offer their valuable remedy for *nothing* but the honour! And then the Poetical—or rather, the Rhyming delinquents! they are the most atrocious of the whole scribbling fraternity. Strange, that in a country like England—a country where there is such a clamour about reform, these enormities should still be suffered with impunity. Strange, that while we have "Societies for the Suppression of Vice," we should have none for the "Suppression of Magazine Poetasters;" that while in every corner of the street we see policemen on the look out for the perpetrators of misdemeanours, yet no one ever heard of an apprehension for the committing of verse, the greatest of all nuisances—the violation of all decencies. But 'tis no use preaching: as long as we have boarding-school misses—young gentlemen from Eton—poor curates—apprentices in love—blue virgins past thirty—bookworms—disappointed swains—and idle persons of all sorts, the evil can have no remedy, and we must leave things as we find them.

Vol. I can now well understand the motive of our former editor's secession. A man who would hunt down a tiger, does not like to take the field against an army of musquitos.

Ed. True; but we have still all the advantage of his assistance. I am no more than the large heavy fly-wheel, clapped in the machinery to regulate its action. In myself nothing, without the aid of the other energies that propel the undertaking. *(Bowing to the company.)*

Enter O'Sullivan.

Captain O'Sullivan, I congratulate you on your return from your yacht expedition! How a man can go to sea for pleasure is to me incomprehensible.

O'S. Well, gentlemen, I see you are in close conclave; what 's it all about? Editor looks very blue!

Vol. He has been giving us a summary account of his troubles and miseries. He says contributors are a most tantalizing, unjust, and impracticable set.

Ed Certainly; although, perhaps, not quite so difficult to please as *some* gentlemen of the press—some impartial critics—who, the better not to impair and deteriorate the said impartiality, take devilish good care to keep it all on one side. I suppose it is owing to this that a remarkably impartial paper, in noticing all the magazines, omitted to mention "The Metropolitan," no doubt as totally beneath its notice and attention—another paper too did us the honour to abuse every paper individually and collectively; but then, as a set off, he praised through thick and thin, the last "New Monthly;" this certainly consoled us. I believe there is a remuneration offered for such services.

Vol. Besides, we have other sources of comfort. We humbly think that

our endeavours to please, and our unflinching perseverance, are not altogether unacceptable to the reading public. Certainly we cannot afford to squander great sums in puffing, and we exercise no sort of influence, direct or indirect, over a portion of the press, as some of our monthly brethren; but what of that?—"things must find their level," it is a homely proverb, but a true and a consolatory one.

Doctor. By-the-bye, I perceive that "The Times" has extracted the whole of "Jacob Faithful" of last month—a proof, I apprehend, that the editor does not think so slightly of the Metropolitan, as some other *most potent, grave, and reverend seignors.*

Ed. I was agreeably surprised, and am of course duly grateful for the favour. Moreover, the "Examiner," and other papers of established reputation, appear to approve our labours; and I observe, too, the small weekly publications extracting copiously from the magazine; these, I imagine, are good symptoms.

O'S. Talking of the impartiality of some gentlemen of the press, I'll give you a few examples. One exclaims against continuations in the "Metropolitan," alleging that continuations are objectionable, and yet in the same paper we find *continuations* extolled to the skies in "Blackwood's Magazine." Most sapient critic—what are "Tom Cringle's Log," "The Subaltern," "The Diary of a Physician," &c. &c. which you have praised to the echo, justly it is true, but *continuations?* Nay, some of the best papers which have appeared, not only in Blackwood but in Fraser's, are continuations, yet the fastidious critics above-mentioned never thought of finding fault.

Doctor. One of the most assiduous clamours is a want of variety.

Ed. Well, I grant that there is certainly little variety in the "Metropolitan," which contains seventeen original articles, on all subjects—politics—prose and poetry—serious and humorous papers—sketches of the most various descriptions of social life—sea life—Spanish, American, &c.—the drama—anecdotes—scraps on the passing topics, &c.—then a long series of reviews of all the publications in the least deserving notice—historical summaries—chronicles of events—literary and scientific intelligence—reports of commerce, agriculture, bankrupts, &c. In fact, we should like any one to point out a new subject;—yet there is no variety!

O'S. Don't you think it a great comfort, when an editor, strong in the shield of former fame, can afford to take a *nap* occasionally?

Ed. I wish that time were arrived for myself.

O'S. O! you indolent, somniferous, droning, drowsy grumbler; just in harness, and wish your traces off already.

Ed. I tell you what, Captain, it is rather more pleasant, I apprehend, to be making war against grouse, partridges, &c. than to be in hot engagement with writers and correspondents. You take aim and bring down a bird: you shoot, but I get shot—you send your small shot into a covey, and I am peppered with contributions. I am a target, though certainly their missiles seldom come up to the *mark.*

O'S. But, Mr. Editor, don't you think it would be advisable to praise ourselves a little? M——t was too modest.

Ed. Why, really, it would be no more than every body else does, except our enemies, and they abuse us, which I consider to be a sort of *half* praise.

O'S. But I mean quiet, delicate praise.

Ed. No, no—if we are to throw off the mask—for modesty after all is nothing but a mask——

O'S. A mask, is it? then it's the only mask I ever wish to see cover up a pretty face.

Doctor. Modesty is rather a *mantle,* for it makes people *blush.*

O'S. I'm sure you ought, at such a vile pun.

Ed. I was saying, that if we are to praise ourselves, I agree with Fraser, let us do so boldly and broadly. One half the world judge of you by the opinion you show of yourself, for they have no opinion of their own.

O'S. By the powers, let's see what we can boldly say.

Ed. Say—why, that the "Metropolitan" is all the vogue, every thing in London is Metropolitan in consequence. Have we not Metropolitan Bread Companies, Metropolitan Beer Breweries, Metropolitan Marts, Metropolitan Depôts, all borrowing their name from the "Metropolitan?" Have not parliament called the new boroughs about us the "Metropolitan Boroughs," after us. In short, why is London called the *Metropolis*, but because the "Metropolitan" is printed within its boundaries?

O'S. Bravo! bravo! Fraser beaten hollow.

Ed. I wish we may beat him equally in writers. His are confoundedly smart.

Ed. Who can give me some account of the theatrical world—that rambling, running, skipping, dancing gentleman, the Don, is now the Lord knows where, and unfortunately we have no other green-room lounger amongst us.

Doctor. I'll supply his place, and will tell you all about the drama. The march of theatres progresses fearfully—Old Drury and Covent Garden open on alternate nights in October; what the scheme is I don't exactly know, but I believe the grand opera of "Gustave," is the absorbing novelty at present. Our friend Beazley, the dramatic architect, is also busily employed in building an opera. Poole is very close and silent, a sure sign that he *actually* is in the pains of parturition—a happy delivery! Poole *can*, and we trust *will*, give us something good. I think "Gustave" is under the care of Planche. The Olympic will commence its entertainments with an agreeable *Dance*. The Adelphi, with a serious *Ball;* the pastime is to be called *The Spectre Bat!* there's a title with a vengeance. We shall soon hear of the *Amorous Hippopotamus*, and the *Phantom Rat*, the *Cow'd Bull*, &c. &c.

Ed. But what is Bunn about?

Doctor. You'll know when the theatre opens. I've given you a hint, *verbum sat.* A new tragedian King is promised; great things are exexpected from the *debutant.* Of course this is always the case; any commencement of a season is big with a Kemble, a Kean, a Siddons, &c.; but unfortunately, after the pains of labour, your Hamlets, and Richards, and Lady Macbeths, very modestly take the parts of Rozencrantz, and Catesby, and the like.

Ed. I tell you what, you introduce too much of your professional jargon, in talking of theatrical matters. But come, is it true that new theatres are going to open?

Doctor. Mr. J. Russell opens the Strand nut-shell, with the intention of converting it into a temple of Momus; he announces that nothing but laughter and fun shall be the order of the day at his theatre.

Ed. The order of the *night* you mean, Doctor. Well, let him keep his promise, for we love a laugh dearly, and that is the reason we always go to see such pieces as "Jonathan Bradford," "Othello," "Red Cross Knights," "Macbeth," "the Generous Assassin," "Richard the Third," and other humorous performances; they say, too, that Miss E. Paton possesses an excellent singing *name.* She wants to sing to the sonorous tune of twenty pounds a week—a modest request certainly, for a mere *debutante.* The Bank of England will, in a short time, be unable to compete with the *notes* of these musical prodigies.

O'S. Really Bunn ought to be on his guard the moment he perceives a *she*-singer a mile off.

Doctor. Yes; and I apprehend that the managers ought to grow, I

don't say *wise* by experience, for that is nearly an impossibility to managers, but they ought at least to grow a little more on the *qui vive*. The Inverarities and the Sheriffs, who came out to rival Pasta, and then good-naturedly, and gradually, placed themselves, cheek-by-jowl by Signora Castelli, ought to afford a lesson.

O'S. By-the-bye, I hear that a company of English actors are about to visit the Continent; they ought certainly to bring back part of the enormous sums which foreign performers of all countries and denominations have taken away from England.

Ed. Gentlemen, will you excuse me? I have just received an important letter that will demand all my attention: *au revoir*. [*Exeunt.*

WHAT IS DOING IN PARIS?

September, 1833.

A QUESTION, indeed, that all Paris only can duly answer; and, of all cities, Paris seems to care the least what is done in its precincts. Its society takes you as it finds you; it neither inquires how you live, nor where you live. There is a sort of general *insouciance*, a freedom from the trammels of ceremony, (perhaps too much so since the revolution,) and a determination to make the most of present enjoyment, leaving the future in a great measure to take care of itself.

Some of the *élite* of the St. James's Street Clubs have lately appeared: by the way, a new *Cercle*, after the plan of the United Service Club in London, is about to be started here, under the sanction of the Minister of the Interior; it is to be called the Cosmospolite, and, of course, is for all nations. In all probability the chief part of the managing committee will be English—the *locale* will be in the Rue Rivoli, and the authorised number is two thousand. The annual subscription will only be one hundred francs; they propose enlivening the male congregation by having balls every fortnight, the members being responsible for their personal introductions.

The elevation of the statue of Napoleon on the "Colonne of the Place Vendôme," was a great feature in the three days' fête, and a well-judged political sop thrown into the pan. Neither he, nor his, can do harm, and recollections of military glory are eminently grateful to a Frenchman.

Abounding as Paris has always been in amusements, accessible at a cheap rate, a fresh one has been devised this summer, and has taken exceedingly. Musard, whose name is familiar to all quadrille dancers, has, with some of his *confrères*, got up a concert in the open air in the Champs Elysées, every evening from seven till ten o'clock, on the easy terms of twenty sous for each gentleman, which gives him the liberty of introducing a lady, so that in fact the admission is only ten sous a-head. The *enceint* is enclosed by a pallisade, and protected, as every French entertainment is, by the municipal guard. The orchestra is very strong, and the music well selected, so that probably two or three thousand persons have been present during the fine evenings.

It appears the Chateau of Versailles has at length drawn the attention of the government, and, if sanctioned by the Chambers as regards expense, it will, in a great measure, become a "Musée de Tableaux Nationaux." The portraits of the naval and military heroes of France are to be arranged in one gallery, and a series of battles, ancient and modern, where the arms of France have triumphed, will ornament other suites of rooms.

A great fault in taste is about to be perpetrated in placing the obelisk from Thebes, (arrived at Cherbourg on board the Luxor,) in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, in lieu of the Place de l'Hotel des Invalides.

Models are now standing in each of the two situations, having been placed there previous to the July fêtes, I presume in order to decide on the most eligible spot; and I cannot help thinking, that far the least so has been fixed on. Supposing the wooden models nearly correct, as to size and shape, it is evident that what now stands in the Place de la Concorde, when seen from the Boulevard de la Madeleine, cuts the façade of the Chamber of Deputies in a manner disagreeable to the eye; and that the beautiful front of the Madeleine, when finished, will in like manner suffer when looked at in crossing the Pont Louis XV. from the Chamber of Deputies. The height of the obelisk is apparently above sixty feet; and neither the distance of these buildings from each other, nor their individual height, is sufficient to prevent a disproportionate effect to the eye being produced by so towering an erection rising between them. It also intercepts the direct view from the Tuileries to the Arc de l'Etoile, though less objectionably, owing to the distance. None of this is the case on the Esplanade of the Invalides; no building is interfered with, or brought into competition, but the Hotel itself, the superb dome of which is too lofty to be hurt by the comparison. The powers that be have, however, willed it in the Place de la Concorde; and it is expected to be brought up the Seine in the course of next month.

What can one say is doing in politics in Paris? it depends wholly on the society you frequent, and all are equally positive. In the hotels of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, nothing but a re-action is allowed as possible, and the same with all those on this side of the Seine, who had any pickings in the good old times that succeeded the restoration. Whether 1834 or 1835 is to place Henry V. on the throne of his ancestors is not quite fixed, but beyond that it cannot go. Justice, however, must be done to the Carlists or Henriquinquists; they are gentlemanlike in their opposition to the order of things; education has not been lost upon them, and there is a respectability in their errors, similar to that which distinguished the attachment of the legitimists to the race of Stuart.

"L'arbitraire du Pouvoir," is one of their outcries never ceasing, at the same time they were shouting at the erection of the statue of Napoleon, who never suffered an opinion in contradiction to his own. "L'arbitraire," indeed! When the Carlist Journals never speak of "Le Roi," but always "Louis Philippe," when the "National" and "Tribune," hardly pass a day without saying, France is unfitted for a king, and can never be great or happy but as a republic. Ridicule is a great weapon of opposition with a French journalist, and is employed a score of times for once that honest reason comes into the field—personality is inevitable—the supposed resemblance of the king's head to the shape of a pear; the tall slight make of the Duke of Orleans, and the fair, boyish appearance of the Duke of Nemours, are constant themes of attack; and, spite of French gallantry, the queen, and Madame Adelaide, (the king's sister,) come in for their full share. The Charivari, morning print, produces a fresh caricature every day, levelled against the royal family, or some of the authorities. Any prosecution of these would be useless; indeed, it is nearly so, as regards any libellous political writing, no matter how undisguised. The juries will hardly ever convict, and impunity gives courage. One trial which took place, might, as regards the verdict, have passed in Ireland. The author and publisher of the "Cloitre de St. Mary," as villainous a republican production as ever soiled the press, and unfortunately very ably written, were tried for an intention to bring the government into contempt, and cause its overthrow; the copies remaining of the book were all seized and in court. What do you think the jury decided? That the book was in every respect guilty of all that was laid to its charge, that all the copies should be destroyed, but that the writer and publisher were not guilty!

A GLANCE AT SICILY.

THERE is an island in the Mediterranean which, until the last few years, had rarely been visited in the course of foreign travel; but where the tourist, who is not deterred in his examination of an almost uncivilized district, will find ample recompense for the toils or privations he may encounter. To the antiquarian, it presents architectural remains of its Grecian colonists as interesting as, and more desirable than even the monuments of imperial Rome; to the naturalist it offers unnumbered instances of the convulsions that have agitated our globe; and the admirer of nature, in her loveliest moods, will here enjoy in perfection the charms of the "sweet south," as he marks the exuberance of the soil, the cloudless splendor of the heavens, and the lustre of the sparkling waters. This land is Sicily.

Syracuse! Agrigentum! words that fall upon the ear fraught with vivid recollections of our youthful studies, when we turned the page of history that recorded the deeds of martial glory, and told of days of rejoicing when the world's great masters in civilization revelled in the pride of power, giving to vanquished nations examples of that intellectual superiority by which dominion had been achieved; and again, presenting the reverse of all that is ennobling in our nature, when servile effeminacy had usurped the place of those virtues that alone can exalt a nation.

In our wanderings over these scenes of fallen greatness, we no longer, it is true, observe traces of that spirit that breathed forth in the inspired writings of the bards of other days, exciting the mind to lofty enthusiasm, and warming the hero's breast with the thrilling glow of patriotism. That spirit is crushed under the baneful influence of despotic power, and obscured by the gloom of an intolerant and fanatic superstition; but the sweet face of nature is yet unchanged, the sun shines as brightly upon this degenerate race as in the days when temples and pillared porticos raised into the air their marble columns, and altars smoked, and incense wafted on high a perfumed fragrance to the idol worshippers; the mountains still lift their purple summits, and are decked with the same luxuriance, as when the first pastoral poet sang the praises of his beloved country, and festive crowds from every nation under heaven bore witness to the fascinations of the happy Trinacria!

Syracuse is perhaps superior in interest to any of the Sicilian cities, abounding, as it does, in scenes of history's undying records. It is sweet to stand upon the broad seats of the ancient theatre, and to look down upon the rich landscape where formerly arose the splendid districts Neapolis, Tycho, and Acradina. Few remains of this magnificence are now visible, except the Latomiæ, that recall the cruelties of the tyrant Dionysius, and the theatres where, in the days of the city's prosperity, the Grecian drama had auditors most capable of appreciating its beauties. These monuments, delved in the solid rock, have defied alike the ravages of a conquering host, and the sub-

duing hand of Time. Beyond this expanse of verdure, where the fig, the olive, and the vine cluster in unrivalled luxuriance, is seen glittering in the sunshine the once-famed island of Ortygia—the modern Syracuse, replacing by its long lines of fortifications the sacred edifices of Minerva and Apollo, and Arethusa's fountain that still gushes with a full and rapid current to the neighbouring bay. More to the right, the clear Anapus springing from Cyane, winds around an eminence where two solitary columns mark the site of the fane of the Olympic Jove, and the course over which the anxious charioteer strained every nerve of his foaming steeds to reach the goal where awaited him the smiles of the fair, and the immortality of the poet's lays.

But there is, perhaps, no district in Sicily where sublime grandeur of situation so appropriately accompanies the majestic remains of ancient architecture as in the neighbourhood of Agrigentum, in the Val di Mazzara. Few traces of modern civilization mark the approach to this once-flourishing capital, and the tourist has to pursue a winding and narrow track across the plain over which the steeds of the victor of Olympia paced in triumphant procession, followed by crowds of applauding citizens. But on turning the abrupt angle of a rock, and pausing on the brink of a ravine where the Agragas rushes in a rocky channel, a scene of magnificence presents itself that I have rarely beheld equalled. The entire country appears to have been racked by nature's most terrible convulsions, torn into fearful rents and chasms by the earthquake's throes, and devastated by the volcano's overwhelming agency. Fragments of rock, in masses requiring a force for their impulsion above human conception, lie scattered in such shapeless masses as scarcely to admit of tracing the circuit of the ancient walls; and on a precipice above this desolation, the temples raise their pillared grandeur—not grey and ivy-crowned as ruins in our northern climate—but stained with gorgeous hues of orange and purple by the sun of these regions—that magician who gilds all he touches with a warm radiance. His flood of dazzling splendour did not, however, on the day of my first visit to the temples, light up their fair proportions. The heavens were thickly overcast, and thunder came mingled with the fitful gusts of the storm, which swept fiercely from the African shore over the neighbouring sea, causing its billows to rush upon the rocky headlands, and burst in sheets of foam. From the Temple of Concord, still wonderfully perfect, and which recalls that of Neptune at Pœstum, but far exceeds it in beauty of situation, the shattered columns of Juno's sanctuary are seen relieved against the leafy hills; and towards the sea the prostrate ruins of the temples of Jupiter Olympus and of Hercules—one solitary fluted shaft alone remaining above massy piles, the difficulty of whose erection has often been the theme of antiquarian lore.

The modern Girgenti, where the extremes of opulence and misery present themselves at every step through its narrow and irregular streets, is built on the summit and sides of a hill, one thousand feet above the sea. I stood upon the "loggia," or balcony of the inn, in the principal square, and gazed upon the busy crowds collected below, after the festival of the patron saint. The dresses of the

peasantry presented combinations of form and colour truly picturesque. The female costume, although by no means calculated to display to advantage the symmetry of the wearer's form, was all glittering with gold and silver ornaments. The hardy mountaineer from Alcamo, and the district of the ancient Enna, was there, and mariners from Mount Eryx, Trapani, and Licata, with the scarlet cap and the brown or purple dress of their calling slung carelessly over their swarthy and muscular limbs. The busy clamour of the crowd, vociferating in their native dialect, and accompanying each sentence with that energetic action common to the Neapolitan and Sicilian peasant, had risen to its height; when suddenly, from a church in the angle of the square, a long line of friars was seen advancing, and the tinkling of a bell intimated the passage of the host under a waving canopy of crimson velvet. The effect was instantaneous; every knee was bent, and every forehead bared in adoration, and no sound arose from the awed multitude, but the low murmur of prayer, muttered in an unknown tongue. The storm also was hushed, for the fierce conflict of the elements had ceased, and dark volumes of clouds were rolling away to the westward, where the sun was rapidly sinking to the horizon, bathing the whole plain in a flood of light; and far below, between the openings of the town, the temples were descried reposing in the splendour of the departing luminary, and the sea still heaving in a vast unbroken swell.

But the procession had passed away—the kneeling votaries had risen—the convent bells peeled forth the Ave Maria—bursts of rude merriment succeeded to the short-lived silence that had reigned, and the festivities were prolonged into the darkness which almost instantaneously succeeds to sunset in these latitudes, no trace remaining of that reverential awe that had for a moment so powerfully influenced the multitude. To the mind upon which education has shed its blessed light in a happier land, such scenes as these must ever offer themselves with painful emotions; but while we lament the degradation that envelopes with its deadening grasp energies capable of the noblest efforts, we must acknowledge the power of a worship that appeals so forcibly to the imagination of beings of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, and we will in after years recall with feelings of pleasure, incidents that associations of time and place have combined to stamp so indelibly on the bright page of memory.

G. F. H.

JACOB FAITHFUL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

It was broad daylight when I awoke from my state of bodily and mental imbecility. For some time I could not recall to my mind all that had happened: the weight which pressed upon my feelings told me that it was something dreadful. At length, the cabin hatch still open, caught my eye; I recalled all the horrors of the preceding evening, and recollected that I was left alone in the lighter. I got up and stood upon my feet in mute despair. I looked around me—the mist of the morning was hanging over the river, and the objects on shore were with difficulty to be distinguished. I was chilled from lying all night in the heavy dew, and perhaps still more from previous and extraordinary excitement. Venture to go down into the cabin I dare not. I had an indescribable awe, a degree of horror at what I had seen, that made it impossible; still I was unsatisfied, and would have given worlds, if I had had them, to explain the mystery. I turned my eyes from the cabin hatch to the water, thought of my father, and then for more than half an hour watched the tide as it ran up, my mind in a state of vacancy. As the sun rose, the mist gradually cleared away; trees, houses, and green fields, other barges coming up with the tide, boats passing and repassing, the barking of dogs, the smoke issuing from the various chimnies, all broke upon me by degrees; and I was recalled to the sense that I was in a busy world, and had my own task to perform. The last words of my father—and his injunctions had ever been a law to me—were, "Mind, Jacob, we must be up at the wharf early to-morrow morning." I prepared to obey him. Purchase the anchor I could not; I therefore slipped the cable, lashing a broken sweep to the end of it, as a buoy rope, and once more the lighter was at the mercy of the stream, guided by a boy of eleven years old. In about two hours I was within a hundred yards of the wharf, and well in-shore. I hailed for assistance, and two men who were on board of the lighters moored at the wharf, pushed off in a skiff to know what it was that I wanted. I told them that I was alone in the lighter, without anchor or a cable, and requested them to secure her. They came on board, and in a few minutes the lighter was secured alongside of the others. As soon as the lashings were passed, they interrogated me as to what had happened, but although the fulfilling of my father's last injunctions had borne up my spirits, now that they were obeyed, a re-action took place. I could not answer them; I threw myself down on the deck in a paroxysm of grief, and cried as if my heart would break.

The men, who were astonished not only at my conduct, but at finding me alone in the lighter, went on shore to the clerk, and stated

[1] Continued from p. 76.

the circumstances. He returned with them, and would have interrogated me, but my paroxysm was not yet over, and my replies, broken by my sobs, were unintelligible. The clerk and the two men went down into the cabin, returned hastily, and quitted the lighter. In about a quarter of an hour I was sent for, and conducted to the house of the proprietor—the first time in my life that I had ever put my foot on *terra firma*. I was led into the parlour, where I found the proprietor at breakfast with his wife and his daughter, a little girl nine years old. By this time I had recovered myself, and on being interrogated, told my story clearly and succinctly, while the big tears coursed each other down my dirty face.

"How strange and how horrible!" said the lady to her husband, "I cannot understand it even now."

"Nor can I; but still it is true, from what Johnson the clerk has witnessed."

In the mean time my eyes were directed to every part of the room, which appeared to my ignorance as a golconda of wealth and luxury. There were few things which I had seen before, but I had an innate idea that they were of value. The silver tea-pot, the hissing urn, the spoons, the pictures in their frames, every article of furniture, caught my wondering eye, and for a short time I had forgotten my father and my mother; but I was recalled from my musing speculations by the proprietor inquiring how far I had brought the lighter without assistance.

"Have you any friends, my poor boy?" inquired the lady.

"No."

"What! no relations on shore?"

"I never was on shore before in my life."

"Do you know that you are a destitute orphan?"

"What's that?"

"That you have no father or mother," said the little girl.

"Well," replied I, in my father's words, having no answer more appropriate, "it's no use crying; what's done can't be helped."

"But what do you intend to do now?" inquired the proprietor, looking hard at me after my previous answer.

"Don't know, I'm sure. Take it coolly," replied I, whimpering.

"What a very odd child," observed the lady. "Is he aware of the extent of his misfortune?"

"Better luck next time, missus," replied I, wiping my eyes with the back of my hand.

"What strange answers from a child who has shown so much feeling," observed the proprietor to his wife. "What is your name?"

"Jacob Faithful."

"Can you write or read?"

"No," replied I, again using my father's words. "No, I can't, I wish I could."

"Very well, my poor boy, we'll see what's to be done," said the proprietor.

"I know what's to be done," rejoined I, "you must send a couple of hands to get the anchor and cable afore they cut the buoy adrift."

"You are right, my lad, that must be done immediately," said the

proprietor; "but now you had better go down with Sarah into the kitchen, cook will take care of you. Sarah, my love, take him down to cook."

The little girl beckoned me to follow her. I was astonished at the length and variety of the *companion ladders*, for such I considered the stairs, and was at last landed below, when little Sarah, giving cook the injunction to take care of me, again tripped lightly up to her mother.

I found the signification of "take care of any one," very different on shore from what it was on the river, where taking care of you means getting out of your way, and giving you a wide berth, and I found the shore-reading much more agreeable. Cook did take care of me; she was a kind-hearted, fat woman, who melted at a tale of woe, although the fire made no impression on her. I not only beheld, but I devoured such things as never before entered into my mouth or my imagination. Grief had not taken away my appetite. I stopped occasionally to cry a little, wiped my eyes, and sat down again. It was more than two hours before I laid down my knife, and not until strong symptoms of suffocation played round the regions of my trachea, did I cry out, "hold, enough." Somebody has made an epigram about the vast ideas which a miser's horse must have had of corn. I doubt, if such ideas were existent, whether they were at all equal to my astonishment at a leg of mutton. I had never seen such a piece of meat before, and wondered if it were fresh or otherwise. After such reflections I naturally felt inclined to sleep; in a few minutes I was snoring upon two chairs, cook having covered me up with her apron to keep away the flies. Thus was I fairly embarked upon an element new to me, my mother earth; and it may be just as well to examine now into the capital I possessed for my novel enterprise. In person I was well looking, I was well made, strong, and active. Of my habiliments the less said the better; I had a pair of trowsers with no seat to them, but this defect when I stood up was hid by my jacket, composed of an old waistcoat of my father's, which reached down as low as the morning frocks worn in those days. A shirt of coarse duck, and a fur cap, which was as rough and ragged as if it had been the hide of a cat pulled to pieces by dogs, completed my attire. Shoes and stockings I had none; these supernumerary appendages had never confined the action of my feet. My mental acquisitions were not much more valuable—they consisted of a tolerable knowledge of the depth of water, names of points and reaches, in the River Thames, all of which was not very available on dry land, of a few hieroglyphics of my father's, which, as the crier says, sometimes winding up his oration, were of "no use to nobody but the owner." Add to the above, the three favourite maxims of my taciturn father, which were indelibly imprinted upon my memory, and you have the whole inventory of my stock in trade. These three maxims were, I may say, incorporated into my very system, so continually had they been quoted to me during my life; and before I went to sleep that night, they were again conned over. "What's done, can't be helped," consoled me for the mishaps of my life; "Better luck next time," made me look forward with hope; and, "Take it coolly," was a subject of

deep reflection, until I fell into a deep sleep, for I had sufficient penetration to observe, that my father had lost his life by not adhering to his own principles; and this perception only rendered my belief in the infallibility of these maxims to be even more stedfast. How they acted upon my future life, will eventually be shown to the reader.

I have stated what was my father's legacy, and the reader will suppose that from the maternal side, the acquisition was *nil.* Directly such was the case, but indirectly she proved a very good mother to me, and that was by the very extraordinary way in which she had quitted the world. Had she met with a common death, she would have been worth nothing. Burke himself would not have been able to dispose of her, but dying as she did, her ashes were the source of wealth. The bed, with her remains lying in the centre, even the curtains of the bed, were all brought on shore, and locked up in an outhouse. The coroner came down in a postchaise and four, charged to the county; the jury was empanelled, my evidence was taken, surgeons and apothecaries attended from far and near to give their opinions, and after much examination, much arguing, and much disagreement, the verdict was brought in that she died by the "Visitation of God." As this, in other phraseology, implies, that "God only knows how she died," it was agreed to *nem. con.*, and gave universal satisfaction. But the extraordinary circumstance was spread every where, with all due amplifications, and thousands flocked to the wharfinger's yard to witness the effects of spontaneous combustion. The proprietor immediately perceived that he could avail himself of the public curiosity to my advantage. A plate, with some silver and gold, was placed at the foot of my poor mother's flock mattrass, with, "For the benefit of the orphan," in capital text, placarded above it; and many were the shillings, half-crowns, and even larger sums which were dropped into it by the spectators, who shuddered as they turned away from this awful specimen of the effects of habitual intoxication. For many days did the exhibition continue, during which time I was domiciliated with cook, who employed me in scouring her saucepans, and any other employment in which my slender services might be useful, little thinking at the time that my poor mother was holding her levee for my advantage. On the eleventh day the exhibition was closed, and I was summoned up stairs by the proprietor, whom I found in company with a little gentleman in black. This was a surgeon, who had offered a sum of money for my mother's remains, bed and curtains, in a lot. The proprietor was willing to get rid of them in so advantageous a manner, but did not conceive that he was justified in taking this step, although for my benefit, without first consulting me, as heir-at-law.

"Jacob," said he, "this gentleman offers 20*l.*, which is a great deal of money, for the ashes of your poor mother. Have you any objection to let him have them?"

"What do you want 'em for?" inquired I.

"I wish to keep them, and take great care of them," answered he.

"Well," replied I, after a little consideration, "if you'll take care of the old woman, you may have her"—and the bargain was concluded. Singular that the first bargain ever made in my life should

be that of selling my own mother. The proceeds of the exhibition and sale amounted to 47*l.* odd, which the worthy proprietor of the lighter, after deducting for a suit of clothes, laid up for my use. Thus ends the history of my mother's remains, which proved more valuable to me than ever she did when living. In her career she somewhat reversed the case of Semele, who was first visited in a shower of gold, and eventually perished in the fiery embraces of the god; whereas my poor mother perished first by the same element, and the shower of gold descended to her only son. But this is easily explained. Semele was very lovely and did not drink gin—my mother was her complete antithesis.

When I was summoned to my master's presence to arrange the contract with the surgeon, I had taken off the waistcoat which I wore as a garment over all, that I might be more at my ease in chopping some wood for the cook, and the servant led me up at once, without giving me time to put it on. After I had given my consent, I turned away to go down stairs again, when having, as I before observed, no seat to my trowsers, the solution of continuity was observed by a little spaniel, who jumped from the sofa, and arriving at a certain distance, stood at bay, and barked most furiously at the exposure. He had been bred up among respectable people, and had never seen such an exposé. Mr. Drummond, the proprietor, observed the defect pointed out by the dog, and forthwith I was ordered to be suited with a new suit, certainly not before they were required. In twenty-four hours I was thrust into a new garment, by a bandy-legged tailor, assisted by my friend the cook, and turn or twist whichever way I pleased, decency was never violated. A new suit of clothes is generally an object of ambition, and flatters the vanity of young and old; but with me it was far otherwise. Encumbered with my novel apparel, I experienced at once feelings of restraint and sorrow. My shoes hurt me, my worsted stockings irritated the skin, and as I had been accustomed to hereditarily succeed to my father's cast off skins, which were a world too wide for my shanks, having but few ideas, it appeared to me as if I had swelled out to the size of the clothes which I had been accustomed to wear, not that they had been reduced to my dimensions. I fancied myself a man, but was very much embarrassed with my manhood. Every step that I took I felt as if I was checked back by strings. I could not swing my arms as I was wont to do, and tottered in my shoes like a ricketty child. My old apparel had been consigned to the dust-hole by cook, and often during the day would I pass, casting a longing eye at it, wishing that I dare recover it, and exchange it for that which I wore. I knew the value of it, and like the magician in Aladdin's tale, would have offered new lamps for old ones, cheerfully submitting to ridicule, that I might have repossessed my treasure.

With the kitchen and its apparatus I was now quite at home; but at every other part of the house and furniture I was completely puzzled. Every thing appeared to me foreign, strange, and unnatural, and Prince Le Boo or any other savage, never stared or wondered more than I did. Of most things I knew not the use, of many not even the names. I was literally a savage, but still a kind and docile

one. The day after my new clothes had been put on, I was summoned into the parlour. Mr. Drummond and his wife surveyed me in my altered habiliments, and amused themselves at my awkwardness, at the same time that they admired my well knit, compact, and straight figure, set off by a fit in my opinion much too straight. Their little daughter, Sarah, who often spoke to me, went up and whispered to her mother. "You must ask papa," was the reply. Another whisper, and a kiss, and Mr. Drummond told me that I should dine with them. In a few minutes I followed them into the dining-room, and for the first time I was seated to a repast which could boast of some of the supernumerary comforts of civilized life. There I sat, perched on a chair, with my feet swinging close to the carpet, glowing with heat from the compression of my clothes, and the novelty of my situation, and all that was around me. Mr. Drummond helped me to some scalding soup, a silver spoon was put into my hand, which I twisted round and round, looking at my face reflected in miniature on its polish.

"Now, Jacob, you must eat the soup with the spoon," said little Sarah, laughing; "we shall all be done. Be quick."

"Take it coolly," replied I, digging my spoon into the burning preparation, and tossing it into my mouth. It burst forth from my tortured throat in a diverging shower, accompanied with a howl of pain.

"The poor boy has scalded his mouth," cried the lady, pouring out a tumbler of water.

"It's no use crying," replied I, blubbering with all my might, "what's done can't be helped."

"Better that you had not been helped," observed Mr. Drummond, wiping off his share of my liberal spargefication from his coat and waistcoat.

"The poor boy has been shamefully neglected," observed the good-natured Mrs. Drummond. "Come Jacob, sit down and try it again; it will not burn you now."

"Better luck next time," said I, shoving in a portion of it, with a great deal of tremulous hesitation, and spilling one half of it in its transit. It was now cool, but I did not get on very fast; I held my spoon awry, and soiled my clothes.

Mrs. Drummond interfered, and kindly showed me how to proceed; when Mr. Drummond said, "Let the boy eat it after his own fashion, my dear—only be quick, Jacob, for we are waiting."

"Then I see no good losing so much of it, taking it in tale," observed I, "when I can ship it all in bulk in a minute." I laid down my spoon, and stooping my head, applied my mouth to the edge of the plate, and sucked the remainder down my throat without spilling a drop. I looked up for approbation, and was very much astounded to hear Mrs. Drummond quietly observe, "That is not the way to eat soup."

I made so many blunders during the meal, that little Sarah was in a continued roar of laughter; and I felt so miserable, that I heartily wished myself again in my dog-kennel on board of the lighter, gnawing biscuit in all the happiness of content, and dignity of simplicity. For the first time, I felt the pangs of humiliation. Ignorance is not

always debasing. On board of the lighter I was sufficient for myself, my company, and my duties. I felt an elasticity of mind, a respect for myself, and a consciousness of power, as the immense mass was guided through the waters by my single arm. There, without being able to analyze my feelings, I was a spirit guiding a little world; and now at this table, and in company with rational and well-informed beings, I felt humiliated and degraded; my heart was overflowing with shame, and at one unusual loud laugh of the little Sarah, the heaped-up measure of my anguish overflowed, and I burst into a passion of tears. As I laid with my head upon the tablecloth, regardless of those decencies I had so much feared, and awake only to a deep sense of wounded pride, each sob coming from the very core of my heart, I felt a soft breathing warm upon my cheek, that caused me to look up timidly, and I beheld the glowing and beautiful face of little Sarah, her eyes filled with tears, looking so softly and beseechingly at me, that I felt at once I was of some value, and panted to be of more.

"I won't laugh at you any more," said she; "so don't cry, Jacob."

"No more I will," replied I, cheering up. She remained standing by me, and I felt grateful. "The first time I get a piece of wood," whispered I, "I 'll cut you out a barge."

"Oh, papa! Jacob says he 'll cut me out a barge."

"That boy has a heart," said Mr. Drummond to his wife.

"But will it swim, Jacob?" inquired the little girl.

"Yes; and if it 's *lopsided*, call me a lubber."

"What 's lopsided, and what 's a lubber?" replied Sarah.

"Why, don't you know?" cried I; and I felt my confidence return, when I found that in this little instance I knew more than she did.

Before I quitted the room, Sarah and I were in deep converse at the window, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond employed likewise at the table. The result of the conversation between Sarah and me was the intimacy of children; that of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, that the sooner I was disposed of, the more it would be for my own advantage. Having some interest with the governors of a charity school near Brentford, Mr. Drummond lost no time in procuring me admission; and before I had quite spoiled my new clothes, having worn them nearly three weeks, I was suited afresh in a formal attire—a long coat of pepper and salt, yellow leather breeches tied at the knees, a worsted cap with a tuft on the top of it, stockings and shoes to match, and a large pewter plate upon my breast marked with No. 63, which, as I was the last entered boy, indicated the sum total of the school. It was with regret that I left the abode of the Drummonds, who did not think it advisable to wait for the completion of the barge, much to the annoyance of Miss Sarah and myself. I was conducted to the school by Mr. Drummond, and before we arrived met them all out walking. I was put in the ranks, received a little good advice from my worthy patron, who then walked away one way, while we walked another, looking like a regiment of yellow-thighed fieldfares straightened into human perpendiculars. Behold, then, the last scion of the Faithfuls, peppered, salted, and plated, that all the world might know that he was a charity-boy, and that there was charity in this world.

But if heroes, kings, great and grave men, must yield to destiny, lighter-boys cannot be expected to escape; and I was doomed to receive an education, board, lodging, raiment, &c. free, gratis, and for nothing.

Every society has its chief; and I was about to observe that every circle has its centre, which certainly would have been true enough, but the comparison is of no use to me, as our circle had two centres, or, to follow up the first idea, had two chiefs—the chief schoolmaster and the chief domestic—the chief masculine and the chief feminine—the chief with the ferula and the chief with the brimstone and treacle—the master and the matron, each of whom had their appendages—the one in the usher, the other in the assistant housemaid. But of this quartette, the master was not only the most important, but the most worthy of description; and, as he will often appear in the pages of my narrative long after my education was complete, I shall be very particular in my description of Domine Dobiensis, as he delighted to be called, or dreary Dobbs, as his dutiful scholars delighted to call him. As, in our school, it was necessary that we should be instructed in reading, writing, and ciphering, the governors had selected the Domine as the most fitting person that had offered for the employment, because he had, in the first place, written a work that nobody could understand upon the Greek particles; secondly, he had proved himself a great mathematician, having, it was said, squared the circle by algebraical false quantities, but would never show the operation for fear of losing the honour by treachery. He had also discovered as many errors in the demonstrations of Euclid, as ever did Joey Hume in army and navy estimates, and with as much benefit to the country at large. He was a man who breathed certainly in the present age, but the half of his life was spent in *antiquity*, or algebra. Once carried away by a problem or a Greek reminiscence, he passed away, as it were, from his present existence, and every thing was unheeded. His body remained, and breathed on his desk, but his soul was absent. This peculiarity was well-known to the boys, who used to say, "Domine is in his dreams, and talks in his sleep."

Domine Dobiensis left reading and writing to the usher, contrary to the regulations of the school, putting the boys, if possible, into mathematics, Latin, and Greek. The usher was not over competent to teach the two first; the boys not over willing to learn the latter. The master was too clever, the usher too ignorant; hence the scholars profited little. The Domine was grave and irascible, but he possessed a fund of drollery and the kindest heart. His features could not laugh, but his trachea did. The chuckle rose no higher than the rings of the windpipe, and then it was vigorously thrust back again by the impulse of gravity into the region of his heart, and gladdened it with hidden mirth in its dark centre. The Domine loved a pun, whether it was let off in English, Greek, or Latin. The two last were made by nobody but himself, and not being understood, were of course relished by himself alone. But his love of a pun was a serious attachment: he loved it with a solemn affection—with him it was no laughing matter.

In person, Domine Dobiensis was above six feet, all bone and sinews. His face was long, and his features large; but his predominant feature was his nose, which, large as were the others, bore them down into insignificance. It was a prodigy—a ridicule; but he consoled himself—Ovid was called Naso. It was not an acquiline nose, nor was it an acquiline nose reversed. It was not a nose snubbed at the extremity, gross, heavy, or carbuncled, or fluting. In all its magnitude of proportions, it was an intellectual nose. It was thin, horny, transparent, and sonorous. Its snuffle was consequential, and its sneeze oracular. The very sight of it was impressive; its sound, when blown in school-hours, was ominous. But the scholars loved the nose for the warning which it gave: like the rattle of the dreaded snake, which announces its presence, so did the nose indicate to the scholars that they were to be on their guard. The Domine would attend to this world and its duties for an hour or two, and then forget his scholars and his school-room, while he took a journey into the world of Greek or algebra. Then when he marked *x*, *y*, and *z*, in his calculations, the boys knew that he was safe, and their studies were neglected.

Reader, did you ever witness the magic effects of a drum in a small village, when the recruiting party, with many-coloured ribbons, rouse it up with the spirit-stirring tattoo? Matrons leave their domestic cares and run to the cottage door; peeping over their shoulders, the maidens admire and fear. The shuffling clowns raise up their heads gradually, until they stand erect and proud; the slouch in the back is taken out, their heavy walk is changed to a firm, yet elastic tread; every muscle appears more braced, every nerve by degrees new strung; the blood circulates rapidly; pulses quicken, hearts throb, eyes brighten; and, as the martial sound pervades their rustic frames, the Cimons of the plough are converted, as if by magic, into incipient heroes for the field;—and all this is produced by beating the skin of the most gentle, most harmless animal of creation.

Not having at hand the simile synthetical, we have resorted to the antithetical. The blowing of the Domine's nose produced the very contrary effect. It was a signal that he had returned from his intellectual journey, and was once more in his school-room—that the master had finished with his *x*, *y*, *z*, and it was time for the scholars to mind their *p*'s and *q*'s. At this note of warning, like the minute roll among the troops, every one fell into his place; half-munched apples were thrust into the first pocket, pop-guns disappeared, battles were left to be decided elsewhere—books were opened, and eyes directed to them—forms that were fidgetting and twisting in all directions, now took one regimental inclined position over the desks—silence was restored, order resumed her reign, and Mr. Knapps, the usher, who always availed himself of these interregnums, as well as the scholars, by deserting to the matron's room, warned by the well-known sound, hastened to his desk of toil;—such were the astonishing effects of a blow from Domine Dobiensis' sonorous and peace-restoring nose.

STAFFA.

"The arch upreared by Nature's architect,
The architrave some earthquake might erect."
BYRON.

I 've gazed on Nature in the sleeping lake,
The vine-clad hill, the wildly-tangled brake—
I 've heard her whisper in the flutt'ring trees,
Sing in the brook, and murmur in the breeze,
Until her quiet music to my heart
Would peace, and love, and happiness impart;
And every fretful feeling die away,
Like lover's frowns before his loved one's lay.
And then I 've turned on wilder scenes, to brood,
And court thee, Nature, in thy sterner mood.
Helvetia's cliffs—the glacier high and hoar—
The moaning cave—the tumbling cataract's roar—
The cloud-envelop'd mountain's tranquil pride—
The gloomy forest sleeping on its side—
Do not such scenes of loveliness, controul
With majesty—with beauty win the soul?

Nor need the breast which glows at sights like these,
Thirst for the climes beyond our native seas;
For though right proudly Mont Blanc rears his brow,
Bound in a sparkling diadem of snow,
Not Mont Blanc's brow, or Jungfrau piled on high,
Or glacier glittering in the clear blue sky,
Such solemn awe—such pleasing fear impart—
As Staffa's rugged isle, where Nature scoffs at Art!

There, on the bosom of the wildest sea,
That longs to trespass on earth's boundary,
'Neath low'ring skies, amid whose twilight grey,
The joyous sunbeams seem afraid to play—
Serenely calm, in solitary pride,
A glorious pile reposes on the tide.
From Ocean's depths, the giant columns rise,
And lift the self-born structure to the skies.
Firm on its rocky base each pillar stands—
No chisel'd shaft, no work of mortal hands.
Ere man had ceased in savage woods to dwell—
Roots for his food, his drink the crystal well;
Ere yet he knew the joys of social life,
And scarcely sought his fellow but in strife;
Ere cities grew, or Parian marble shone,
Yon columns stood—and stand while they are gone.
Yet many a broken pillar strew'd around,
And many a vista level'd to the ground,

Proclaim that not e'en Nature's works are free,
All-conquering Time, from thy sure mastery!
Much hast thou spared, yet still the eye can trace
A thousand relics of colossal grace;
Which, mouldering in magnificent decay,
Tell of the wonders of a former day—
Of many a lofty palace now no more,
When Staffa stretch'd her arms to Antrim's shore;
And her huge walls could other tenants vaunt
Than the sad wind, or screaming cormorant;
Though now the wild wave washes over all,
And sports the kraken* in the giant's hall! †
Then, mortal, blush to own the selfish grief
Which prompts a murmur if thy days be brief;—
When Nature's brightest glories disappear,
Shall thy mortality demand a tear?

Mark where the portal, yawning o'er the wave,
Reveals to view the beauties of the cave:
Majestic columns raise on either side,
The arched canopy above the tide,
Which mildly glittering with a sparry light
Shines like the spangled firmament of night.
Deep to the island's heart recedes the dome,
Till fade its lengthening vistas in the gloom.
'Tis Nature's palace! scorning to abide
In temples less in reverence reared than pride;
The surges roar more grateful to her ear,
And tempest-hymn than voice of hollow prayer;
She fled, disdainful of a Doric fane,
And built her chapel on th' Atlantic main.

Still, as we gaze, a feeling more intense
Grows with each look and steals on every sense;
The frowning arch above, the sea below,
The time-cemented pillars' serried row.
The sea-mews flitting from their rocky nest,
Like sullen broodings from a gloomy breast—
The ocean wrestling with the pile in vain,
That hurls its breakers back in calm disdain—
Blend in a scene so solemn, yet so fair,
That man seems almost an intruder there!
Each hollow blast, that slowly dies away,
Sounds like some spirit's melancholy lay;
And, as th' harmonious cave sends forth its song,
You scarce would start to see an airy throng
Of mermaids, flitting o'er the unruffled wave,
And breathing low, soft dirges through the cave!
Here, too, 'tis said, when storms convulse the day,
And ruddy lightnings gild the glistening spray,

* The *kraken*, largest of living animals, is a native, or rather is supposed to be a native, of the northern seas.

† It is still the fond belief of many an Antrim peasant, that Staffa was united to the Giant's Causeway by a colonnade of basaltic pillars; and that the immense city was tenanted by a gigantic race, whose wondrous actions are still the theme of many an interesting legend.

Loud o'er the tempest's noisy revelry,
Fingal's pale ghost shrieks out his battle cry!
Or, when the trembling moonbeams meekly fall
In timid reverence on the haunted hall,
Holds sweet communion with each passing cloud,
Perchance some once-loved warrior's sable shroud!*

Let Reason coldly smile; I blame them not
Who with such spirits people such a spot.
There is a stillness—but not of the grave—
A breathless life within that wondrous cave—
A deep contentment—a mute harmony—
A holy presence that we cannot see,
But yet can feel; for Ocean murmurs on
As if in prayer, his deep-toned orison;
And winds without, that rage in lawless din,
Are hushed to music as they enter in!

Oh! let the sceptic on whose doubting eyes
In vain the beauties of creation rise;
Who, while he views the loveliness of earth,
Can yet disown the power that gave it birth.
Here let him gaze, and say 'twas chance alone,
That reared the pile and and nicely carv'd the stone,
That lent each shaft such noble symmetry—
Alas! it mocks his poor philosophy,
Suggests a truth he little dream'd before—
Man was not made to question, but adore!

* It was one of the doctrines of the Runic mythology, that the souls of the brave who had died in battle, wandered among the heavens in light, fleecy clouds, for some time after death.

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

England and the English. By Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

When a writer, however talented, however popular, however excellent in the opinion of his countrymen and of himself, stands forward voluntarily as the respondent for the nation at large, and pleads for all the numerous grades that compose it, guilty or not guilty, to failings, peculiarities, or vices, before the grand tribunal of the universal civilized world, it is incumbent on every one who has at heart the glow of patriotism, the intellect to discern, and the opportunity to express himself, to put either an assent or negative to what has been so unceremoniously advanced for him and for his countrymen. To the remarks of a hurried foreign traveller, who is whirled about London and through the country, whose observations must be limited, and who, when he sees clearly, is permitted only to see the superficies of society, we pay but little attention. He sees society, but is ignorant of its elements. He describes the mirage that astonishes him, but knows nothing of the latent causes that produce it. He is a speculator where he fancies himself an observer; he describes what he sees, and, seeing through a false medium, he describes falsely, and consequently he is read, smiled at, and speedily forgotten. But such is not, ought not, and cannot, be the case with one whose station is not so high as to preclude the sounds of the truths of common life reaching him, nor so low as not to be admitted into the very sanctuaries of the highest—of one whose talents are as varied as they are elevated, who has proved to the literary world that he knows how to write, and to the political that he knows how to speak—of one who is of us, with us, and among us;—of such a man, must we not hope that his words should come forth as reverberations of sounds from our inmost heart? that he, of all men, would be the most competent to bear witness for or against us? and that, by his testimony, we should be all well pleased to stand or fall? How far so much reliance should be placed in him, it shall now be our office to inquire.

In the first place, we, as a nation, are accused of an unsocial pride, irksome to ourselves, and revolting to those with whom we come in contact. The united causes are our spirit of trade, and the long-established influence of a very peculiar form of aristocracy. The accusation is sorrowfully true: of the cause assigned for this proud weakness, the former, we think, will not admit of proof, the latter needs no energy of argument to carry conviction as to its justice. To prove his first causation, Mr. Bulwer tells a story very amusing, but very little to the purpose. For the other side of the question we might tell two, not so amusing certainly—for who can amuse like the author of "Pelham?"—but quite as much to the purpose; and we should be still as far off from touching the merits of the question as he is. The greatest enemy to the austerity of individual pride is civilization,

a continual contact with equals and with superiors, and an impetus that drives a man, however unsocial, into the arena of contentious life, in order that he may himself live. Commerce will do all this more effectually than any other of the various occupations that make men rich, vain, and aristocratic. Men are, in general, not proud to oppress others, but proud in self-defence. A little leaven in the mass will ferment the whole; but we may depend upon it, that neither trade or commerce is that leaven. Mr. Bulwer says—

"The second cause of our unsociability is more latent than the first: so far from springing out of our liberty, it arises from the restraints on it; and is the result not of the haughtiness of a democracy, but the peculiar influences of aristocratic power. This part of my inquiry, which is very important, deserves a chapter to itself."

A chapter! nay, it deserves books, and volumes of books. Whilst this iron incubus of aristocratic selfishness is suffered to press upon the bosom of the community, the nation may attempt to rouse its energies in vain—it may be wise, but it will be still supine—strong, but still prostrate. Abuses must be perpetuated by abuses. "Measures, not men," is a very pretty war-cry; but, after all, men are the antecedents—measures, but inert consequences. Our excellent and graphic author does well to give us a portrait of the man; and viewing that, we may easily surmise what measures he will suggest, advocate, and support.

"Lord Lachrymal (it is classical, and dramatic into the bargain, to speak of the living under feigned names) is a man of plebeian extraction. He has risen through the various grades of the law, and has obtained possession of the highest. No man calls him *parvenu*—he has confounded himself with the *haute noblesse;* if you were to menace the peers' right of voting by proxy, he would burst into tears. 'Good old man,' cry the Lords, 'how he loves the institutions of his country!' Am I asked why Lord Lachrymal is so much respected by his peers—am I asked why they boast of his virtues, and think it wrong to remember his origin?—I would answer that question by another, Why is the swallow considered by the vulgar a bird that should be sacred from injury?—Because it builds under their own eaves! There is a certain class of politicians, and Lord Lachrymal is one of them, who build their fortunes in the roof of the aristocracy, and obtain, by about an equal merit, an equal sanctity with the swallow.

When such are allowed to stand for pillars of the state, is there not perilous cause to tremble for the whole edifice? Here is the very essence of hypocritical pride and aristocratic selfishness—this is the pernicious leaven, whose acidity and bitterness work downwards so far, corrupting the whole mass.

We now come to one of the discrepancies that we think remarkable in Mr. Bulwer. We refer the reader back to our first quotation, in which he says that the cause of our unsociability "is not the haughtiness of democracy, but the peculiar influences of aristocratic power." Let the reader now weigh well this paragraph.

"The social influence of the aristocracy has been exactly of a character to strengthen their legislative. Instead of keeping themselves aloof from other classes, and 'hedging their state' round with the thorny, but unsubstantial barriers of heraldic distinctions; instead of demanding half a hundred quarterings with their wives, and galling their inferiors by eternally dwelling on their inferiority, they may be said to mix more largely, and with more seeming equality, with all classes, than any other aristocracy in the savage or civilized world. Drawing their revenues

from land, they have also drawn much of their more legitimate power from the influence it gave them in elections. To increase this influence they have been in the habit of visiting the provinces much more often than any aristocracy in a monarchical state are accustomed to do. Their hospitality, their field sports, the agricultural and county meetings they attend, in order 'to keep up the family interest,' mix them with all classes; and, possessing the usual urbanity of a court, they have not unfrequently added to the weight of property, and the glitter of station, the influence of a personal popularity, acquired less, perhaps, by the evidence of virtues, than the exercise of politeness."

How such conduct as is here described could have tended to originate, or even foster, the leaden spirit of unsocial pride in the classes immediately beneath and around them, Mr. Bulwer can no doubt explain. Had he advanced it to prove an exactly contrary assertion, we should have said that he reasoned well. We have all these nice shades of society, these little circles, that fume, mouth, and bubble within themselves, like a pond in a hail-storm, not because the orders of society amalgamate with each other, but because they will not. All that Mr. Bulwer says about people having no exact and fixed position, is written with the penetration of a philosopher, the acumen of the satirist, and the polished ease of the courtly scholar.

But as both Mr. Bulwer and ourselves are treating of the character of the English, from what particular class does the said character imbibe its predominant colouring? We may take the ingredients that constitute punch, and compound a liquor that we shall pronounce good, that is, so duly mingled, that no one of its constituents may have a disagreeable ascendancy: but thus we cannot pronounce upon things intangible. There is not enough analogy between a bowl of punch and a nation upon which to found an argument; hardly enough to make an illustration. When the author generalizes, and says that the national character is this or that, what grade gives it the general bias? The most numerous? No; we will not be identified with the labouring classes. God knows that they are too much social, and too little proud. With less sociality they would possess more comforts; with more pride, they would suffer less from the contumely of others, and learn either to better their condition, or by a violent effort, leave it. Is it the tradesman? He has nothing of pride but its meanness, nothing of unsociality, generally speaking, but what his poverty forces upon him. Him we will not suffer to be put forward as the general specimen. The merchant certainly is proud, and to all whom he esteems beneath him, unsocial. But his pride is more retiring than obtrusive, and arises from his not knowing, in these times of transition, his exact place in society. The professionals are too few: the nobility are too much a species by themselves to fix the national character. Still, in spite of all this seeming paradox, Mr. Bulwer is right. The nation is unsocial and proud. The nation is estimated by its property, and that property eminently deserves the character of proud, if we may be allowed to personify an abstract term. In England property is all in all. Property makes the laws, and the laws are made for property. Property is respectability, virtue, honour. We have no men or women, but only male and female owners, or expectants of, property. It is this incarnate principle that is so unsocial, so proud, and so selfish; and, as we have more property than has any other nation, is it then a

wonder that as a nation we are the most proud, the most unsocial, and most selfish of any people that ever yet boasted of their modesty, their urbanity, and their liberality? In proof of the omnipotence of property—this deity of the English—and of the manner in which it is worshipped, Mr. Bulwer will permit us to use the following extract.

"A Russian of my acquaintance visited England, with a small portmanteau, about two years ago. Good heavens! how he abused us!—never was so rude, cruel, suspicious, barbaric a people! I saw him a few months since, having just paid us a second visit he was in raptures with all he saw; never was a people so improved; his table was crowded with cards—how hospitable we were! The master of the hotel had displaced an English family to accommodate him; what a refined consideration for a stranger! Whence rose this difference in the Russian's estimate of us? His uncle was dead, he had come into a great property. In neither case had our good people looked at the *foreigner*; they had looked the first time at the small portmanteau, and the second time at the three carriages and four!"

Mr. Bulwer asserts that, notwithstanding our unsocial pride, spirit of gain, and selfism, we are a generous people. We are so. That is to say, the people. All the instances that he gives are from among the people—the low people, the despised people, as contradistinguished from the representatives of property. It is as sorrowful as it is true, that those who give most freely are those who, in giving, sacrifice a comfort; whilst those who have the command of every luxury, too generally deprive themselves of the greatest—the luxury of generosity.

Mr. Bulwer says that men begin to think for themselves. Generally speaking, it is not the case. More men begin to think, and consequently there are more petty leaders; but the mass are still content to be led—they have not begun to think for themselves. "The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth," has a very oracular sound; but we conceive that it does not mean much. Had he said "the collision of thoughts," we should have liked the aphorism more, and understood it better. We have been just now complimented upon being, if not a thinking people, at least a people beginning to think. But ere we have time to console ourselves with the idea, how cruelly is the cup of imaginary bliss dashed from our lips! We think indeed! No, no; we have not even pretensions to common sense. Behold the common sense of our nobility.

"The Jews and the merchants have their grasp on more than three parts of the property of the peerage. Does this look like common sense? But these excesses have been carried to a greater height with *our* aristocracy than with any other, partly because of their larger command of wealth, principally because they, being brought like the rest of the world under the control of fashion, have not, like the ancient sieurs of France, or the great names of Germany, drawn sufficient consequence from their own birth to require no further distinctions. Our nobles have had ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds, and they have been accordingly accustomed to vie with each other in those singular phantasies of daring vulgarity with which a head without culture amuses an idleness without dignity. Hence, while we have boasted of our common sense, we have sent our young noblemen over the world to keep up that enviable reputation by the most elaborate eccentricities: and valuing ourselves on our prudence, we have only been known to the continent by our extravagance. Nor is this all: those who might have been pardonable as stray specimens of erratic imbecility, we have formally enrolled as the diplomatic representatives of the nation: —the oligarchical system of choosing all men to high office not according to their

fitness for the place, but, according to their connexion with the party uppermost, has made our very ambassadors frequently seem the delegates from our *maisons des fous*; and the envoy of the British nation at the imperial court of Metternich and craft, was no less a person than the present Marquis of Londonderry."*

Now for the common sense of the poor.

"Where is their common sense. Alas, what imprudence!—Early marriages; many children; poor-rates, and the workhouse—see the history of the agricultural labourers! Of them, indeed, it may be said, in those words, in which an eastern writer asserts that the chronicle of the whole Human Race is found—'They are born; they are wretched; they die.' In no foreign country, even of far less civilization than England, is there the same improvidence: in France, where there is a much greater inclination to pleasure, there is yet a much more vigorous disposition to save. The French peasants never incur the *wicked*, because voluntary, calamity of bringing children into the world whom they cannot feed: the youngest a new robber of the pittance of the eldest; brother the worst foe to brother, and each addition to the natural ties bringing nearer and more near the short and ghastly interval between Penury and Famine, Despair and Crime: nor do they—no, nor the peasants of Spain, of Germany, of Italy, of Holland—squander in the selfish vices of an hour, the produce of a week's toil. The continental peasant is not selfish in his pleasure; he shares his holiday with his family, and not being selfish, he is not improvident: his family make *him* prudent—the same cause often makes the Englishman desperate."

This tallies wretchedly with our previous character of generosity. These are ungenerous crimes. Let us now see what is the common sense of the middling classes, whom he allows to have, in a previous part of his work, some modicum of it in the management of their individual affairs.

"Hence, in this country, that absurd deference to what is called 'practical men,' that is to say, men who, belonging to some particular calling, are imbued with all the narrow views and selfish interests that belong to it. If you want a reform on the stage, you would be told that the best performers are the most practical men, they have all an interest in the monopoly they enjoy; poor Kean, accordingly, said before the Committee of the House of Commons, that he heard the voice, and saw the play of countenance, as well at the back of the centre boxes at Covent Garden, as in the side boxes of the Haymarket. Mr. Kean's answer is the type of most answers, on whatsoever point, that you extort from practical men in opposition to thinking men; they reason according to their interests; practical men are prejudiced men; usually knowing the details of their own business well, they are astonished at the presumption of men who think to improve the principle. These are like the writing-master who would not believe Newton was a great mathematician—'He!—pooh!—he is an hour over a sum in the Rule of Three!' This unbeliever was a practical man, who could not understand the theory that mastered worlds and hesitated over the multiplication table."

We thus discover that the most staid, the most calculating, and the most sensible nation in the world, are much at a loss to know among which class the very simple faculty of common sense is to be found. This sarcasm is not less true than severe. If the never-dying, soul-debasing desire to acquire individual wealth, often at the expense of the general weal, and always at the expense of the dignity of our minds, be common sense, there is no nation more sensible than ourselves existing. Of course, we are not now speaking of the spend-

* "This noble lord is only worse because more noisy than his brethren of the *corps diplomatique*. Look over the whole list: how rarely you can by an extraordinary accident discover a man not below par. Sir Frederic Lamb is a superficial man of pleasure, and yet he is the cleverest of all."

thrift aristocracy, who spend more than they have got; nor of the very poor, who spend all because they have got next to nothing; but of the middle classes, who are striving to tread upon the heels of the aristocracy, and are already treading upon the heads of the poor. These poor have a judicious and elegant champion in Mr. Bulwer. There is great liberality, as well as good reasoning, in this:

"The great legislative good of admitting the poor to vote is this: It is from the poorer classes that the evils and the dangers of a state arise; *their* crimes are *our* punishments; therefore it is well, even on selfish principles of government, that they, sensible to their own grievances, should choose those who will work for their redress: as *they* carry an election in a populous town, so they force their opinions relating to their own condition on the middle class, and the middle class on the Representative. Thus the same vote which relieves the Poor protects the state, and the Reform which removes abuses, prevents the Revolution that avenges them."

The English are not cruel. Well and gallantly does our author vindicate us from the charge of cruelty! Without dwelling upon the common-places of "bravery and humanity," "cowardice and cruelty," which we, who have been in situations where we have seen bravery tried to the utmost, and cowardice put to the most degrading tests, know to be a mere playing with words; for we have often found the brave, cruel, and almost always the coward, kind—we must assert that a more tender-hearted calf than that aggregate personage, John Bull, never existed. Instead of adducing our own inferior arguments to prove this assertion, we will again have recourse to Mr. Bulwer.

"The superficial jest against our partiality to a newspaper tale of murder, or our passion for the *spectacle* of the gibbet, proves exactly the reverse of what it asserts. It is the tender who are the most susceptible to the excitation of terror. It is the women who hang with the deepest interest over a tale or a play of gloomy and tragic interest. Robespierre liked only stories of love. Nero was partial to the mildest airs of music. Ali Pacha abhorred all accounts of atrocity. The treacherous and bloody tribes of the South Sea islands prefer the calm strains of descriptive poetry, even to those of victory and war. If you observe a ballad-vender hawking his wares, it is the bloodiest murders that the women purchase. It is exactly from our unacquaintance with crime, viz. from the restless and mysterious curiosity it excites, that we feel a dread pleasure in marvelling at its details. This principle will suffice to prove that the avidity with which we purchase accounts of atrocity, is the reverse of a proof of our own cruelty of disposition, and retorts upon the heads of our shallow assailants. What is true in books is true in sights. What is true on the mimic stage is true on the real; and, if that which I have just said be a legitimate vindication of our love for narratives of terror, it is also a vindication of our tendency to crowd round an execution. But as regards the last, I believe that the vulgar of all nations would be equally disposed to gaze at that dread solemnization of death, ever an event so fraught with dark interest to the race that is born to die, if among all nations the gloomy ceremonial were as public as it is with us, and the criminal were rendered as notorious by the comments of journals, and the minute details of the session-court and the prison-house."

Considering our circumstances, our pride, the constant vicissitudes to which, as a commercial nation, we are subjected—and not forgetting also the gloominess of our climate, we are marvellously little inclined to suicide. The French, the gay, the joyous French, beat us hollow at this Irish method of fighting a duel with oneself, in which it can be possible only for one party to fall. There is a sturdy stamina in the English character, which causes him to bear up manfully against misfortunes. He wrestles with them obstinately. They may subdue

him for the present, but his turn will come. He hates to be beaten. He will die at his post; but he will not help forward his own death, because that would be assisting his adversaries to a victory. The Englishman is not a suicide, because he is brave, because he is proud, and because he is generous. His pride will not permit him to submit, and, by the act of pouring out his blood upon the ground, strike to his opponents. His courage, not being of the aggressive, but of the stern and resisting character, does not lead him so much by one violent effort to recover himself, as to doggedly persevere in a succession of struggles against his fate—and thus his characteristic bravery compels him sullenly to live on. But, after all, his generosity is the principal chain that binds him to life. It is hardly possible to conceive any human being so wretched as not to have one fellow creature who feels for him, nor one so deserted whose violent or suicidal death would not excite in some one a pang, and bring into some eyes the tears of bitterness. It has been before asserted, that the Englishman is eminently kind in all his impulses. He fears not the pains of death which he would be very willing to undergo for a few minutes, in order to rid himself of the pains of life, that will probably last for years; but he reflects that all have not the same inducements to kill themselves as he, in his despondency, fancies that he has, and, that his death must necessarily embitter the memories of those who survive; and thus reflecting, he is willing, more for the sake of others than for his own self, to sweat and groan under the burthens of existence. Thus, when an ancient Roman would have said, "that it is time to die," and a modern Gaul, "by this time he should have been buried," we find our countryman still fighting the world's battle, and often living in spite of his teeth, for the use of which his poverty will often give him but too little occupation. We wish that we could afford ourselves the limits to quote what Mr. Bulwer has so humorously yet so convincingly said on this subject. We do not think that even Werter himself, with his bottle and his pistols before him, could, had he read these remarks, have persisted in his determination, but we are almost sure would have avoided for ever after the barrels for the sake of the bottles, and have found the latter the better refuge of the two, when he discovered the snowy avalanche of Charlotte's virtue at any time threatening to overwhelm him. He has made the act ridiculous, and, living or dead, we cannot bear to be laughed at.

Who doubts of the Englishman's industry. He is the bee that toils in a garden, that has but few flowers; he is the great ant of the world, without that insect's seasons of torpidity. He is even industrious to his own detriment. He over produces, and then is starved, because he is too poor to consume his over-production. We are often inclined to think that this eternity of labour is not, as Mr. Bulwer asserts, the cause that we are a moral nation, because we have no time to be vicious; but the cause of most of our immorality, by fostering the meaner vices, and quelling the more liberal and noble aspirations. We do not think highly of the morality of the factory children, nor of those who employ them. Ought not the industrious to be divided into two classes—the voluntary and the involuntary? Among the voluntarily industrious we believe that a high degree of

morality exists. But, upon examination, we shall find that class but little numerous. The industrious upon compulsion, and that compulsion is one of life or death, form the great mass of the population. John Bull both works and broods too much, and plays and laughs too little. But this degrading and enforced industry, which means the creation of capital—which means the creation of masters—which ends in the tyranny of wealth, and in an undue pressure upon those who ought not always to be poor, is little worthy the name of a virtue, and the honour of standing father to much of our national morality. After this, our author grows exceedingly sensible and acute, but, on account of its length, not being able to quote his beautiful fable of Micromegas, we advise every one to hasten and purchase Mr. Bulwer's work, were it for no other purpose than to become a possessor of that beautiful apologue. It should go into the Penny Magazine, and then we have no doubt he would be enabled a little to enlighten our political economists, and our functionaries in office; who, though they may still persevere in remaining "pound foolish," may thus haply become "penny wise," which will be much more than we ever before expected of them.

We next come to the question of courage. We think that there can be no question about it. We hold with Mr. Bulwer, that with us, every man is brave. We shall therefore say very little on the subject; for, if in England any person were to put the ignominious doubt of bravery to any little figure of half his strength and size, he would quickly get that doubt resolved by the attempt of the doubted to knock the sceptic down. We have now with Mr. Bulwer travelled through the moral qualities of the English character, always admiring, and seldom differing from him. It would thus appear, that the English are proud, unsocial, with dubious or limited claims to common sense, and with a morality begotten by Necessity upon Industry; and are, at the same time generous, with kindly feelings, unconquerably industrious, and constitutionally brave. My countrymen, how do you like it? Have we not inflicted a severe blow upon your vanity? Never mind. Let us look round and see if we can find a better national character. I fear that we cannot; thus, as improvement by example is out of the question, let us see what we can do by reforming ourselves on the strength of our innate good sense and energies.

We now come to a very pleasant part of the book that we are reviewing. The stem of every tree has its peculiar fungi. These fungi are often very unlike the wood upon which they grow, but still they would grow upon no other. Thus, when Mr. Bulwer draws for us an English portrait that has but little in it of what he has just attempted to prove was the English character, we must remember, only, that it is a fungus that England alone could have produced. How willingly would we insert all these delineations; but though our author will not be very angry at our purloining a few of his sweets, yet we must not carry off whole honeycombs. We need not tell our readers whom this is designed for.

"William Muscle is a powerful man; he is one of the people, radical to the backbone: of the old school of radicals;—he hates the philosophers like poison. He thinks Thistlewood a glorious fellow; and no words can express his hatred of Wil-

liam Pitt. He has got at last into parliament, which he always declared he could convince in a fortnight that he was the sole person in the universe fit to govern England;—whenever he speaks, he says one word about England, to fifty about America. Presidents with five thousand a year are the visions that float for ever in his brain: he seeth not why the Speaker of the House of Commons should have more than a hundred a-year; he knoweth many an honest man among his constituents who would be Speaker for less. He accuses the aristocracy of an absolute and understood combination to cheat the good citizens of his borough. He thinketh that Lord Grey and Sir Robert Peel meet in private, to consult how they may most tax the working classes. He hateth the Jews because they don't plough. He has no desire that the poor man should be instructed. He considereth the cry against taxes on knowledge as sheer cant. He hath a mortal hatred to Museums, and asketh the utility of insects. His whole thought for the poor is how they shall get bread and bacon: he despiseth the man who preferreth tea to ale. He is thoroughly English; no other land could have produced the bones and gristle of his mind. He writeth a plain, strong style, and uttereth the most monstrous incredibilities, as if they were indisputable. He thinks fine words and good periods utter abomination. He esteemeth himself before all men. He believes that the ministers have consulted several times on the necessity of poisoning him. He is indignant if others pretend to serve the people; they are his property. He is the Incarnation of popular prejudices and natural sense. He is changeable as a weathercock, because he is all passion. He is the living representation of the old John Bull: when he dies, he will leave no like: it was the work of centuries to amalgamate so much talent, nonsense, strength, and foibles, into one man of five feet eight: he is the Old Radical —the great Aboriginal of annual parliamentarilism: he is the landmark of Reform fifty years ago: you may whitewash and put new characters on him, but he sticketh still in the same place: he is not to be moved to suit the whims of the philosophers. He hath done his work: a machine excellent at its day—coarse, huge, massive, and uncouth; not being easily put out of order, but never perfectly going right. People have invented new machines, all the better for being less rude, and regulated by a wiser principle, though wrought from a less strong material."

However, we do not subscribe to the assertion, "that when he dies he will leave no like." He is a propagator too vigorous not to have a large family. It will be a woeful day to merry England when this sturdy race shall be extinct. We wish long life to the present head of this honest class, and we tell him fairly, that we would not part with one of his well-intentioned faults, for any two of the fashionable virtues. This that follows is also truly an Englishman, but one begotten by the steam-engine, swaddled in cheap calicoes of British manufacture, and soothed to his infant slumbers by the moans of the factory children.

"But who is this elderly gentleman, with a portly figure? Hush! it is Mr. Warm, '*a most respectable man.*' His most intimate friend failed in trade, and went to prison. Mr. Warm forswore his acquaintance; *it was not respectable.* Mr. Warm, in early life, seduced a young lady; she lived with him three years; he married, and turned her off without a shilling—the connexion, for a married man, *was not respectable.* Mr. Warm is a most respectable man; he pays his bills regularly—he subscribes to six public charities—he goes to church with all his family on a Sunday—he is in bed at twelve o'clock. Well, well, all that 's very proper; but is Mr. Warm a good father, a good friend, an active citizen? or is he not avaricious, does he not love scandal, *is not his heart cold,* is he not vindictive, is he not unjust, is he not unfeeling? Lord, sir, I believe he *may* be all that? but what then? *every body allows Mr. Warm is a most respectable man.*"

Can we meet five men in the market-place, and not stumble on one like this? Such are rife on the exchange. They incommode with their heavy breathings the atmosphere of the chapels, their pews are lined with red plush, and they strive to strike a balance with

heaven in their favour, and to secure a place in paradise by double entry. Now, as a foil to this most respectable man, let us see another that has the gilding only, and not the leaden weights; one who wears his tinsels bravely, and is a little more than respectable, as far as appearances go.

"See that gentleman, 'fashionably dressed,' with 'a military air,' and 'a prepossessing exterior:' he calleth himself 'Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy'—he taketh lodgings in 'a genteel situation'—he ordereth jewels and silks of divers colours to be sent home to him—he elopeth with them by the back way. Mighty and manifold are the cheats he hath thus committed, and great the wailing and gnashing of teeth in Marylebone and St. James's. But, you say, surely by this time tradesmen with a grain of sense would be put on their guard. No, my dear sir, no; in England we are never on our guard against 'such *respectable appearances.*' In vain are these warnings in the papers and examples in the police court. Let a man style himself Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy, and have a *prepossessing exterior*, and he sets suspicion at once to sleep. Why not? is it more foolish to be deceived by respectable appearances in Mr. Fitzroy, than by the respectable appearance of Mr. Warm?"

Is not all this fascinating, as well as instructive, writing? Would that we could invigorate our text with more of these graphic delineations. But of the many characters that Mr. Bulwer has so pleasantly drawn, he gives, at last, the palm of happiness to the downright vulgar London thief. We almost doubt the conclusion to which he comes; but we must say, in justice to his assertion, that we have made ourselves extremely happy in *stealing* so largely from his book.

Here we must pause, having come to the end of his first book, and examined the generalities of the English character, which was all that we proposed to ourselves to do. We hope that circumstances hereafter will permit us to make a disquisition on his second book, entitled, "Society and Manners." It is superior to the first, where superiority was so little needed. As to the character, in a literary point of view, of these volumes, from which we have so largely extracted, the principal feature of that character is wit; not wit of the surface, but the deep and searching wit that is generated by thought, and ought to be addressed only to those who think. It makes the dull wonder, and the enlightened rejoice. In the first volume, in every page, wit is made the herald of anecdote; and anecdote, in its turn, becomes the prolific parent of wit. We are laughed into profound discoveries, and tickled into everlasting truths. As a piece of composition, the style is refreshing to the spirits from its vivacity, and brilliant from the clearness of its arrangements, and the happiness of its phraseology. As you read, conviction comes upon you like gushes of light. You are not obliged to fag for it; to burrow it out from a mass of words, and gain, by an immensity of labour, a modicum of meaning from amidst a tautology of nothings. Principles, deductions, and conclusions, are all placed before you in the broad sunshine; if it be your pleasure to wander among them with your eyes shut, it is no fault of the author: that there are many who will do so, we are convinced, and who will say that the book is naught, and that too in good set terms, and well-rounded periods: let us therefore rejoice, for we should not be certain that we had in this work the finest and ripest fruit, did not the daws come and peck at it. To conclude this part of the subject, we think that, with the slight

drawback that may be justly charged against him, of having been too prodigal of academical allusion, which now and then throws an air of pedantry over his passages, we pronounce his book to be the best of the day. Many better books have, and many we trust will, appear, but we think that among recent publications (not including works of fiction) "England and the English" bears away the palm.

So much for the book, and now let us say something of the man who wrote it. To aim at the praise of versatility and universality of genius, is not the aspiration of a very dignified ambition. It is offering too largely to one's personal vanity. It is living too much for our contemporaries, and too little for posterity. One lofty column is more ornamental and more imposing, than the combined effect of twenty elegant, low-roofed palaces, gilded although they be. The world has already many very clever men; yet one exalted genius is more necessary to it. We do not say that Mr. Bulwer, in seeking to grasp at the much that is pleasing, is neglecting the one thing needful—to be great; but we will attempt a little apologue, would that we could say in the manner of our elegant author.

Once upon a time we will not say, for we believe that time now exists, there lived upon a high and rugged hill, a very curious old lady, in a very curious old house. This dame had several peculiarities, among which was the one of employing the best of artists for the purpose of painting those visitors who were fortunate enough to reach her abode. These pictures she hung up in an old hall, where they remained till time, the damp, but most frequently, *insects*, destroyed them. As it was looked upon by all the neighbours around as a very high honour to get a son's portrait hung up in that old house, it is not at all surprising, that early on one fine spring morning, Mrs. Chaffinch, having well washed the faces of her two children, Masters Tommy and Edward, and given each a large quantity of advice and bread and butter, pointed to the house on the hill, and told them to make what haste they possibly could to reach it before nightfall. Now there were very many paths indeed to this house, all of them tortuous, rugged, and some eminently disagreeable. As we have but little to say about Master Tommy, we shall only inform the curious that, having selected one particular path, he stuck to it pertinaciously, and after many accidents arrived at the place of his destination before nightfall. We shall be more particular in the detail of the proceedings of Master Edward. He was a nice boy, a very nice boy indeed, and exceedingly well dressed, and it is wonderful to relate how much time he lost in viewing the reflection of his pretty face in every puddle that he came to. Then he must needs sit down to grind cherry-stones, with which he made several chains for his neck and to hang about his waistcoat; and besides all this loitering, he exchanged his pocket handkerchief for a bottle of lavender water, so that at the beginning of his journey, as the weather was rather cold, though his hair was always well perfumed, his nose was sometimes very dirty. He first of all began to travel along a road frequented by a parcel of gypsies, who taught him to tell stories exceedingly well. But somehow or another he did not prosecute this track, which would have assuredly, in the end, brought him to the old red house; but he turned short

round, and joined a parcel of ballad-singers; with these he did not prosper at all, he only learned one indifferent song, and when he would have sung it, he could hardly get any one to listen to him. Being disgusted, this road he consequently left, when he soon after fell in with a party of vagabonds, who having neither the fear of the "usher" nor "of the black rod" before their eyes, were actually trifling with the respect due to the powers above, and playing at members of parliament. Edward mimicked their speeches, and though a little hustled among them, he made himself heard as well as the best of them. However, he found them all travelling in an execrable dirty road, and though it is not his intention to leave it and the bad company together, he turned aside for a whole half hour, and began playing at schoolmaster: he got a parcel of companions who wrote essays and themes, but altogether made a bad business of this, and as he found that he was losing both time and distance, he sent the whole squad to the devil, for a miserable one it was, and returned again to his old path. Notwithstanding these many backslidings and sinuous outbreakings, he has got well on his journey; but, after all, we think that he would succeed better, and save himself much fatigue, if he would take only one road, and firmly adhere to it. We know that the old lady at the top of the hill has watched him anxiously, has expected him there before this time, and that the palette, canvas, and artist, are all ready to paint his portrait at full-length, and then to hang it up in the most conspicuous place in the hall, where we hope that it will long remain uninjured by damp, age, or the still more noxious tribe of reptiles, by which so many goodly pictures have suffered.

THE WRECKED CONVICT SHIP.

She drives—she drives—loud the vex'd waters roar,
And leap in foam tow'rds the rock-bound shore,
Seeming with loud and mocking mirth to urge,
Amid the madness of the boiling surge,
The gallant ship, which bears a freight of crime
To turn to virtue, in a distant clime.
She drives—she drives—another long wild sea!
She strikes the sands!—A shriek of agony,
Frightful and shrill, and *feminine*, is borne
Along the blast, as from the deep uptorn!
France heard that stifled cry; and some there were
Among her sons, who bade the wreck'd despair;
Base, form-cramp'd souls. But, brave Henin, thou
Dash'dst the salt spray from thine heroic brow,
As, with thy sturdy arms, through that fierce wave
Thou swamst, unaided and alone, to save
Those, who *would not*, and those who *might not*, be
Pluck'd from the wrath of that insatiate sea.
His warning voice was heard; yet folly, pride,
Or fear prevail'd; and, as he left the side

Of the doom'd ship, the cry of children, pent
In her dark hold, his manly bosom rent;
Once more he turn'd; the wav'ring chief once more
His aid refus'd;—he wept, and made for shore.
Joy to thee, Henin! honour to thy name!
Should peace unite, or war's wild rage inflame,
Our gallant nations; hear our sacred vow,
"To every Briton thou'rt a brother now."
Turn we to where grim Death, his altar plac'd
On the wreck'd ship amid the wat'ry waste,
Stands by exulting. A whole hetacomb
Of victims wait him, and the priests who doom
Alike are doom'd. Alike to him must fall
The bound and free; he grins, assur'd of all!
Though safety beckons from th' adjacent shore,
And shouts of welcome rise, no more—no more
Shall those light feet imprint the verdant sod—
Never those beauteous forms kneel to their God
On Australasia's hearths, or life renew
With sweet repentance, and with bliss in view.
Mistaken duty lifts his voice on high,
There bids those shuddering forms despair and die!
The convict maid of that devoted ship,
Fear on her heart, and pray'r upon her lip,
Thinks a whole life, in one vast throb of pain,
In anguish falls, nor strives to rise again.
There, as upon the wave-swept deck she lies,
Recals her rural home—her native skies,
And shrieking from her sepulchre, the deep,
Moans for the grave where all her kindred sleep.
Mark now that beauteous female. Youth and grace,
Unquell'd by dread, still triumph in her face:
Great was the tempting, and her crime but small,
And those who love might deem it none at all:
She lov'd indeed—still fondly loves—e'en now
The waves around her—death upon her brow—
She sees *his* shadow o'er the waters rise,
For *him* she liv'd—for *him* she sinn'd—and dies!
Like a snar'd lion th' angry ocean roars,
Lashing himself to fury. Fierce, he pours
His waves, like battling squadrons, on the wreck,
That heaves and groans. The bulwarks fail; the deck
Sinks with the weight; the stubborn timbers yield—
They part—the breach is made, and from the field
Of furious waters rushes the mad surge,
And with crash tumultuous seems to urge
The onset dire with threat, and shouted ban
And all the hate, as when man wars with man.
But hark! that rending shriek, prolong'd and drear!
That gurgling yell! That awful cry of fear!
—'Tis finished all—alone, the storm's dread roar
Rides on the wave, and bellows on the shore.
Where's now that gallant ship? Alas! too well
Along the sands, the broken timbers tell.
Where now those forms of beauty? Corses strewn
Along the beach where winds funereal moan,
A dirge-like answer yield. How many died
Through one man's weakness, and one woman's pride!

SUMMARY OF INDIAN NEWS.

Hurkaru Office, Calcutta, March 16, 1838.

A DISCUSSION has recently been revived by one of the up-country newspapers regarding the means at the command of Russia for an invasion of India. However farcical the scheme may at first sight appear, it is as well not to be totally indifferent to the power of the wily autocrat, nor to disregard altogether the suggestions of clever, practical men who have certain means of forming an estimate of the capacity of our enemies and of the countries through which they may chance to come. With this idea, and in consideration of the contiguity of the *Maharajah Runjeet Sing*, chief of the Seicks, to the southerly Russian provinces, we send you herewith a sketch of the state of the Seick army, which will no doubt be read with interest.

The Seick army of the Punjah was, so late as the commencement of the current century, a mere military confederacy of predatory horse, and that gallant but unfortunate adventurer, George Thomas, considered them as the most contemptible troops in Hindoostan. The talent of Runjeet Sing has, within the last twenty-five years, established the military reputation of the Seicks, and this Prince now possesses a regular army accustomed to war, full of ardour, and jealous of renown; the Seicks possess many qualities which admirably fit them for a military life; they are individually brave and athletic, and are free from those prejudices of caste, which detract from the utility of the military classes of the native soldiery of British India. A Seick will eat of any thing but *beef;* his religion never requires him to undress at his meals, nor does it prescribe fasts, or inculcate any thing to interfere with the duties of a soldier; like the soldier of Europe, the Seicks are however not averse to the use of fermented liquors, and their sirdars are notoriously addicted to the vice of drunkenness.

To venerate the cow, to cherish the growth of the beard, and to abstain from the use of tobacco, are the great national characteristics of the Seicks, and the latter trait is peculiarly their own. Such being the national attributes, Runjeet Sing (through the instrumentality of foreign officers) remodelled the Seick army; and it is only within the last twelve years that European discipline and tactics have been adopted: this was accomplished by Messieurs Allard and Ventura, who had served in the Persian army, and having obtained their discharge and letters of recommendation, were the first European officers who reached Lahore overland, and were instantly taken into the service of the Maha Raja.

The French legion of cavalry was formed by Monsieur Allard, senior; their uniform is blue with red facings, they are armed with the Polish lance, swords, and pistols; their system is that of the French Lancers. The men of these corps are much attached to General Allard, and these troops only require a few more European officers to be nearly on a par with our regular native cavalry.

The regular infantry, under General Ventura, are also disciplined in the French drill; the words of command are mostly French; they are armed with firelocks and bayonets; these troops are regularly paid and clothed. Runjeet Sing's own personal body guard is a kind of legion of honour; these men are all arrayed in gorgeous dresses and rich armour, and compose the *élite* of the army. Their appearance in their red dresses with heron's plumes, and their martial aspect and blunt demeanour, is truly imposing: these men are all tried shots, and at eighty yards can generally hit a small brass pot every time with a matchlock.

The foreigners or Hindoostanees of the Seick army are men from the provinces of British India, and receive a stipulated monthly pay; many of the Seick soldiers receive rations of grain, besides their pay. The avarice of Runjeet Sing has sometimes occasioned mutiny amongst the regular infantry: in one instance the Ghoorka battalion, on being deprived of a portion of their pay, refused to receive the residue, and as no attention was paid to their complaint, open revolt ensued. Runjeet Sing directed some cavalry to charge the mutineers: the Ghoorka battalion formed square and beat off the cavalry; the Maha Raja then became alarmed, and retired to the fort of Gobind Ghur, when the French officers interposed, and induced the Ghoorkas to retire to their lines.

Monsieur Allard, the general of the regular cavalry, was a distinguished officer in the imperial army of France, and is a man of high character and conciliatory manners; he adopts the Seick costume in allowing his beard to grow, and has married a native woman; this officer wishes to return to France, and has been endeavouring to induce the Maha Raja to allow his younger brother to take charge of his command during his absence.

Monsieur Ventura, general of infantry, served under Eugene Beauharnois, in Napoleon's Russian campaign; he is a brave and intelligent officer, but a violent man. Runjeet Sing keeps a watchful eye on his European officers, and does not readily give service to those individuals who receive passports from the British government.

The horse artillery of Runjeet's army consist of guns of small calibre, and their field equipments resemble that of our late foot batteries; and consequently such artillery would be utterly unable to cope with our horse artillery; still, as these guns are drawn by horses, their fire would be always available, which is not the case with bullock artillery.

General Abstract of the Forts, Ordnance, and Army of Maha Raja Runjeet Sing.

Forts	10
Guns in ditto	108
Ditto in horse artillery, commanded by a native	58
Ditto in foot artillery, commanded by a native	142
Mortars	9
Jomboorahs, or Zumborahs, or swivel guns, mounted on camels	305

Irregular cavalry, commanded by natives	43,300
Regular cavalry, commanded by Monsieur Allard . .	5,200
Infantry, commanded by three other French officers—regts.	6
Infantry, commanded by native officers, 17 regiments, each consisting of from nine to fifteen hundred men.	
Grand total of the army	73,000

In 1793, adds our *Meerut* cotemporary, Tippoo Sultan's field army was estimated at 47,470 fighting men, and his revenues at one crore of rupees: Runjeet Sing's army amounts to 73,000 men, and his revenues to one crore and eighty lakhs of rupees.

Just as the excitement produced by the great failures was subsiding, a new excitement has arisen, owing to the apprehended war with Holland. The Commander-in-Chief, who was on the point of quitting Calcutta for the interior, deferred his departure on the very day he was to have set out, in order to await further intelligence from England. We have news to the 9th of November, and six days later would determine whether active hostilities are to be commenced against the Dutch possessions in this part of the globe. What our means are for any warlike expedition it is rather difficult at this moment to say, but after what was hinted in our last about the difficulty of raising troops for common service, you will conclude that our military resources are not very ample. The means of the Dutch for the resistance of any attacks we may make, are said by a person of credit, recently arrived from Batavia, to be—

In Batavia Roads:

One line of battle ship, mounting sixty guns.
Three large frigates.
Four brigs and smaller vessels of war, all well manned and armed.

In the Canal:

Twenty gun-boats, mounting two long brass guns each.

At Surabaye:

One large frigate, well manned and armed.

It is added that all the Dutch troops were marching in from the interior, and the fortifications were placed in a complete state of defence.

Should they determine on making reprisals, a few days' sail would take them to Lintin, where they might seize British property to an immense amount.

We mentioned in our last that the *Magicienne* had been dispatched to Singapore; since then, the insurance offices at Calcutta have met, and by common consent, have raised the premium of insurance on ships to England to eight per cent. and to China to six per cent., being double what has been charged in the "piping times of peace."

The following is the latest commercial intelligence derived from a Price Current of this date:—

Country Produce.

Indigo.—Hardly any thing done in the market, a parcel of 39 chests of Arrah indigo has been sold at Rs. 125, and another of 53

chests of Purneah at Rs. 120. At a public auction on Wednesday last at the indigo mart of about 160 chests, only about 30 found purchasers, biddings were very dull, although no general decline in prices can be quoted.

Raw silk.—Only sale of 22 maunds of Gonatea at Rs. 118 per fy. seer.

Silk piece goods remain still pretty active at former prices.

Cotton remains same as before.

Sugar.—The price is still higher and the stock much reduced.

Saltpetre has improved in price and stock reduced.

Lac dye remains inactive at present.

Shell lac.—A few sales have taken place at unaltered prices.

Safflower without any transaction to report.

Rice remains pretty active at former prices.

Eastern Produce.

Japan copper.—There is no transaction to report on this article, and prices are at present low in the bazar.

Mace and Nutmegs remain in good inquiry. The former has experienced some improvement in prices.

Black pepper has declined a little.

Long pepper and cubebs remain dull.

Europe Goods.

Mule twist.—A considerable quantity of British and Gloucester yarn has been sold during this week. The first has maintained former prices, and the latter has been disposed of at rather declined prices.

Turkey red yarn appears rather active this week, and a small quantity has been sold at about two annas per pound higher.

Orange twist also appears active, and prices have rather improved.

Chintzes.—A slight demand has appeared in the bazar, but without any demand on prices.

White goods of all descriptions remain in good demand, and some sales have taken place this week at rather improved prices.

Woollens still reported dull.

Copper without report of sales, and prices in the bazar have declined.

Iron remains steady.

Steel.—No transactions to report.

Spelter.—There is no particular transaction made in this week, but prices have improved.

Lead and quicksilver remain same as before.

BACHELOR SAM.

Samuel Snodgrass, Esq. was a confirmed bachelor, and hence the familiar designation bestowed on him by his friends—Bachelor Sam. Sam was a gentleman of property, enjoying excellent character, and possessing many good qualities, which endeared him to his circle of acquaintance; but Sam was afflicted with a failing that constantly marred his enjoyments, and exhibited his mind in a very ludicrous point of view. He firmly believed that the whole female sex had entered into a conspiracy against his liberty—in each woman he beheld a natural enemy. At the sight of a matron armed at all points for matrimonial warfare, he felt a shudder of alarm, and at the approach of a beautiful girl he actually betook himself to flight. Nay, the poor man was so fearfully influenced by this hobby, that scarcely a day of his life passed in undisturbed tranquillity. He thought and dreamt of nothing but worldly-minded mammas and scheming chaperons—young, cold, selfish girls, and experienced flirts—all premeditating some deep-prepared attack against his person.

Indeed, it must be confessed, that his alarm was not entirely without foundation. He knew that in his earlier days (Sam was now somewhat past forty) a matrimonial attempt had been made by two veterans in the field to capture him, and throw the chains of wedlock round his neck, but he had been fortunate enough to escape the aggression by the timely warning of a friend who let him into the views and character of his assailants. Then, again, the mishaps of some of his acquaintance produced a strong impression on his mind. His very shirt-collar shook with horror when he reflected on the fatal captivity of Tom Rambleton. He remembered the time when poor Tom was one of the most pleasant fellows about town. Young and gay, without care or trouble of any kind, save the very agreeable task of spending three thousand a-year—and now, alas! what a change! In an evil hour Tom happened to fall in the way of one of these dangerous conjugal harpies. In an evil hour did he put any trust in the fond glances and sweet smiles of the "gentle Sophia." No sooner was the noose tied and the victim secured, than the "gentle Sophia" threw off her disguise, and appeared in her natural colours—a very dragon, a vixen—in fact, one of the most terrific of petticoat despots. But Tom's case was not the only awful example and solemn "*memento*" offered by fate to warn bachelor Sam against incurring such danger.

There was Mr. Watkins, one of the most respectable men on 'change. Well; neglecting the sober and industrious pursuits to which he had dedicated his honest life for the space of forty years, in an evil hour, too, was persuaded by the genii of vanity to bestow his fortune and his hand on an aristocratic beggar, who thought that the accident of being an earl's sister, and the privilege of being an Hon. Jane, was more than sufficient compensation for the citizen's hundred thousand pounds. Mr. Watkins, from the very day of his wedding, was treated of course with the most sovereign contempt by his better

half, and her noble circle of relatives and friends. Then, again, who could forget the melancholy affair of poor Melrush, who was trepanned into marrying a "modest, timid girl," who ran away with a guardsman six months after the ceremony? Indeed, the examples that crowded on Sam's mind were as numerous as they were perplexing; but these will suffice to offer some little apology for his tremendous fears and alarm.

Bachelor Sam had gradually cut all sorts of parties except dinners. Balls he abhorred—the ball-room was, according to his opinion, the most dangerous field of battle for the matrimonial belligerents. It was there, indeed, that the more formidable attacks were made against inoffensive *states*—that castles, and halls, and country villas, were conquered and taken by storm; to say nothing of the enormous booty gathered from the sacking and pillage of bank-notes, exchequer bills, bonds, stock, canal shares, and every other share under the sun. Sam knew full well that his friend Sir Edward Jasper had speedily surrendered his splendid manor of Hamfield, unable to sustain any longer the fire unremittingly shot from Araminta Newberry's conquering eye. He knew also that Caringly Castle, although strongly garrisoned by two elder maiden aunts, and a bevy of portionless younger brothers, had, nevertheless, been taken by storm after a month's desperate *flirtation*, under the experienced generalship of Augusta Hunterman, and the garrison obliged to evacuate the place. He knew also that the mere skirmish of a quadrille and a waltz had sufficed in many instances to subdue a baronetcy, and that a *galopade* had run away with many a fortune imprudently entrusted to the care of foolish boys let loose from college.

Bachelor Sam detested public breakfasts, pic-nics, water parties, concerts, &c. &c. quite as much as balls, and for the very same reason. They were, in fact, the various stratagems and plans of attack employed in that most nefarious war—vulgariy called husband hunting. The opera did not fill our friend with so much alarm, because he considered himself safely guarded, having secured one of those strong positions called stalls, so very favourable to the preservation of bachelors. It is evident that the most determined eye-shots fired from the boxes could produce no effect at such a distance. With regard to dinner parties, Sam was exceedingly embarrassed how to act; 'tis true, that the danger incurred by so close an attack as a hostile neighbour at the dinner-table was a thing to be well considered, but then our friend thought it extremely hard to relinquish some of the very best works in gastronomic lore, because the temples of that admirable science happened to be profaned by the presence of unwelcome intruders. Bachelor Sam possessed, indeed, a profound respect and veneration for the culinary art—rather call it science—nay, the first of sciences.

The only thing which he could do was to take a middle term, and attend those solemn dinners, at which all the twaddlers and bores are invited. Sam was content to endure long discussions on the Corn Laws, the East India Company, and Reform, coupled, as the infliction was, with most delicious *filets* and *salmis* of astonishing variety of condiment.

"Sam, are you going to Lady Dockerell's ball to-night?" inquired Augustus Dangle, a young man about town.

"Certainly not—humph. What have I got to do with balls? I know better—it won't do with me. Mammas and daughters lose their time." And he shook his wise head with the utmost self-congratulation.

Bachelor Sam's mania increased every day, till the poor man could not endure the sight of a woman. He literally issued forth a bull of excommunication against the whole sex. On one occasion he hastily quitted a house where he was paying a visit, simply because Mrs. and the Miss Robertsons were announced. Now this Mrs. Robertson was a most determined manœuvrer and establishment-hunting mamma. Her case was exceedingly pitiful. Only fancy five portionless daughters, neither encumbered with beauty nor accomplishments! It required, indeed, more than ordinary skill and perseverance to dispose of, to any advantage, such very unmarketable commodities. Then the five Miss Robertsons had become the terror of bachelors of our friend's disposition—their attempts were most determined—their attacks desperate—they fastened on a man with the invincible adherence and pertinacity of a remora. It was a matter of immense difficulty to get rid of them whenever they happened to be asked to dance; they were completely masters of the thousand little arts which husband-hunters employ to keep the men by their side; and nothing short of positive rudeness was sufficient to disencumber their luckless partner from so serious a weight.

Sam was perfectly right in his strictures concerning the Robertsons, but he was led to view every woman in the same unfavourable light; he contrived to misinterpret every word and every action of poor females. If a young girl smiled in the innocence of her heart, he forthwith set her down as an incipient flirt, already trying to draw the attention of the men. If, on the contrary, he perceived a young lady with a serious aspect and demure deportment, he immediately concluded that she was an arrant hypocrite. In fact, in his presence, women could neither smile nor frown—laugh, talk, walk, or dance, sit still, or keep silent, without incurring some ungracious appellation. He saw plots in all their words and all their movements. The few, very few times that he had been forced to dance, it was amusing to see the singular pains which he took to defend himself against what he considered an attack. He favoured his partner with most discouraging monosyllables, and no sooner was the quadrille ended, than he hastened with undisguised alacrity to rid himself of his female companion.

Poor Sam! the sight of a pretty girl actually threw a cloud over his countenance. He was certainly more at ease in the company of those frightful creatures, whom nature, by some extraordinary caprice, has added to the feminine gender. Some thought that Mr. Snodgrass had a peculiar taste in beauty, for he was invariably seen courting, in preference, the company of the most repelling ugly girls of the party. But even this portion of the sex he thought it highly expedient to cut, when, upon his having talked four times consecutively to Miss Catherine Crisp, two matrons began to whisper in his ear, that

Miss Crisp was a most amiable girl—" Sweet angel," " Kitty will make an excellent wife." " Such a kind heart—such placidity of temper—and then so excellently brought up," &c. &c. This was enough for Sam—from the unlucky moment that the officious dowager began to acquaint him with the merits of Miss Catherine Crisp, Sam made it a particular study not to come within perilous distance of the said young lady. Not because she had red hair—a yellow complexion—a pug nose—an exuberance on her back, and *an absence* in front—not because she had been pronounced one of the plainest women on earth; but simply because of her being amiable, possessing a good heart, good temper, and being likely to make *an excellent wife*. Such a capability was enough to counteract all the cardinal virtues in the estimation of Sam, and he accordingly shunned, with all possible care, this very ugly and accomplished creature.

Sam's next resource was old women, and he was generally observed doing the amiable by some antiquated dame, whom the rest of the men studiously avoided. By this means Sam soon enjoyed an undisturbed monopoly of all the prosy, drowsy, foolish, palsied dowagers in London. They pronounced him a " very sensible man;" but even among such very venerable company, the peace of mind of our friend was doomed to be disturbed. Sam, to his utter horror and consternation, found out that some of these apparently inoffensive old ladies were most deep and dangerous foes, who were fighting under false colours in the cause of a portionless niece, or young *protegée*. From the moment of this awful discovery, Sam resolved also to cut old women, and thus we see, that by his successive *cuttings* he had now sent the whole feminine gender to Coventry.

Being debarred from his intercourse with one half of the human species, Bachelor Sam found it exceedingly difficult to get comfortably through the four-and-twenty hours of the day. His anxiety now was how to kill time. He became, as a matter of course, a most desperate club-man. He enrolled himself a member of about half a dozen of those selfish establishments, and his whole day was spent in lounging, dangling, and lolling from one club to another. But a club is not unfortunately the only requisite for human happiness, and Sam was soon a prey to the most fatal of all mortal maladies, *ennui*. Every thing tired him, and, unless, when an unsatisfactory dinner gave him an opportunity to grumble and scold the waiter, the poor man was at a sad loss to know how to rouse his spirits from that state of morbid apathy into which they were gradually sinking.

Years crept on, and Bachelor Sam was certainly neither improved in temper nor in his way of living; the former had become morose and discontented, the latter was well calculated to bring an additional stock of *ennui*, with the unpleasant addition of years. Sam dropt into one club, then another—took up a paper, which paper he threw by in disgust, and then sallied out for ways and means of killing the tedious time. At length he voted clubs great nuisances, and resolved to combine the advantages of the married man with the independence of the single. He procured a comfortable establishment, and devoted the energies of his mind and soul to that sublime science which, as we have observed already, found so much merit in his eyes,

or rather in his mouth. He considered cooking as the most splendid work of human genius and industry. Strange to say, that in proportion as Sam disliked women, the more he became attached to good eating and drinking. His fondest affections were concentrated into that one darling object, and, sooth to say, never was young girl so devotedly loved by an enthusiastic admirer, as an excellent dinner was adored by Sam.

Fate, or destiny, or fortune, or the stars, had decreed that Mrs. Muggins should continue an inmate of the bachelor's residence a much longer period of time than it was usual for any female to remain. But Mrs. Muggins was a woman of no ordinary merit: 'tis true she chanced to be on the wrong side of forty, and possessed the visage of a gorgon—'tis true, also, that she was exceedingly expert in scolding, and that she had a most invincible will of her own. But then she had qualities which more than counterbalanced these faults—if faults they could be called—considering the prejudice of Bachelor Sam against youth and beauty. Mrs. Muggins could talk copiously and eloquently on the deceits and utter worthlessness of the female sex: she never missed an opportunity of applauding her master for having escaped the arts of scheming women. Sam hemmed, and coughed, and avowed that Mrs. Muggins was a "very sensible woman;" and moreover, although she had been ostensibly engaged as housekeeper, she possessed such peculiar and decided abilities for cookery, that she took special care to superintend this important branch in her master's domestic happiness. Her grateful master swore that he had found a treasure in Mrs. Muggins; and thus he continued for a long time—to grumble, and doze, and eat; and then to eat, and doze, and grumble.

But fate had dreadful calamities in store for poor Sam. An awful danger threatened extermination to his domestic comforts. The reader must know that among the dainty dishes which the profound Mrs. Muggins was constantly inventing to tickle her master's palate, there was one that had won immense approbation—it was a peculiar sort of pudding, which the amiable Mrs. Muggins had christened "Bachelor's Pudding," in compliment to her master. The mastication of this most palatable pudding may justly be accounted the greatest blessing that Bachelor Sam experienced in this vale of tears. It was, indeed, a pudding, the invention of which might confer additional lustre on the names, already sufficiently illustrious, of Ude, Beauvilliers, Furet, and other great men. This pudding, in fine, was sufficient of itself to endear the accomplished Mrs. Muggins to her master, even if she could prefer no other claim to his regard and esteem, which was far from being the case—the dame presenting additional claims to those feelings by her phillippics against the fair sex, and her warm encomiums on "single blessedness," which, notwithstanding the Mrs. affixed to her name, she had now professed for the last five and forty years.

One morning Mrs. Muggins announced to Bachelor Sam that she must quit his service. Sam was thunderstruck—dismayed—nay, almost annihilated at such fearful intelligence.

"Quit my service, Mrs. Muggins! surely I've given you no cause for complaint?"

"No, sir—but a powerful reason."

"Powerful reason! Now pray, good Mrs. Muggins, don't be precipitate.—I'll do any thing to render things comfortable to you."

"But you can't, sir."

"No! only mention your wishes—any thing to keep you in my house."

"But—but, sir—indeed—really—hem—the fact is, I'm going to get married."

"Get married! Bless me! I'm ready to fall! Get married!"

Bachelor Sam could scarcely believe his senses. Mrs. Muggins, however, reiterated her assertion, and there could be no doubt that she really intended to commit the rash act. Here was a fearful prospect; Sam's heart throbbed with agony—"Bachelor's pudding" was lost for ever—he could not recover the loss of Mrs. Muggins—she was indispensable to his existence.

"And whom are you going to marry? Do you love the man?"

"Why, as to loving—I've seen *another* whom I should prefer."

"But would you really abandon me, good Mrs. Muggins?"

A very interesting dialogue now took place, and sundry equally interesting explanations came to light. Bachelor Sam foresaw that in his dreadful predicament nothing but a bold step could save him. It struck his active mind, that there was *one* very efficient means of securing the valuable Mrs. Muggins all to himself. He offered his hand to the interesting virgin; and the virgin, after a world of blushing and modesty, accepted the said hand. Sam, after escaping innumerable dangers, married, at the age of fifty-eight, his housekeeper, and thereby secured a delectable dish of "Bachelor's pudding" for the rest of his days!

T. DE T. C.

THE "GRAND COUVERT DU ROI."

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

At a period when political changes succeed each other with such portentous rapidity, that institutions and customs, which, but a very few years since, appeared to be firmly established, are now looked upon as traditions of the olden time; a rapid delineation of a ceremonial, the observance of which has been discontinued since the expulsion of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon from the throne of France, may possess some interest.

It was on the 4th of November 1825—St. Charles's day, and the *fête* of the King of France, Charles X.

That monarch was then at the zenith of his power: the French were, generally speaking, well-disposed towards him; for the injurious influence which the priesthood exercised over his mind, had not yet been made manifest by the promulgation of those disastrous projects, of which it was the destiny of the king to be the first victim.

Trade was in a flourishing state; the capital full of company; in short, Charles X. was popular, and the anniversary of his Saint's day was hailed with delight by the gay Parisians. The only alloy to their anticipated enjoyments was the dull season of the year: often were they heard to exclaim—*O! c'était beaucoup plus beau dans le tems de Napoleon!* Yet, the bread and the sausages were thrown at the heads of the people—the wine flowed from the fountains, and the theatres were opened *gratis*, as in the time of the emperor: but the St. Napoleon fell on the 16th of August, and in that month, the public gardens and promenades being in their glory, the entertainments in the open air were more attractive. Napoleon, however, had the advantage of being able to choose his own day; and if Charles the X.'s saint had not been ready made to his hands, he would, no doubt, have fixed upon one of the dog-days, if only to please the inhabitants of his good city of Paris.

On the occasion in question, the elements were most decidedly hostile to the comforts of those who were desirous of witnessing the ceremony of the *Grand Couvert du Roi*, or, in plain English, the dining, in public, of the king and royal family; for the rain descended in torrents; notwithstanding which the concourse of persons was immense. The pedestrians entered by the garden of the Tuileries; the persons who came in carriages alighted in the court of the *carrousel*. The hour appointed for the admittance of all was half-past five in the evening.

In spite of the pelting rain, the dense crowd in the garden did not disperse; the worthy citizens sheltered themselves under their umbrellas, and waited patiently until nearly eight o'clock, when the iron gates of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* were opened: the rush was tremendous, and the sentinels with difficulty made way for the ladies. A certain number of persons, only, were admitted at a time under the arcades, which branch off on each side of the vestibule; and there was another iron gate to be passed before arriving at the foot of the grand stair-case leading to the state apartments. A succession of small parties were permitted to go through this second gateway, and to mount the *escalier d'honneur*, which is wide and handsome. On the first landing-place was the guard-room of the Swiss guard—a noble saloon, decorated with four columns of the Ionic order. This guard-room was handsomely lighted up, and filled with men belonging to that fine corps, in their superb state uniforms.

At the head of the stairs were sentinels belonging to the *gardes du corps*, and the *garde royale:* all remarkably fine young men. The utmost politeness was displayed towards the public. After passing through an antechamber, the visitors arrived at the *Salle des Marechaux*, which was illuminated by a profusion of wax-lights, in elegant candelabras; (as were, in fact, all the other apartments;) the rooms were covered with rich carpets, and the immense wood fires imparted a delightful heat throughout the palace.

In the *Salon des Nobles* several of the officers of the *gardes du corps* were assembled, in gay conversation, round the fire, whilst some of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, in full court-dresses, passed occasionally.

Nothing could be more grand, more regal, than the whole suite of state apartments. The richly painted ceilings, the *Gobelin* tapestry, the velvet curtains, the silver statue, in the *Salon de la Paix;* all were in character, and all beautiful. The *Salle du Trone* was magnificent; the whole of the furniture being of rich crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. The throne itself—that throne which was occupied, a few years afterwards, by the *sovereign people*, literally speaking, for in the days of July the conquerors celebrated their triumph by seating themselves, in succession, on the chair of state of Charles X.—was elevated on a platform covered with crimson velvet; a canopy of the same material, embroidered with *fleurs-de-lys*, and surmounted by white plumes, was suspended over it.

It was in the *Salle du Trone* that the first sounds of music met the ear; they proceeded from the adjoining banquet-hall, called the *Gallerie de Diane*, at the entrance of which stood two of the royal servants in their state liveries: they were remarkably fine men, upwards of six feet high.

On entering this princely saloon, the first object which presented itself was a sort of gallery, occupied by a number of ladies in full dress: they seemed to be highly amused in observing the different individuals as they entered, who were ranged, in single files, to pass before his majesty's table. Superior pieces of music were executed, during this royal repast, by the first performers, both vocal and instrumental.

The king's table was semi-circular; his majesty sat in the centre, and on his right hand, at a little distance, his son, *Le Dauphin*, (the Duc d'Angoulême, who did not look ten years younger than his father,) was seated; next to whom was the Duchess of Berri; and, on the king's left hand, the *Duchesse d'Angoulême*. Behind the chairs of the Dauphiness and the Duchess of Berri were their respective ladies of honour in full court dresses; and at the back of the king's seat there were marshals, and generals, and ministers, the archbishop of Paris, the popes nuncio, &c. &c., all in their various uniforms and costumes; whilst the pages, in full dress, with knots of white ribbons on their shoulders, were in attendance to wait on the royal family.

The king wore the uniform of a general officer; as did also his son, the Duc d'Angoulême. They were both decorated with the *cordon bleu*, emblem of the order of the Holy Ghost. The richness of the costume, as well as the profusion and brilliancy of the diamonds worn by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, excited universal attention. She really looked like a queen; rather haughty, perhaps, but certainly dignified; and one could not view unmoved, the daughter of the martyred Louis the Sixteenth—the child of affliction, whose youthful days were spent in a prison—whose unhappy parents fell victims to revolutionary rage—who was an exile and a wanderer for so many years—and who was now restored to the palace of her ancestors, and destined, apparently, to inherit the title of queen of France—a title which calls forth a most painful recollection of the unprecedented sufferings of her mother, the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette.

The Duchess of Berri appeared quite gay, and was chatting with the Duc d'Angoulême, whose countenance beamed with good-humour.

The dishes were not numerous; they were placed on the table by the pages. As kings and queens, princes and princesses, eat and drink exactly in the same way as other folks, I will only say that the royal party seemed satisfied with the fare that was presented to them.

Perhaps the most remarkable personage in the whole assembly was the leader of the band, who was perched upon an elevated stand, in front of the orchestra, not far from the royal table. This functionary was rather an elderly man, dressed in a full court suit of black, with ruffles and a bag-wig. His exertions to keep the musicians in tune were most strenuous and comic. His face was as red as scarlet, excepting in those parts where streaks of powder and pomatum, liquified by perspiration, marbled his visage; and from its choleric expression, added to the violent contortions of his body, one might have imagined that he was a maniac—the arms, the feet, the head, and the bag-wig, were in constant and violent motion.

On quitting the festive hall, the public retired by the *escalier de service*, where, instead of the knightly *gardes du corps* who thronged the *escalier d'honneur*, divers cooks, in their white jackets and nightcaps, were to be seen handing up their dainty dishes to be "set before a king."

I.

[No doubt but that this custom was established in all the pride of humility, at some remote period, to let the loving subjects of such great potentates as were kings of France, see that kings' clay is made up of much the same materials as that of their fellow-men—a little more spiced, perhaps, which, in some measure, accounts for the hotness and wrongheadedness of unlimited monarchical will. After all the training that a court can give, we do not think that any publicly-eating king can come up to the mark of those noble gourmands which eat also in public, the feeding-time of which is eight o'clock in the evening, and which to see, costs only eighteen-pence—children half-price. It is the opinion of a very wise man, who wears a very long tail to a very noble wig, that the emperor-like elephant, the hungry lion, and the royal tiger, in gravity, grace, and gusto, we had almost said greediness, excel, in the art of masticating and swallowing, all other royal mouths that feed in public.]

PUBLISHING AND PUFFING.

Reputation and skill, when applied to the accumulation of wealth, are as much capital as are money, goods, and chattels. That reputation and skill are, with the addition of the command of money, so applied in the bookselling trade, is notorious. Many a bad work borrows a fleeting reputation from the bookseller, many a good one has been withheld from the public by the ignorance, the animosity, and the mammon-seeking spirit of the publishing fraternity. Capital, and especially the capital above described, is tyranny. It is more omnipotent than parliament. It can do almost all that it wills, and can certainly and efficiently prevent others doing what they ought. There is so much talent abroad in the literary world, that competition is extensive, and it is on competition that capital preys and gorges itself to the bloated size we often see it attain. Capital is also monopoly as well as tyranny: it is monopoly as regards the public, tyranny as regards the men of genius who supply the public with instruction and amusement, the booksellers with wealth and arrogance. The bibliopolists, therefore, delight in the number of writers who compete with each other, but dread the man who rises above competition. In the latter case, the author and bookseller change places, though the bookseller has less to fear in his subserviency, as the power founded upon genius and knowledge is always more generous than that founded upon money and cunning. It is true that the popularity of a work does not depend upon the bookseller; he can give it notoriety, but not popularity; yet, though he is so limited in doing good for the public, his power of doing harm is almost unlimited, in withholding from the world works that would become popular, and in exercising his irresponsible jurisdiction in deciding upon those efforts of genius that no one man should have the temerity to pronounce upon. The spirit of the craftsman is strong among them. They cannot abide interloping. They look upon a person, not of the trade, publishing a work, as do the counsel at the bar upon one so ill advised as to plead his own cause. Every obstacle is thrown in his way, and as they possess to themselves the means of disseminating a publication through the empire, those means are employed rather to close up than to open the avenues by which circulation is effected. These remarks refer more particularly to magazines, which are mostly, we believe, in the hands of booksellers, and the organs of their separate interests. Seeing that such is the state of the publishing world, and knowing the tremendous effect that the press has upon the destinies of the country, ought it not to be said, that that man deserves well of the community who shall boldly come forward and say to them, "You are influenced in your politics, biassed in your taste for literature, and catered for in your amusements, not so much by the master spirits of the age, as by a band of associated tradesmen; tradesmen, certainly not worse than all those of the class who must look more to the profit the commodities they deal in yield, than to the intrinsic

value of the commodities themselves; persons, whose interest is in high prices, and whose prices are enhanced by monopoly. This is an evil. I will attempt to remedy it. I cannot do without a publisher, but he shall be my publisher only. My work shall not be employed to puff his books, to serve his coterie, or uphold his faction." If any person were so to speak, and so to act, what would be the consequence? That the whole corporation of those gentry, "that drink their wine from other people's sculls," would do all they could to oppose such an undertaking. Not openly—for their opposition would be defeated by public indignation—but silently, perseveringly, and malignantly. We beg our reader's pardon! This is not an hypothesis—it is a fact; but as yet the public have been too true to their own interests, and too strong for these brokers, who, like the eastern negociators for merchants, bargain for things of which they know not the value, in the dark; and who, when they have given the world a successful work, are as proud of it, and as justly, as the fool who took the credit of the fine anthem that resounded from the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Now, in illustration of the previous remarks, we are credibly informed that Mr. Colburn had stated his determination to *put us down*. This is excessively unkind of Mr. Colburn, the more so, as we were about to put our pen to paper on purpose to *show him up*, but his threats shall not divert us from our task of charity. "Live and let live" has always been our motto; but when we are indisputably advised that we are to be assailed by insidious attacks, we think it our duty to strike the first blow, and prove that we are not afraid of the encounter.

Mr. Colburn, perhaps, is one of the most irritable and the most nervous of his species. No one who has been introduced to him in his *sanctum*, and has witnessed his bowing and his scraping, rubbing his hands, and twiddling and twisting his tail to the right and to the left like an over-pleased puppy, would believe that such rancour could be dormant in his little frame; but although authors unfortunately do know him and his tricks, the public do not. In exposing him, therefore, let it be remembered, that we are showing him up without reference to other booksellers, many of whom we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be liberal and honourable men.

It may be inquired, "Why this enmity towards the 'Metropolitan' on the part of Mr. Colburn?" This may be answered by a reference to the former and present sale of the "New Monthly Magazine;" and further, by entering a little, as we shall now do, into the secrets of the trade.

A publisher of any note does not consider his establishment well set up, unless he have the controul of a magazine, and a share in one or two newspapers. A magazine, it is well known, consists of two parts—the original articles, and the criticisms upon works published. Now it is to the latter part that the publishers attach the greatest value. The first is written to amuse and instruct, the latter, when under the controul of a publisher, generally speaking, to deceive the public; for although the editor may be permitted almost unlimited controul over the former, the publisher considers that he has his authority over the latter; and should any editor venture to find fault,

without permission, with any work published by the proprietor of the magazine, he would soon find that his salary was in jeopardy. This system is backed by the advertising and puffing in the newspapers, to which we shall presently refer.

Mr. Colburn has boldly asserted that it is to *him* that the authors are indebted for their reputation, that is, by his advertisements; and that with 200*l.* or 300*l.* spent in advertisements, he can *make* the public purchase an edition of any work that he pleases, however mediocre it may be. There is, perhaps, as much truth in this latter assertion, as there is little honesty in the deed. The great point with a publisher is to keep his publication constantly before the eyes of the public, to point out to it that there is food for the mind not yet tasted; for we now live in an age not of epicurism in reading, but in one of gourmandism, and quantity more than quality is necessary to supply the enormous digestion of the day. But still it is necessary that works should be favourably announced, or the sale will not be commensurate with the views of the publisher; and we will now explain by what means these necessary effects have been produced by Mr. Colburn. That it may not be supposed we are asserting without proof, we will follow up the safe accouchement of "Alice Paulet," a novel by the author of "Sydenham."

It ought to be remarked, that if the author have a previous reputation, there is, of course, less difficulty in obtaining the desired effect; but if he have not, the great point is to create a *mysticism* as to his identity, and, if possible, to persuade the public that rank, if not royalty, have been dirtying their fingers with the best Japan ink, which, like Warren's blacking, must of course give a superior polish to the writing. Suppose, then, that a work is to *be about to be* published. A rocket of announcement is thrown up something after the following manner; and, be it observed, that the great success of the measure depends upon the publisher possessing a newspaper, a literary periodical, or a magazine of good sale, absolutely at his command. This rocket will be fired off as follows in all these periodicals, assisted by as many more who will insert it at 6*s.* 6*d.* a paragraph, or whatever the sum may be which they may require for promoting the deception.

"The author of 'Sydenham' has in the press a sequel to that *piquant* production, reported to be distinguished by the same acute delineation of character which excited so much surprise and amazement on a first presentation. In the announced volumes the hero, it appears, exercises his sportive talent on the sporting gentlemen of the country, as well as in the fashionable circles of town."—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, April* 1, 1831.

(True copy.)

The public are very fond of scandal in general, and are more particularly pleased at having the higher classes cut up and exposed. It is very wrong, perhaps, but it is very natural, and we cannot alter human nature. "Sporting gentlemen in the country, and fashionable circles of the town." Why what a range is offered him! "I wonder whether he will bring in Sir William," says one lady, after having read the puff aloud to those sitting at the breakfast-table. "Or Lord Henry," cries another. "I must read that book," says the

lady of the house. "Emma, dear, write a note to our bookseller to send it down the moment that it is out." In the course of time the work is out of the press, bound up in boards, and ready for delivery, but it does not come out. It remains in Mr. Colburn's warehouse, while the following *refresher* is applied to the memory of those who may have forgotten the former announcement, and may, perhaps, at the same time bring to a decision many who had wavered at the first announcement:—

"The author of 'Sydenham' is at last ready with a sequel to that *piquant* work, which was so much the rage at the libraries, last year. It will appear in a few days under the title of 'Alice Paulet.' The hero, in his new character of a married man, has been enabled, it seems, to make his caustic observations on scenes and characters, which had hitherto been excluded from his scrutiny as a bachelor."—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, Oct.* 1, 1831.

Just six months after the first puff. Then this second puff is backed up still farther, in another of Mr. Colburn's prospectuses, using nearly the same words—

"The author of 'Sydenham' is ready with a sequel to the work, under the title of 'Alice Paulet.' The hero, we are told, is in his new character of a married man, but has been enabled to make his observations on scenes and characters which had hitherto been excluded from his scrutiny as a bachelor."—*Colburn's Literary Gazette, Oct.* 1, 1831.

See also *Colburn's Court Journal, Sunday Times, &c.*

The train is now fairly laid. The fashionable and the unfashionable world are supposed to be on the *qui vive.* Ladies Harriets, and Ladies Salinas, and downwards to all the Smiths, Johnsons, Thompsons, and Ramsbottoms, being regular subscribers, bore the unfortunate circulating libraries in vain. The book is still held back until expectation stands on tip-toe, and then at last out comes the work after several days of consecutive advertisements, in letters standing apart as if they had quarrelled. The delivery of the "Bibliopolist," is thus announced with a high-seasoned cup of caudle:—

"A noble *Marquis,* to whose pen the caustic tale of 'Sydenham' was confidentially attributed, has been lately excessively industrious in disclaiming the honour. We suppose this anxiety was in consequence of the singular expectations entertained in reference to the newly-announced tale of 'Alice Paulet,' by the same author, which it is supposed will unveil *certain family* secrets, connected with proceedings which (however necessary and laudable in intention) might subject him to a few inconvenient questions."—*John Bull, Age, &c. &c., Oct.* 30, 1831.

We hardly need say that this most noble Marquis could be no other than the Marquis of Carabas, and that little Colburn was the ***Puss in boots*** who invented the title. Still the public bite at the hook, because the bait is gilded, and the condescension of such exalted rank in devoting its time to the amusement of the public is duly appreciated. We will here insert another instance of clap-trap, which told well during the cry for reform.

"'*Borough-mongers.*' Great interest has been excited among the members of the Lower House, respecting the origin of the character of 'Leslie,' in the new novel of 'Pin Money,' and various individuals are pointed out as having sat for the portrait of this champion of boroughs and retailers of votes."

That a book should make what is called a *decided hit,* it is requisite,

in the first instance, that the periodicals at the command of the publisher should circulate an account of a work which they have never seen. The next plan is to distribute copies of the work before that work is publicly circulated, by which means favourable reviews and quotations are made from it, before other periodicals, not in his pay, can lay hold of the work, and create a doubt in the public mind, by conflicting opinions. Here the public are again deceived by *ex-parte* evidence, and upon this system the Athenæum has most justly and most severely animadverted.

So much for Mr. Colburn's puffs *ante*, now for the puffs *post*. The work is out. A portion of the greedy public are devouring it, while others are waiting for the banquet with impatience, staying their appetites with reading the extracts in the several periodicals and newspapers of the day.

Of the puffs *post* there are two sorts—the paragraph puff, and the advertisement puff. The paragraph puff is so arranged that it appears to be the candid opinion of the editor of the newspaper, who, in all probability, has never seen it, having quite sufficient on his hands to follow up the topics of the day in his leading article, and leaving the filling up of the paper to his underlings. These puffs generally run something in the following strain, but in this instance it is unnecessary to take the trouble to quote, as the remembrance of them will immediately occur to the reader.

"We understand that it is not the noble Marquis who wrote the novel so much in vogue, but Lord J*** F****. We have also heard it whispered at the clubs, that it is the joint production of the above nobleman and the witty Countess of ***-**. The secret is however well preserved. Our own opinion is, that such vigorous and powerful writing is more likely to proceed from the single pen of one of our own sex. We are not surprised, now that we have enjoyed the biting sarcasm and witty allusions in the work, that the author should so carefully preserve the incognito."

Another paragraph puff controverts all this, and thus is the work continually exciting the curiosity of the public. In the mean time Mr. Publisher triumphs in his success, and declares—"I sell any book I please, merit or no merit, with 150*l.* of advertisements. I make the *reputation* of authors; I made *Cooper*." And, had Sir Walter published with him, he would have as impudently declared, "I made Scott!!!"

It may appear that great blame is to be attached to the newspapers in thus assisting to deceive the public, but there is much to be offered in extenuation. The chief profits of a newspaper accrue from its advertisements, and when it is considered that 150*l.* are, perhaps, expended in advertising a work, it will at once be perceived the influence that such a publisher as Mr. Colburn, who, in the zenith of his success, did not spend less than nine or ten thousand per annum in advertisements, must have had over the public press, so far as the interests of his own works were concerned. If the editor of any paper were, upon principle, to refuse to insert these puffs, the proprietors of the paper, who look only to it with an eye to profit and loss, would not permit him to act upon his own scruples. And it may further be truly observed, that, although the publisher may be aware that he is deceiving the public, the editor, who has never looked into

the work in question, cannot decide whether the praise bestowed upon it be true or not. It remains, therefore, to throw the odium upon the original sinner, the publisher. But although this may be an excuse for the daily periodicals, it is none for those who profess fair and impartial criticism, and who are supposed to read a work before they pronounce their fiat as to its merits.

We now proceed to the advertisement puff, which consists in advertising a new publication with a short extract from a favourable review. Of course it is the publisher's own periodicals by which these are generally supplied, but it does sometimes occur, that being aware that the public pin their faith upon some one periodical in preference to others, they will even, out of an unfavourable critique, contrive to make an extract which will suit their purpose. This is artful to a degree, and is effected by selecting a phrase without due regard to the context. For instance, we will suppose the Examiner to have concluded a severe philippic in the following words—

"This is a work of no merit, a vapid production destitute of truth and nature; in reality, one of those efforts which we know not how to characterize, unless by saying that it is the superlative of the author's skill, his *chef d'œuvre*, but that his superlative ends where the weakest writer of the day, except himself, begins."

This is not very complimentary, but sweet is immediately extracted out of the bitter. In the next advertisement, commencing with "Just published," and so forth, the following lavish encomium winds up the whole—

"In reality, one of those efforts which we know not how to characterize, unless by saying that it is the superlative of the author's skill, his *chef d'œuvre*."—*Examiner.*

Every one who reads the criticisms in Mr. Colburn's periodicals will invariably observe the constant assumption of impartiality with which they preface their critiques. We say Mr. Colburn's, for he is the party who has debauched the press, as far as it has been in his power. We really believe that the periodical press, not connected with him, are very impartial. For ourselves, we do not even presume to give a *lift* to an undeserving friend, for did we, we should think ourselves guilty of a high misdemeanour. But even Mr. Colburn cannot have his way with his editors. During the time that Mr. Bulwer conducted the New Monthly, it was most honourable in its critiques. Mr. Bulwer was incapable of misusing his power or betraying the confidence of the public. How it will be conducted in future, we leave those to guess who have read Mr. Colburn's address, and his defence of the *Anonymous*—the stiletto in the back—probably the weapon intended to be used when Mr. C. asserted that he would *put us down.* Indeed, we have now in our possession the fact, that Mr. Colburn, in arranging for favourable critiques with an editor of a newspaper for the "New Monthly," stipulated that at the same time the "Metropolitan" was to *be abused.* The editor indignantly spurned the offer, and from him we have the fact.

The editor of the "United Service Journal," also the property of Mr. Colburn, is not to be intimidated, and Colburn would have sent him away long before this, had it not been that in sending away the

editor he would also have sent away all the subscribers. Upon which consideration Mr. Colburn pockets the affront with the profits arising from that well-conducted work. When it is considered that this Bibliopolist is the whole or part proprietor of the "New Monthly," the "United Service Journal," the "Literary Gazette," the "Court Journal," the "Naval and Military Gazette," and we believe others, it will at once be perceived not only what power he has had in puffing his own publications, but also what power he has had to crush the minor publishers, whose works may be cut up *ad libitum;* deceiving the public, not only in praising his own bad publications, but in abusing or "damning with faint praise," the works of real merit brought out by other publishers.

Our remarks have insensibly swelled into an essay, and we shall therefore continue a little longer, not so much with a view of exposing Mr. Colburn's malpractice, but, as he has now quitted the field, of warning the public and authors against any other Leviathan of print who may hereafter rise up in his stead. We observed how very particularly those, who are partial, assume in their exordium the virtue of impartiality. This is on the same principle that a woman, conscious of her guilt, thinks it necessary to talk more than others about her virtue. Still, a convincing proof of this impartiality is sometimes found to be necessary, by abusing one of the works belonging to their own proprietor. For this purpose a work that has fallen dead from the press on account of its stupidity is selected, and as there is no chance of obtaining further profit from it, it is immolated for the character of the magazine. The critiques then commence as follows:—

"The impartiality of our critiques has been but too often noticed, and, we trust, has been of no small service to our magazine. At the risk of offending, when it is our wish as well as our interest to please, we," &c. Fudge! fudge! fudge!

Thus in May 1831, a work called the "Premier," was published by Mr. Colburn. It was lauded in the "New Monthly" as usual; but this would not do: it was too dull to go down. The public began to complain of the booksellers being their own puffs and critics. The "Premier" was a bad speculation, and the same inkstand which thus had been puffing it, was now desired to abuse it without mercy. Thus was the "Premier" offered up as a scape-goat to impartiality and independence.

If a work of this description is not ready to hand, then one is selected in which the author has unadvisedly agreed to share half profits, which we strongly recommend no author to consent to, much less to sell an edition of a work to any but a respectable bookseller; as it is whispered that some have a trick of agreeing for a certain number of copies, and printing for their own profit a great many above the number agreed—which is tantamount to swindling. Even second editions are no proof of the merits, or even the sale of a work; for it has been too often the custom of the bibliopolist now in question, when he found that the sale of a work flagged at five hundred copies, to reprint a new title-page, and advertise a second edition before the first is half disposed of. Thus, second editions, which are supposed by the public to be a sure criterion of the success, and even

the merits of a work, are, in fact, the very contrary. Good works are a long while coming to a second edition, as the first is very large; but trash is remarkably quick in again appearing before the public.

We have now summarily exposed Colburn's publishing system. But Colburn "having done the trick," and chuckling no doubt at his success, very prudently thought it was high time to sound a retreat, when the public began to open their eyes to the portentous "humbug;" he accordingly retired from the trade, limiting for the future his brilliant talents and profound experience to the "nursing" of his "New Monthly," "United Service Journal," "Court Journal," &c. &c. But now observe—time only can correct the mischief. A man, who like Colburn, payed hundreds and hundreds annually to the proprietors of newspapers in advertisements and puffs, possesses thereby a decided advantage over him who has to fight his way by mere dint of talent, industry, and independence. If the "New Monthly Mag." happened to be by chance (a chance which might or may occur) the very worst of the "monthly brethren," what is the consequence? Why, that a friendly mantle will be thrown over its frailties and imperfections by the less scrupulous or more kindly disposed critics; while the more secure and independent papers, if they could not conscientiously praise, would at least be silent, or slur over their animadversions, so as to inflict as little pain and mischief as possible. But this subject we intend to go into more at length on a future occasion; for really it will be doing the cause of literature a service, to initiate the curious reader into the mysteries of reviewing and literary coteries.

But it is time that we leave off, not for want of material, for we could continue the subject much to the edification as well as to the amusement of the public; but we do not wish to enter too particularly into facts without we are compelled, otherwise we could show up every component part and person of his clique in detail, and not only him, but the other literary associations which coalesce in favour of other periodicals; and we shall do the first, if Mr. Colburn still perseveres in his threat of *putting us down*. We have struck the first blow to prove that we defy him; if he wishes for any more, we are quite ready, and will prove as good as our word.

We have submitted to the mean and unworthy conduct of those bibliopolists who have resolved that there shall be no independent magazine; instead of resenting, we have tried to conciliate, and our forbearance has been taken for weakness. We now, once for all, throw away that good-nature which has characterized our pages. In the literary world, (we might say in the world itself,) there are but two classes, the preyers and the preyed upon, the hawks and the doves. "'Ware hawk," shall in future be our motto. We know our strength, and will not fail to make use of it.

STANZAS.

Oh! that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound!
MANFRED.

Oh! many's the sound that, on mine ear,
Hath struck each chord of untold gladness;
And many's the note that, echoing near,
Hath brought with it the sigh of sadness.

I've listen'd oft to th' evening song
Of gondoliers their love-tale singing;
I've watch'd, in Pleasure's brightest throng,
Young Joy his train of music bringing.

I've past beside the summer stream,
As zephyrs o'er its waves were sighing;
I've watch'd the sunset's lingering beam,
As the wild cuckoo's notes were dying.

I've heard, at evening's thrilling hour,
The flute's sigh on the cool air floating;
I've heard fair ladies, in their bow'r,
Sing songs, that passion lov'd to doting.

I've listen'd oft to th' ocean's roar,
As its proud waves were sternly swelling;
I've watched the sky-lark's morning soar,
And love its song beyond all telling.

But Anna! O there's something sweet,
And near akin to fairy dreaming,
In sounds, with loveliness replete,
Heard as the moon is softly gleaming!

Thine is the voice, that on my soul,
Leaves echoes, which must always linger;
Who can his passions' will controul,
When thy wild lyre obeys thy finger?
VOLAGE.

THE SPANISH BARBER.[1]

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER VII.

The *Beata's* alarm—Father Zanganillo's manœuvre—Account of José the Page—My indolent Life—A word on my Master—A Visit from the Astronomer—Description of Dona Jesusa, another of the pious Sisterhood—A Dinner—A provoking Cat—Another fit of absence in the sapient Estraza—Horror and scandal of Dona Jesusa—Confusion of the Guests—Projects of the Aunt—My Master takes leave of his Relatives—Despair of Paquita—Advice and curious Speech of the Uncle—How to cut a *liaison*—Preparations for quitting Seville, &c. &c.

"THE fits of absence of the sapient Estraza gave occasion sometimes to very extraordinary and ludicrous mistakes.

"'Of all his fits of absence, Master Robledo, I think the singular one of his senses, as regarded his better half, was the most conspicuous.'

"Why, Don Felix, it is wisely ordained that some persons should be rather obtuse in this respect, to prevent mischief. Besides, Don Pantaleon was one of the most happy of mankind. Deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and industriously engaged in the solution of intricate problems, he had no time to trouble himself concerning the laudable pursuits of Doña Paquita. She was such an excellent creature besides; never by any possible chance would she intrude upon his profound meditations. Never did a problem suffer the least from her untimely interruption: indeed, Paquita was a most capital piece of ornamental furniture in the residence of the astronomer. Unfortunately, the decided predilection of Don Hilario for this beautiful piece of furniture, became the subject of much scandalous comment. The reverend father Zanganillo very properly felt shocked at the scenes which he had witnessed at the star-gazer's *quinta*, and for reasons of morality, and divers others, he lost no time in communicating the fruits of his observation to Doña Anacleta. The aunt, as the recital proceeded, summoned a considerable quantum of virgin modesty to her assistance, and sooth to say, made a highly respectable display of decorum and surprise, and all that sort of thing. Zanganillo was in ecstasies, for he considered he had advanced full three long journeys into the inheritance of the devout lady.

"With a most dignified manner and pomposity of tone, she observed, 'I am really shocked at what you tell me, father.'

"'And so was I. One is astonished and scandalized at the corruption of morals of the present day.'

"'I always feared as much, from the previous conduct of the party.'

"'It doesn't become me to criminate any one, but certainly the previous conduct of the party was clearly indicative of what was to follow. He was always of a licentious turn.'

[1] Continued from p. 87.

"'*He!*' exclaimed the aunt in astonishment. *He!* father; what mean you?'

"Zanganillo stared a little, then he hemmed twice, and then he said, 'Why, I mean the seducer.'

"'The seducer—*she* you mean then. O yes; she is a good-for-nothing creature. I am ashamed of the vile woman; Paquita is really depraved and worthless.'

"Here Zanganillo considered it prudent to hem again, and to blow his nose, in order to conceal his confusion at the mistake he was in the act of perpetrating. He however endeavoured in a soft, smooth, and insinuating manner, to bestow a rap on Don Hilario, but he was soon obliged to desist, as this was a topic on which the exemplary Doña Anacleta would not hear reason. Doña Anacleta could never—indeed was never in the wrong. She knew her nephew better than any one else, and was persuaded he had become the dupe of an artful woman. Zanganillo was aware that it would be quite as easy for him to be made pope the next day, as to persuade the positive dame out of her strange infatuation. So like a prudent man he forbore pushing the matter any further for the present, contenting himself with joining in the edifying litany of opprobrious epithets, which the devout aunt was heaping on the name of Doña Paquita.

"The life which I led about this time was pleasant enough. I had sense to find out the weak points of each member of the family, and work upon them. However, I was no favourite with Doña Anacleta, despite of my decorum in her presence—my attentive listening to her sapient remarks, and my sonorous tone when called in the evening to family prayers—despite, I say, of all these merits, the *beata* looked on me with distrust, and even dislike. I found out the cause—I had a rival. Some sixteen years back Doña Anacleta had taken under her protection a poor orphan; this orphan, by name José, had in process of time become a very sizeable person. He became a page to the lady, and I dare say the lady was not displeased to find that José was not only a pretty boy of a page, but that he gave promise of turning out a remarkably fine man. The pious Doña Anacleta loved the youth with a real mother's fondness, and it was even said that at her death she would make a handsome provision for her *protegé*. I soon discovered that José was no favourite with my young master, and I took accordingly every opportunity of annoying the page. This created no friendly feeling towards me, and we at length hated each other tranquilly and comfortably.

"Don Hilario, I will say this for him, was a man who displayed a most striking impartiality in the bestowal of his affections and friendship. Every one was equally indifferent to him—except indeed his incomparable self: to a man so constituted, it was no trifle to affect even the semblance of regard towards a valet; and I flattered myself that my young master liked me quite as much as it was possible for his *un*liking nature to regard any body. I was a zealous servant—knew my master to be a genteel scoundrel—a well-dressed ruffian—but that was no affair of mine. As long as I brushed his clothes and went his errands, the code of morals which he chose to adopt was no business of mine. I was about his person to take care of his outward appearance, and not to improve his mind.

"I enjoyed sufficient liberty, and indulged my curiosity in visiting any thing that was worth seeing in Seville. My birth and conventual education, and church domesticity, naturally enough kept up in me a sort of taste, or rather habit for processions, and all the pomps of religion. True, my unfortunate performance of the guardian angel, and the consequent castigation, might have given me a surfeit of such things; but no—first impressions are very strong with me, and although I have no particular predilection for friars, I always take an interest in the affairs of the church. But, sir, let me turn to a different subject. The astronomer and his pretty wife came to Seville, and of course they were frequent in their visits to Doña Benita's house. The good lady smiled foolishly, and dozed, and prayed, and drank chocolate, in the same regular manner as heretofore; to her the visits of an astronomer of one hundred, were of no manner of importance. Every thing continued in the same routine. But Doña Anacleta felt otherwise on the occasion. Her heart was suddenly filled with a whole Vesuvius of zeal, and piety, and moroseness, and spite, at the sight of Paquita. Her very rosary shook with the vehemence of her devotion and choler. Alas! the presence of a defiled and sinful pretty young woman is uniformly productive of immense horror in the eyes of a strictly religious old dame. Doña Anacleta was exceedingly eloquent on the occasion; 'without mentioning names,' she contrived to inflict a most ponderous and overpowering lecture on her young relative. She had always most appropriate scriptural quotations at hand, and she positively declared that the iniquities of '*the whore of Babylon*' were nothing compared to those of some modern young ladies of Seville. This edifying sermon produced a great effect on Paquita, for no sooner was the eloquent preacher out of sight, than she burst into a fit of laughter, of most obstreperous and inordinate prolongation.

"Doña Anacleta considered it her duty next to call the besotted astronomer to account. She rated him soundly for his obtuse indifference with respect to his wife, and bluntly asked if he had lost the complete use of his senses, that he could not perceive what was going forward. The sapient Estraza was perfectly bewildered at the unexpected *tirade*. What could Doña Anacleta mean by such extraordinary language? *He* accused of not having his senses about him! Then again, what had he done to his wife? He was really puzzled—this was a problem of far more difficult solution than the one which occasioned the violent death of the fly on father Zanganillo's rubicund visage. Don Pantaleon quietly observed,

"'Valgame dios! what strange speech are you making there, my good Doña Anacleta? Paquita and I live in the greatest harmony; she never interrupts my studies, and I believe she beguiles her time to her satisfaction her own way. We are mutually pleased, and mutually happy.'

"'Happy, forsooth! but have you no respect for the opinion of the world? are you callous to shame—nay, to the voice of religious duties? Why, an infidel could scarcely show greater unconcern under such painful circumstances!'

"Estraza was certainly a very learned man, but the *beata's* present apostrophe completely bewildered his mind.

" ' What business has the world with my domestic affairs?'

" ' Why, surely, you must be aware that Paquita exhibits a partiality for our nephew, highly to be reprobated in her station.'

" ' But, why?' demanded the sage, with most placid unconsciousness.'

" ' O you are a dolt,' quoth Doña Anacleta, indignantly, and suddenly left the room.

" Don Pantaleon was more puzzled than ever, and he began to entertain serious thoughts that the *beata* was not in her right senses. The idea that Don Hilario was taking more than the allowable means of rendering himself agreeable to his aunt, never for a moment disturbed the deep thoughts that lay imbedded in his sapient skull. Indeed, Estraza had no time to waste in such humdrum occupations as looking after his domestic affairs. Still the astronomer could not brook the tone which the zealous Doña Anacleta had thought proper to adopt. The looks of the *beata* betrayed more than the ordinary *quantum* of fierce acrimony. She actually seemed to annihilate the offending Paquita with her tremendous glances. Alas! the glances of a maiden of fifty, fervently bent on devotion and spite, are really awful things to encounter. I have told you, Don Felix, that Estraza's fits of absence were wont to produce very singular effects; it was one of those most unfortunate oblivious failings that expedited his return to his *Quinta* on the banks of the Guadalquiver.

" The bosom friend of Doña Anacleta was a certain *beata* called Doña Jesusa. This dame had ingratiated herself into the good graces of her sister-devotee by the length of her rosary and of her tongue. Doña Jesusa was a very formidable specimen of maidenhood. She entertained a deep-rooted dislike against the whole masculine gender, whence we may conclude she had resolved to remain single—a resolution which fortunately she had the greater facility in adhering to, as it was reported that never was man known to approach the lady with other words or sentiments than those of most distant respect. Well, sir, this Doña Jesusa had condescended to take into her hands the important function of censor-general to the families of her whole acquaintance. In her exuberant religious zeal she descanted copiously on the dangers of personal beauty, and in this indeed she was perfectly disinterested, for she was a hundred leagues off from incurring such a danger herself. She was the most ugly scarecrow in the form of a woman that ever concocted in her person a libel against her lovely sex. The possession of a Medusa-like countenance served her admirably in frightening children into good behaviour. Doña Jesusa was scolder-general of her circle of friends—distributor of advice on all manner of subjects—collector of charities—first grumbler in the pious sisterhood of *beatas*, and an assiduous drinker of chocolate. Besides all this, she charitably undertook the task of prying into family secrets—denouncing the mal-practices of servants—teaching little children the catechism, and pulling them by the hair.

" Well, Don Felix, this formidable dame chanced at table to sit next to Don Pantaleon Estraza, who appeared at the time to feel rather uneasy. However, no one troubled himself about the astronomer, supposing that instead of eating his dinner he was foolishly

engaged in some of his impracticable problems. Father Zanganillo, besides, was there, to make up for any deficiencies in the geometrician's appetite. Father Zanganillo acquitted himself with his usual ability and success. It did one's heart good to see him eat; his eating was so frank—so open—so sincere—no undue mockery of affectation—no refusing—no talkee talkee—no nonsense—in fine, he sat to in downright good earnest, and would not suffer his attention to be withdrawn from his masticatory pursuits by any subject whatever. On a sudden, Doña Jesusa, whose countenance exhibited more than the ordinary share of discontent and peevishness, exclaimed,

" ' Be quiet, Selina—be quiet. Holy St. Joseph! how very troublesome the cat is to-day.'

" A few minutes elapsed.

" ' *Zape gato,*'* muttered the *beata* again, with redoubled animation, really this cat won't let one eat in peace.'

" A few other minutes passed, and then Doña Jesusa lost her remaining stock of patience. The teazing provoking cat continued to scratch her leg without the least regard to her prohibitions and vexation. Moreover, the mischievous animal continued his annoyance under her dress, and the *beata* considered this a shocking breach of decorum and propriety even in a cat. With exuberant zeal, therefore, she resolved to punish the offender by a tight grasp of her sinewy and vindictive hand. So, without further remonstrance, no sooner did the cat resume its scratching pastime, than the dame gently lowered her arm to grasp the delinquent, and then pouncing suddenly on the object, she got hold of—O horror! amazement!—she got hold of a human hand—yes, a real human hand, dabbling in most indecent fashion under the folds of her dress.

" ' Oh! *Jesus Maria!*' shrieked the dame, in horrified bewilderment, at the same time starting from her seat.

" The company stared—all but father Zanganillo and Estraza, for they were severally very importantly engaged.

" ' Blessed St. Joseph, what ails you, Jesusa?' inquired Doña Anacleta, in alarm; 'what has the cat *done?*'

" ' The cat, indeed! *vaya!* I'm shocked! I'm ready to faint.'

" Considerable alarm was now excited—father Zanganillo, disturbed in his pleasant occupation, wisely observed in a grave tone,

" ' Really, cats ought not to be suffered here during meal hours.'

" At that moment Selina chanced to pass by, and the provoked man of God bestowed a very efficient kick on the unoffending animal.

" This incident increased the confusion. Doña Benita, notwithstanding her usual placidity of temper and somnolent tendencies, was aroused by the piteous moanings of her favourite, and in a higher fit of displeasure than was her wont to use, exclaimed,

" ' *Virgin del tremedal!* why are you so barbarous, *padre*, towards the poor creature? I'm sure Selina is an extremely well-behaved cat—there must be a mistake.'

" ' Mistake!' quoth now Doña Jesusa, with a burst of superadded indignation, which she had been industriously collecting for the few

* Off, cat.

moments past. 'Mistake! 'tis infamous—there can be no mistake. Don Pantaleon must have done it on purpose.'

"Here was matter for new staring, and forthwith the indignation of the party was transplanted to the fresh offender. Estraza stared also, and appeared as much puzzled as the rest.

"'Are you not ashamed, sir?' cried the ferocious devotee, 'to behave in this manner?—you a married man, too! And at table, in the very presence of so many respectable persons. Have you, at least, no feeling of mere common decency?—are you so depraved?'

"Now this was one of the most knotty problems that the profound Estraza had met with in the whole course of his studious life. He was perfectly astonished and bewildered at such awful accusations.

"'What have I done?' inquired he, in a most innocent tone of voice.

"'What have you done! *Vulgame San Juan!* here's hypocrisy! What liberties were you taking under the table?'

"'No liberties that I know of. I was merely scratching my leg.'

"'*Animas bendita!* scratching his leg, he says. No, sir, scratching mine.'

"'Lord bless me, Doña Jesusa! was it really *your* leg that I was scratching? Well, this accounts for my not feeling any relief in mine. At this rate, I might scratch till doomsday.'

"He wound up this lucid speech with a burst of laughter. '*Animas!*' '*San José!*' '*Virgin Santa!*' &c. &c., and other pious exclamations, interjections, adjurations, and ejaculations, now filled the room, bounding in one remitting volley from the astonished and scandalized tongues of the company. The *beatas* very properly crossed themselves thrice, and there was a very respectable exhibition of religious zeal and horror displayed at the shortest notice. The harmony of the table was completely overturned, much to the discomfiture of the reverend Zanganillo. Doña Anacleta and Doña Jesusa withdrew to another apartment, and began a very pious and acrimonious dissertation on the foregoing incident. It was no wonder, said the devout pair, that Paquita should turn out so shocking a character with such a man for a husband. '*Ay Jesus!*' 'Example is every thing; and a pretty sort of example this old sinner gives. *Virgin Santa!* I am not yet recovered from my horror and disgust,' &c. &c.

"It was decided that Don Pantaleon Estraza was a flagitious character, and that he was well assorted with Paquita; and, moreover, Doña Anacleta decided also that all but indispensable intercourse with the astronomer should immediately cease. Doña Anacleta's *dictum* being law supreme, Estraza sounded a retreat to his *quinta*, and made a resolution, on his side, to trouble with his presence as little as possible such foolish people, who got out of humour simply because he could not avoid scratching *his* leg. The retreat of the sage did not prevent Don Hilario finding his way to his *sanctum*. Things went on at an amazing rate. Every one talked, and every one felt excessively scandalized—every one but the estimable Estraza, who was too busy with the heavenly bodies to mind such trifles. Zanganillo hinted that absence was an admirable specific for the kind

of malady that now afflicted Don Hilario. The pious dames immediately caught at the idea, and it was quickly determined to send the young gentleman to Madrid, under pretext of paying a visit to an old uncle.

"Don Hilario joyfully gave his consent to this arrangement. He was so dutiful a nephew, that he wished to oblige one aunt, especially when he was getting tired of adding to the pleasure of another. The fact is, that the worthy young gentleman had so just a notion of the claims which the fair sex had on his person, that he felt excessively shocked at the strange monopoly which Paquita endeavoured to exercise on this point. Really some ladies are exceedingly inconsiderate. When a man good-naturedly devotes himself to their pleasure, it is strange how very unreasonable those ladies grow. In the fulness of his anxiety to please, a man may sacrifice three, nay, four, perhaps six months, to their exclusive devotion. Yet even this will not satisfy them—a gross instance of selfishness, of which men, indeed, are seldom, if ever, guilty. Don Hilario was one of the least selfish men in this respect; and he had long, long ere this resolved to tear himself from his beloved young aunt, in favour of other claimants to his good services. Here, then, was an excellent opportunity to do the thing gracefully and genteelly. The young scamp, therefore, summoned a considerable quantity of counterfeit sorrow, and having neglected his *toilet*, and forgot to comb his hair, for the better performance of affliction, he hastened to the astronomer's *quinta*, and communicated the distressing intelligence to his pretty relative.

"Doña Paquita was first astonished, then agonized, and at last furious, at this intended journey. I believe this is the usual routine in such cases. Paquita, by the progressive march of fits and starts, and sighs and tears, and heart-rending words, arrived at length at an explosion of as tremendous a female storm as ever graced the departure of a lover. She called him a false man, a deceiver, a monster, and the rest of the most established epithets in the abusive vocabulary of indignant Cupid. Don Hilario was a skilful hand, too, at this sort of thing. He first attempted to sooth her by promising *eternal* constancy; but Paquita treated his promise with a scornful look, and very properly—this was a glaring insult offered to her understanding. The old stale trick of eternal constancy might pass current with a young, raw girl, or a poor tradesman's daughter; but really the idea of bamboozling a married aunt—the wife of an absent, star-gazing, and obsolete driveller besides—with such stale contrivances, was a stretch of foolish presumption on the part of Don Hilario. Paquita was no theorist; she reduced all human affairs to practical demonstration; and she considered that eternal constancy, at a distance of more than one hundred miles, coupled with a protracted absence, were positively a scurvy substitute for real, present, and tangible love.

"Certainly a man of refined ideas ought to be shocked with this sort of matter-of-fact feeling; and sooth to say, Don Hilario was properly disgusted on the occasion. But he had a most terrible adversary to cope with. Paquita was ungovernable in her grief, shame, rage, and disappointment. Her nephew perceived the necessity of strong measures, and he assumed the offensive in his turn.

"'You are an ungrateful woman,' cried he, indignantly; 'is this my reward for all the sincere love I have professed to you?' &c. &c.

"A smart firing of abusing, accusing, rebuking, reproaching, remonstrating, and recriminating, followed. But the approach of the sapient Estraza cut short this tempestuous scene. The geometrician came in high glee to announce the solution of that most intricate of problems, which had disturbed his slumbers, as well as those of Father Zanganillo, as you may remember. Estraza gave his blessing and advice, and moreover a substantial proof of his regard to his nephew, in the shape of an enormous gold watch, which it would have been no easy matter to carry before breakfast. He shook Don Hilario by the hand as he gave him the following advice. 'Now, Hilario, take care of yourself, and write me word if there is a telescope in the observatory of Madrid to rival mine. Keep good company, and neglect not to see my friend, the licentiate Posma: he is a learned man, and will be of use to you. Pray dedicate yourself to the heavenly bodies; and, believe me, they confer a pleasure to which nothing on earth can bear comparison. I have endeavoured to impress this on the mind of my dear Paquita, but I make but little progress; indeed, she prefers your company to the study of astronomy, and therefore I am afraid she will miss you when you are gone. You certainly had hit on the secret of pleasing her: they say woman is a riddle—I should say a problem—he! he! he! Well, you did find the solution to that problem—he! he! he! But, however, I'll do my best to supply your place in your absence. I am now going to set in earnest about discovering the quadrature of the circle, which, as you know, has puzzled the most profound sages of ancient and modern times. I will initiate Paquita into these enchanting studies; and what with these and my big telescope at night, I'm sure she will have enough to occupy her time.'

"This learned harangue was listened to with all due respect by Don Hilario, who, sooth to say, contrived to refrain from irrelevant laughter, simply because he was well accustomed to the erudite and astronomical absurdities of his uncle."

"Well, but Paquita, how came she reconciled to his departure?"

"Why, as to that, Don Felix, it has remained a profound secret. Don Hilario, I believe, never bestowed another thought on so ungrateful a woman; and he returned to Seville in a most exhilarated mood of mind. Indeed, he seemed like a man who had been freed from an oppressive weight on his shoulders. As to Doña Paquita, the forsaken Ariadne, I cannot exactly decide whether she found her husband, his telescope, and 'the quadrature of the circle,' a commensurate substitute for the loss of her nephew, or whether she looked out for another way of passing her time. According to the eternal laws of nature, it is probable that her excessive affliction and rage found relief in due process of time. We, however, never troubled ourselves with the matter. I say we, because I was to accompany my young master on his journey. Well, Don Felix, the travelling preparations were soon completed; and I looked anxiously to the moment when I was to set off for the capital of Spain."

(To be continued.)

SKETCH FROM MEXICO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE EXPOSITION OF THE FALSE MEDIUM AND BARRIERS EXCLUDING MEN OF GENIUS FROM THE PUBLIC.

It was a fine looking, but deadly broiling noon on the sea coast of Vera Cruz, when the jolly boat of the Mexican frigate "Libertad" pushed off for the ominous island of Sacrificios. What condition this miserable patch of distempered sand may be in now, we cannot say: at the period we allude to, it was a most wretched place, whose only inhabitants were lizards, turkey buzzards, vermin of all classes and grades, a "garrison" of half a score of ragged Mexican soldiers, and several negroes, who kept huts, where fiery *aguadiente* drams and rank Campeachey cigars were vended. It was a glorious place for the orgies of the yellow fever. Human bones were strewn about in all directions.

The boat of the national frigate, that was now pulling for the island, was like anything but a British man-of-war's boat. A midshipman in a broad straw hat, with one side of the brim bent down and held between his teeth to keep off the sun's rays that glared upon the sea, was lolling in the stern sheets, puffing a long cigar from the other corner of his mouth. He seemed to be thinking as little of the "sickly season," as of his present duty. His blue jacket was like those worn in our own service, except the Mexican eagle and serpent upon the button; but there was a profusion of gold lace upon his white kerseymere trowsers, whose purity was in a rapid way of defacement from the hot ashes of the cigar which continued to fall as the boat rode over the unequal waves occasioned by a coming "norther." His boat's crew consisted of an English cockswain and three half-naked *costas*. A man-of-war's boat, with three oars, is a very fine sight indeed! It spoke volumes for the state of the Mexican navy. At the bottom of the boat lay two Mexican marines at full length, and guarded by four others, with loaded muskets, and a serjeant. One of the prisoners was amusing himself with certain small and interesting intruders in the region of his dark matted locks; the other was fast asleep. They had been found guilty of insubordination and mutiny against an officer, and were ordered ashore to be shot.

Their ostensible offence was not, however, the only cause of their present sentence. There was a *secret* cause that had excited the officer's most deadly enmity against them. Availing himself of the very lax morality of the country, the said officer, partly by bribes to her parents, but more by promises that were poetically magnificent and equally fabulous of result, had possessed himself of a pretty coal-eyed *nina* from the interior, who had now been under his fostering wing some six months. Pablo, her lover, who was a young *paysano*, had quickly followed and entered the national marine, in the hope of discovering some day, by watching the movements of his

officer, in what quarter of Vera Cruz his lost fair one was secreted. This he was not long in effecting, as the town is small, and at this period was very thinly inhabited, owing to the sickly season, and also to the frequent firing of the Castle of St. Juan Ulloa, which was not then subjugated. The officer not being aware of the previous acquaintance of Pablo with his beautiful Indian, though he was well aware that his bribe to her parents had rendered some young suitor miserable as well as herself, took no measures to keep him out of the town by extra duties on board gun-boats or other vessels, so that frequent meetings between the lovers ensued.

Don José, the captain of marines, was a man very much addicted to falling in love; and though by no means intending to return his first fair one to her parents, had recently become desperately enamoured of the wife of one of his men, named Perez, who had been long in the service, but was descended from some old Castilian "stock" or "blade" in the Spanish armies. Don José finding the object of his new passion impregnable to all his assaults, scornfully refusing his bribes, and laughing at his lies, made an end of the siege one fine dark windy night, and carried her off by force to a distant quarter of the town. Meantime he took especial care to keep her husband continually afloat, "on duty."

Perez, however, with all the acuteness of Argus-eyed jealousy, soon discovered what was transpiring ashore. He meditated sundry schemes of signal revenge; but upon mature reflection, not finding any of them to his mind, he determined, with all the patience of one who has a fixed purpose, to wait till he could effect it entirely to his wish.

Perez and Pablo were shortly after transferred, with a few other marines, on board the schooner Tampico; when accidentally becoming acquainted with their mutual wrongs, they agreed to take the next opportunity, when ashore, of waylaying our sea-landsman Lothario. The consequence was, that Don José narrowly escaped with his life from the hand of the justly vindictive Perez; and seeking refuge and consolation a short time after at the abode of his first youthful victim, was met at the door by her lover Pablo, who threatened certain death if he attempted to enter, then—or at any future period. Don José drew his sword fiercely; but recollecting that his rank made its use unnecessary in this case, retired to the guard-house, and sending a party of his men to seize Pablo, had him quickly shipped off to the Libertad frigate as a prisoner. Here he was soon joined by Perez, who was in a similar predicament; and a summary court-martial having tried them, without any weight being attached to their half-heard defence, they were ordered the punishment of death, for offering violence to the person of their commanding officer.

In pursuance of this sentence, they were now being conveyed to Sacrificios for execution next morning at day-break. The boat landed them with their guards, and then pulled off again for the frigate.

The crew of the Libertad (though the naval officers were all English) was composed of an ungainly mixture of Portuguese,

French, and Mexicans; some *called* "marineros," others in the shape of marines; and British seamen. A party of the latter had been to Sacrificios in the morning with the launch, and having given their officer "the slip," had congregated in the negro-huts, and there treated themselves and the Mexican raggamuffin soldiers from the dilapidated guard-house, with plentiful potations of aguadiente—to drink King George's health! When the prisoners arrived, the "soldiery" were in a very disorderly state; staggering about proudly, striking their breasts and exclaiming, "Mejicàno! Mejicàno!" and occasionally, by way of gratitude for their exhilarated condition, mingling the name of his Britannic majesty, pronounced "*ad libitum*." The interference of the new comers, who claimed more authority than was due to their rank, upon the impertinent score of being quite sober, gradually induced a disturbance and broil, during which the two prisoners escaped, and made off to a remote part of the island.

Upon such a place as Sacrificios it was scarcely possible that they could remain long undiscovered; and to leave it was equally beyond hope. The two men, however, hid themselves in a hole under the lee of a hot and crumbling sand bank. Here, in hoarse whispers, they spoke of their approaching fate, and at sunset they had come to the following determination.

Though sentence of death had been passed, it had nevertheless been left at the option of Don José to pardon either, or both, if he pleased; the offence, though not investigated, being evidently of a private and not a public nature. If, therefore, one of them could kill him when he came to Sacrificios to enforce their sentence, the other taking care previously to surrender himself at the guard-house, so as to prevent his implication, it was very probable that the latter would be pardoned, and the former only suffer. Who should do the deed was settled in a very characteristic manner. The Mexicans are most confirmed gamblers: and as to death, they are as careless about it as can be imagined of any people. Perez drew forth a very small and dirty pack of Spanish cards, and they agreed to play for every thing they possessed; (this may seem "forced and unnatural" to the Great Cockaigne;) when the one who lost all his money, silver buttons, trinkets, cigars, and clothes, though the latter only were not to be taken, should kill Don José by any means he could, either secretly that night, if he came there, or openly the next morning.

And thus in ghastly silence, at the dusk of evening, while the sound of the sea upon the near shore come surging low upon the ear, exchanging nods and looks at each other, indicative of the progress of the game—oft pausing to listen if those who were searching for them were approaching their hiding place,—did these two men sit crouching in the sandy hole, with their knees touching each other, and their eyes bent close down upon the obscure oracular cards, to decipher their fate as they alternately displayed them in the fast-fading light.

By the time the moon was an hour high, Perez had won every thing belonging to his comrade. He accordingly rose, and receiving from him his money, consisting of a quarter dollar and sundry medios, his buttons, tobacco, half a pack of cards, three gilt rings, and two

rosarios ornamented with tinsel and little green silk tassels, they embraced each other several times, with looks of sensibility and affectionate intelligence—that perhaps had never before been expressed upon their features—and parted.

Perez immediately betook himself, by a short cut, to the guard-house, and surrendered himself in all humility to three half-drunk dancing soldiers, and a sedate, towering-drunk corporal. The rest, who could stand, were all out in pursuit, headed by Don José, who had subsequently arrived on the island.

Meantime Pablo, after a pause to collect himself for the accomplishment of the deed that had thus devolved upon him, slowly and cautiously moved forth to reconnoitre. He had not proceeded far, when he heard the sound of approaching men, forming one of the parties that were in search of him and his comrade. As they came nearer, he clearly distinguished the shrill harsh voice of Don José. The young Mexican made a rapid yet noiseless descent to the sea-shore, along which the party were approaching, and heading them before they were well in sight, stole himself into the sea, and swam, or rather floated, as low in the water as possible, till they had passed. He purposed following them, in order to watch his opportunity when Don José might be separated a short distance from his men; but the former manœuvre was rendered unnecessary by Don José seating himself upon a stone to rest, giving orders to the soldiers as to the direction in which they were to search before rejoining him.

They were no sooner out of sight, than Pablo issued from the sea and advanced rapidly towards Don José. The latter thought at first that it was a messenger with news of the fugitives; but seeing the glitter of a drawn blade, added to a peculiarity of manner in the approaching figure, he started up and placed himself in a posture of defence. The young Mexican, though new to the service of arms, was most expert, like many of his countrymen from the interior, in the use of the knife; and grasping his bayonet in the same style, it became a dreadful weapon in his hands, which nothing but an equal skill in his antagonist's sword could withstand. Don José had scarcely time to recognize and call upon him to surrender himself, ere Pablo attacked him with a spirit and vigour that precluded all further parley, not even giving him breath to call for assistance.

The contest was not of long duration. Don José wounded Pablo slightly several times, but fearing to make a thorough-going lunge, because if it failed his own fate was pretty certain, he continued to retire backward a step at a time, till stumbling, he fell at his length, and his antagonist, striking the sword from his hand, stood over him with his uplifted weapon.

Don José instantly rose upon his knees with his hands elevated to avert the descending point, and begged his life. Pablo paused a moment indecisive; when remembering his faith plighted to his comrade, he exclaimed, "No—you shall die as you deserve; but I will not kill you in that attitude. Rise, and take your sword once more, and be quick about it lest your men return." As he said thus, the young Mexican drew himself up with that degree of abstraction and dignity which generally accompanies the sudden transition of feeling in a

magnanimous action; when the wily Don José sprang upon him like a tiger-cat, and snatching the bayonet from his relaxed hand, thrust it deep into his breast, and Pablo, with one long convulsive gasp, reeled and fell lifeless upon the sand.

Don José quickly returned to the guard-house. Finding the other prisoner already in custody, he gave the strictest and most peremptory injunctions as to his safe-keeping, and chuckling with bitter glee at the further satisfaction he should have in the morning, betook himself to rest.

When Perez understood the fate of his comrade, he as readily saw his own, and with one shrug of the shoulders reconciled himself as well as he could to the unlucky disappointment and its consequences. In the course of the night he drew forth his tattered pack of cards, and offered to play with the soldiers who were guarding him for all he had. They thought it would be very easy to win every thing from a man who was to die in the morning, and of course could have no need for, and must be equally careless about losing his money and "valuables." They were deceived. Perez never played with so much skill as upon this occasion, and his luck, by a freak of fortune common enough in *such* cases, was unfailing. He made the most hazardous bets, and won them; he gave any odds upon any card, and still won. Having nearly possessed himself of all the money, ornaments, and other trumpery of the soldiers, he was obliged to desist, as the dawn was breaking; he therefore gave them in charge to one whom he could depend upon, to be conveyed to his wife in Vera Cruz, together with *a short message*, between an adieu and an injunction.

At gun-fire aboard the Libertad—from which "the garrison" of Sacrificios generally took their "time"—Perez was led forth to execution, with a cigar in his mouth. We do not say that he was insensible to the end that awaited him; but knowing that it was inevitable, his presence of mind was disturbed by no hopes, and his nerves were not of a kind to be shaken by fears. The only thing that superseded indifference, was a bitter sense of the injustice of his fate. Though a Mexican by birth and parentage, his grandfather had been a soldier of some small rank in Old Spain, and Perez seeing nothing but Mexicans around him, thought he could not show his own contempt of death sufficiently without including the people of the country he was about to "quit," and who were to be his executioners. A feeling of pride also, from a sense of his wrongs, made him ambitious of placing himself above the tools of arbitrary power. As he was being conducted to a convenient distance from the party of marines and soldiers who were to fire at him, he laid his hand upon his breast, with an air of hauteur, as though he had descended from a grandee, exclaiming—"Soy Español! Castellano! y no Mejicano mestizo.*

Don José, with an enraged voice, ordered the foremost party, who were marines, to load. While they were doing so with their usual awkwardness, Perez addressed the officer with scornful composure, holding his cigar between a finger and thumb.

* I am a Spaniard!—a Castillian!—not a mongrel Mexican!

"Don José, you are a coward. I know it by your having killed Pablo. He was far more expert with his weapon than you with yours: his death must have been effected by some foul trick or promise."

With a furious execration, Don José snatched a musket from the hand of the marine nearest to him, and fired at his victim. The ball missed him, and Perez with a grim smile, taking a whiff of his cigar, spoke again:

"Don José, you were a brutal piccaroon to carry off my wife by force, but you were a fool before that, to suppose that she, or any other woman, would have left me, Español! Castillano! for such a lizard-faced, spider-limbed thing as you! As to those noisy barrels pointing at me——"

At this moment a volley from the marines silenced him for ever. The ghastly hue of death overspread his countenance, and the blood issued from several parts of his white dress, trilling down in long branching rills into the sand. With eyes fixed upon Don José, he stood a moment—tossed his cigar scornfully upon the ground—and folding his arms, fell backward stone dead, without a groan.

Don José returned to his marine corps in Vera Cruz, exulting in the end of his rivals. He did not long enjoy his ill-gotten triumph over his unfortunate men; for a few weeks after, he was found murdered in the streets of Vera Cruz, close by the Santa Fé barrier. The deed was traced without much difficulty, or the lazy "authorities" would never have traced it at all—to the wife of Perez. She was accordingly fined five dollars, and ordered to be imprisoned a fortnight; the triviality of which punishment was not owing to any sense of political or moral justice—that being about the average estimate of the value of a life in Mexico.

TO COURTESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Hail to thee, Courtesy! Thy smile is bland,
Thy mien attractive, and I love thy voice;
Yea, even in the wave of thy white hand
There is a charm that makes all hearts rejoice.
Sweetly thou canst refuse,
And sweetly beg—
Canst bow, and make a leg—
But when thou givest,—O the heavenly muse!
How beautiful art thou! To me, to me,
Come, gentle spirit, with thy face of glee!
Come with thy hand enclosing a bank-bill,

Sweetest of givers, come! Through good, through ill,
Giving, or not, thou know'st I love thee still!
Thy power is infinite. Blest maiden, say,
Who, like thyself,
Can give or take away—
Or ask a man to dangle on a rope,
Just to oblige thee, and yet calmly hope
He will not take it ill, the sorry elf—
As Horace Walpole tells—Horace who pass'd
A long, long life
Without a wife,
Which caus'd that life of his so long to last.

The gaoler walks into the convict's cell
Stroking his chin the while,
All bows, and grace, and smile,
"I hope, my dearest friend, I hope you're well.
How slept you, my sweet sir? Bad dreams? Ah, yes;
A man so delicately plac'd as you
Must find the time most heavily to press.
I have a small request—oblige me, do—
A little trifling thing. A short excursion—
A week or so—we all must have diversion—
My wife and I would take
A trip across the lake—
You would not spoil our trip—your heart is tender:
I cannot go, you know, till you are hung.
To-morrow fortnight into heavenly splendour
Must gently launch you from this world of sorrow"—
Here Courtesy tipp'd with honey goaler's tongue—
"Oblige me, do, and just be—hung to-morrow."

That's Horace Walpole's: listen now to mine—
He shone by wit, so I, by fact, may shine.
Comptroller of the Customs—blest employ!—
Was Mr. Samuel Sims; and his address
Was such as Chesterfield would teach his boy,
Polished with all the grace of courtliness.
Had Sims but knock'd his head against a wall,
Like some I know too well,
He would not swear and bawl,
Damning the bricks and mortar down to hell;
But back, with a bow, *unconsciously* would fall,
Exclaiming, though the knock had been a "hard 'un,"
"Excellent sir, I humbly beg your pardon!"

Sims was seventy-six,
A fine old figure, upright, tall, and grand;
Time certainly had long contriv'd to fix
A legible writing, with his bony hand,
On Samuel's features, in a good round text
Of wrinkles—yet the word had charming sense;
To read, the dullest could not be perplex'd.
The word inscrib'd there was—BENEVOLENCE.
Conspicuously neat,
From head to feet,
Sims walk'd t' his office duly every morn.
A head of glistening silvery locks, so white,

It made you look upon him with delight,
Flow'd on his shoulders, waving, and unshorn.
He was so striking, that, in fact,
You could not help, sirs, when you met,
Looking full at him, with a stare, deep set.
Then, to complete this very ill-bred act,
When he had pass'd, as one stare would not do,
You 'd turn right round, and treat our friend with two.

Didst ever a man-mastiff see?—
A bull-dog-headed brute—a burly hound,
Gross and growling; who must ever be
In a blue coat, with large brass buttons found,
And hands in small-clothes' pockets fixedly—
One who has turn'd his penny to a pound;
Who being well to do, to make an end on 't,
Becomes a bear, and thinks he 's independent.
Just such an one had taken up a *post*,
Literally upon the king's highway;
And, as Sims pass'd, each morning he engross'd
The pavement nearly—and not for a day;
But days, and weeks, and months, there stood the bear,
With his terrific stare,
Yet never spoke,
Thrusting his head plump into Sims's face.
"This is no joke,"
Thought the mild elder, "yet I cannot trace
That monster's features in mine aged brain.
Perhaps the man knows me. It 's very plain
I 'm growing old; perhaps he thinks me rude.
I cut him!—I cut no man—never could.
I 'll bring this doubt, however, to an end,
And speak to-morrow to my bluff-faced friend."

Well, on the morrow, gentle Mister Sims
Came to the spot to try his courteous plan.
There stood the post as usual—there the man,
Propping up with it his enormous limbs;
And his great head, as was his wont, he ran
With open jaws, that breath'd not of the south
With violet odours laden, right in Sims' mouth,
And goggled at him with his wondrous eyes.
Recovering his surprise,
The fine old man fell back a step or two,
Bowing, with smile benignant, "How do you do,
My worthy sir?" said he, with proffer'd hand,
"I hope I see you well?" "*Don't know ye*," roar'd the brute,
With bull-frog voice. Beyond expression, bland,
Was Samuel's voice, as he, with tone of lute,
Most musically said,
"Believe me, when I solemnly aver,
I'm very vastly glad to hear it, sir."
Here with another bow, he backwards slid;
"I was afraid
You DID."

FAIR ANNIE MACLEOD.

A TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Those attachments that take place in early life, contrary to the wishes of tender and *not ambitious* parents, seldom, if ever, end happily. The *ignis fatuus* of passion, which leads the young and trusting maid to the arms of her lover, vanishes when the cares of her own creating press upon the heart of the wife and mother.

In my native village, before I had entered upon that world which owes, like some descriptions of beauty, half its enchantment to the veil that shades it, I was acquainted with a young maiden, whose personal and mental attractions were of that cast which romance loves to portray.

Annie Macleod was the belle of our little hamlet. She had a bright and loving eye; a cheek ever dimpling with the smiles of gladness; and a fairy foot, which was as elastic as the stem of the bonnie blue bell, her favourite flower. Annie had many lovers; but one, a stranger at Roslin, was the chosen of her heart. To him her hand was often given in the dance; and many were the inquiring glances at, and frequent the whispered surmise about him, by 'kerchiefed matron and snooded maid. Annie's was a first love: and, like every thing that is rare and beautiful, when seen *for the first time*, was irresistible. Just emerging from the girl into womanhood, with all the unweakened romance of nature playing round her day-dreams, and colouring the golden visions of her sleep, the manly beauty of the stranger's countenance, and the superior refinement of his speech and manners to the youth of that sequestered hamlet, came with all the power of enchantment to ensnare and bewilder her innocent mind.

Rumours about this favoured stranger at length reached the ears of Annie's mother—unfortunately, she had no father. Questioned by her parent, her answers were in character with her youth and simplicity. She knew nothing of the stranger; but "was sure he was a gentleman, for he had offered, and really meant, to marry her." Mrs. Macleod, upon this information, acted without delay. She forbade Annie, on pain of her maternal displeasure, to see the stranger again, unless he, by his own conduct, proved himself to be worthy of her. But on a fine Sabbath morning, when going to kirk, drest out in all her pretty bravery, and blooming as the rose-coloured ribbons that tied her bonnet, Annie met the stranger at the place where they had so often held tryste together; and there Robin Bainbogle, as he crossed the rude bridge that leads over a wild ravine to Roslin Castle, saw, as he said, "the bonnie lassie for the last time, wi' a face like a dripping rose." Tears Annie might, and probably did shed—but that day she fled from her home.

Years passed away. The mother of the lost girl sank under this blow to her parental hopes. The young maidens, Annie's compeers in age and beauty, became wives and mothers; and the name of "fair Annie Macleod" was seldom mentioned but by sage matrons, to warn their daughters, or by chaste spinsters to draw comparisons to their own advantage.

It was on a dark and stormy night in November, 1792, that the pious and venerable pastor of ——— was sent for to attend a dying woman. Wrapped in his plaid, the kind man walked hurriedly along the common footway to a settlement of squalid cottages, such as vice and poverty usually inhabit. In one of these cottages, or rather huts, he found the object of his search. Pale, emaciated, and sinking away, like the flickering light of an exhausted taper, lay the once beautiful—the once inno-

cent and happy Annie Macleod. What had been her fate since she left her mother's roof 'twas easy to imagine, though the veil of secrecy rested upon the particulars of her history. Her senses were at times unsettled; and it was only during the short gleamings of a sounder mind, that she was able to recognize in the Rev. Dugald Anderson, the pastor of her sinless youth, and to recommend to him, with all the pathos of dying love, the pretty, unconscious child that slumbered at her side. That done, her heart, like the last string of a neglected lute, broke, and the spirit that had once so joyously revelled in its abode of loveliness, fled from the ruined tenement of beauty for ever.

"And these are the fruits of love!" said Anderson, bitterly, as he eyed the cold and stiffened features of Annie. "Oh! monstrous violation of that hallowed name!"

"Of a troth, 'tis a sair sight!" said an old woman, the owner of the hut; "and I count me the judgment o' the gude God winna sleep nor slumber on sic doings, as the ruin o' this puir lassie."

"No," said Anderson, emphatically, "the justice of God may seem to slumber, but is awake. Accursed is the seducer of innocence: yea, the curse of broken hearts is upon him. It shall come home to his heart and to his spirit, till he lie down and die, in very weariness of life."

The pious pastor took home the little Alice to the Manse; and after the remains of her mother were decently interred in the village kirkyard, a simple headstone, inscribed with her name, told of the last resting-place of "fair Annie Macleod."

Some years subsequently to this melancholy event, the good pastor of ——— went out, as was his wont, to "meditate at even-tide." As he stood leaning over the white wicket gate, that opened from his garden into the churchyard, thoughts of early days and early friends came trooping to his mind.

> "No after friendships e'er can raise
> The endearments of our early days;
> And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
> As when it *first* began to love."

The last rays of the setting sun shone full upon the windows of the chapel, reflecting from them a thousand mimic glories. His eye glanced from the holy edifice to the simple tombs, partially lighted by the slanting sunbeams, as they quivered through the branches of the patriarchal trees, which here and there hung over the forgotten dead. Suddenly a man habited in a foreign garb advanced up the broad pathway leading from the village. Looking about him, he at last stood opposite a white headstone, over which a decayed yew threw its melancholy shadow. It was the headstone that marked the grave of the once joyous Annie. As if oppressed by some sudden emotion, he sank rather than leaned against the hollow trunk; but soon again returning to the grave, he knelt down, and burying his face with both hands, appeared to weep. The good pastor, interested in the scene, stood gazing unobserved at the stranger, who, after the lapse of a few seconds, rose up from his knees, and turned away as if to retrace his steps. Then again coming back, he stooped down, and plucking something from the green sward, kissed it, hid it in his bosom, and with rapid step left the churchyard.

Anderson returned into the Manse, drew a chair to the hearth, sate down, took up a book, laid it down again, and walked out into the little court that fronted the village. A feeling of curiosity perhaps led him to glance his eye over the way, where stood the only alehouse in the hamlet, when he saw the same stranger come out, and, crossing the road, stop at his own gate. To his inquiry if the Rev. Dugald Anderson was at home, the good pastor, answering in the affirmative, courteously held back the

gate for the stranger to enter; while the little bare-footed lassie who opened the door, seeing a visitor with her master, bustled onwards, and ushered them into the best parlour, carefully wiping with a corner of her blue-checked apron the tall, spinster-looking elbow chair, and then withdrew to tell the young Andersons what "a bra' gallant the master had brought hame wi' him."

The stranger's appearance justified Jennie's encomiums. Though past the summer of his life, the unextinguished fire of youth still lingered in his dark full eye; and his tall athletic person accorded well with the lofty bearing of his looks, and the refined courtesy of his manners.

"I believe," said he, addressing Anderson, "you have the care of a young girl, whose mother died some years since?"

"You mean the daughter of Annie Macleod?"

"The same; and it is to ascertain her situation in your family, that I have taken the liberty to wait upon you."

"Her situation in my family, my good sir," said the worthy man, "is that of a daughter to myself—a sister to my children. The calamity which robbed her so early of her mother was an inducement, but certainly not the only one, to my becoming her protector. I was acquainted with her mother in the happier years of her life; and the friendship which I had felt for Annie Macleod revived in full force when duty conducted me to her death-bed. I there pledged myself to be a father to the fatherless; to keep her unspotted from the world—the pitiless world, as the dying mother called it, in the lucid intervals of her wandering mind."

"What!" said the stranger; "did sorrow overcome her reason?"

"Alas! yes; for many weeks before her death they told me that her senses were completely gone; and when I saw her in the last mortal struggle, the delirium of mind was only partially broken in upon by flashes of reason."

The features of the stranger became convulsed, and he seemed to wrestle with some violent emotion.

"You were a friend—perhaps relative, of the unfortunate Annie?" rejoined Anderson.

"Yes—I was a friend;—that is, I—I—knew her," said the stranger.

"Then you will like to see my little charge:" and without waiting reply, the good pastor left the apartment; but almost immediately returned, holding by the hand a pretty fair-haired girl, with dark blue eyes, that seemed made for weeping. "This," said Anderson, leading her towards the stranger, "is Alice Macleod, or, as she calls herself, Birdalane."*

The stranger drew her to him; and taking her hand, gazed long and earnestly in her blushing face. "Why do you call yourself Birdalane, my pretty child?"

"Because nurse called me so, when she used to cry over me, and say I had no mother and no father to love me, and give me pretty things, like Donald and Ellen Anderson."

The stranger's eye fell, and tears hung upon the dark lashes that swept his cheeks. He rose, and walked to the window; and Anderson heard the long-drawn sigh that seemed to burst from a heart laden with old remembrances. Presently turning to the pastor, he said, "I am satisfied, good sir, fully satisfied, that this friendless one cannot be in better hands, to fulfil her mother's wish, and keep her 'unspotted from the world.'" Then presenting a sealed packet, he added, warmly grasping Anderson's hand, "Be still a father to that orphan girl, and God requite you tenfold in blessings upon your own!" He stooped down, kissed the won-

* *Birdalane*, means in Scotch the last, or only one of their race—one who has outlived all ties.

dering Alice, and hastily left the apartment. Anderson went to the window, and in a few moments he saw a groom lead out two horses. The stranger mounted one, and putting spurs to his steed, Anderson soon lost sight of him in the windings of the road.

The worthy pastor, dismissing the little Alice to her playmates, prepared to open the packet. In an envelope, upon which was written—"A marriage portion for the daughter of Annie Macleod," was a draft for one thousand pounds; and on a paper folded round a small miniature, the following words: "A likeness of Annie, such as she was when the writer first knew her. 'Tis now but the shadow of a shade. The beauty, gaiety, and innocence it would perpetuate, are gone, like the hopes of him, who still clings to the memory of what she was, with all the tenacious regret of an undying remorse."

Some time after this event, business called Anderson to Edinburgh. One day, while perambulating the streets on his various engagements, he saw the self-same figure, which remained indelibly imprinted on his memory—the identical mysterious stranger, who had visited him at the Manse, issue from the castle gates, and descend with a slow step and melancholy air down the high street. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, prompted Anderson to follow at a distance, and ascertain who he was. It was Lord ——.

"'Tis even as I thought," said the good pastor; "poor Annie fell a victim to the arts of Lord ——. Alas! he was too accomplished a seducer, for such artlessness as her's to cope with."

The sweet ties that bind the sons of virtue to their social fireside are too simple for the epicurean taste of the libertine: the tender interchange of wedded minds, the endearing caress of legitimate love, are simple wild flowers, that wither in that hot-bed of sensuality, a corrupt heart. Never can the proud joy, the refined pleasures of a faithful husband, be his.

> For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
> Best, purest emblem of the bliss above:
> To draw new raptures from another's joy,
> To share each pang, and half its sting destroy,
> Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
> Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd,—
> To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
> Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,—
> Passion, to life's last evening hour still warm,
> And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.

To conclude. The little Alice never left the Manse, where she lived as her mother wished, "unspotted from the world." As she grew to womanhood, her simple beauty and artless manners won the affections of Donald Anderson, the son of her benefactor. They were married, and often when Alice looked upon the smiling cherubs that climbed her maternal knee, the silver-headed pastor, as he sate by the ingle in his elbow chair, would put on an arch expression, and ask her where was Birdalane now? while Alice, blushing, and laughing, would draw her little nestlers closer to her womanly bosom, and so answer the good man.

After a life of active charity, full of years and good deeds, the venerable pastor of ——— slept the sleep of peace, in that church where he had often roused others from a darker slumber than that of death. After his decease, and written in the neat old-fashioned hand of his father, Donald Anderson found amongst his papers a manuscript, dated many years back, containing the history of Annie Macleod; which, with some slight alterations, and the omission of particular names, (for obvious reasons,) is now submitted to those readers, whose hearts will not permit their heads to criticise a simple and unadorned tale.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

A TRUE STORY.

THERE is an aphorism in very common use, "that one half of the world do not know how the other half live." We heartily wish that the very necessary knowledge alluded to in the proverb were more general,—were it so, we are convinced that human suffering would be less. The study of our common nature under any of the various phases which a highly refined state of civilization has produced, must be gratifying to the reflective, and not without its use to the active mind. These considerations partly, and partly to render still more obnoxious to the public feeling, that remnant of barbarism, imprisonment for debt, have induced us to give publicity to the following detail of facts. To their authenticity we can bear witness. All the occurrences here related actually happened; in fact, the whole narrative is an auto-biography. As it is the intention of the ruling powers shortly to do away with the absurdity of incarceration for misfortunes, and to take out of the hands of a vindictive creditor the weapon of revenge and torture, it would be here needless to expatiate upon the folly as well as impolicy of allowing one man to put another into a prison for an act of which they were the joint perpetrators. If the creditor loses his money through his own imprudence, the loss is deserved; if through the misfortunes of his debtor, the debtor deserves not to suffer. In the latter case, the affair ought to be looked upon as a partnership concern. The creditor expected his advantage in the transaction as well as the debtor. On every case of fraud, let punishment be exemplary, but let us spare unfortunate probity, and, to prevent extensive demoralization, let us have no more to recount such scenes as we are about to present to the reader.

THE CAPTURE.

They who suppose that the interior of a prison exhibits nothing but a gloomy picture of human misery, or that the description of such a place can be nothing else than a catalogue of human woes, may find themselves, in either opinion, equally mistaken. A prison may not improperly be considered an epitome of the great world, in which the grave and the gay, the cheerful and the sombre, alike take their turn; and by their influence on the mind, gladden or depress the inmates of those receptacles of the sons and daughters of misfortune. This should, however, be understood as only applicable to a *debtor's* prison, where the consciousness of crime and the dread of punishment can never be supposed to operate in poisoning those pleasures of which even a state of confinement may be sometimes susceptible.

In endeavouring to delineate such characters, or describe such incidents as impressed themselves on my mind, I shall be rather select; choosing only such as may be supposed to excite interest, deserve commiseration, or afford amusement; passing over the common herd of vulgar wretches and "petty larceny knaves," and studiously avoiding those disgusting scenes of low riot, or brutal debauchery, which too frequently occur in such places.

Having thus premised, I shall now enter on my task, by describing *my own entrée* into this terrestrial pandæmonium.

It was on a fine autumnal evening in the year 1803, that Tomaso and Katherine sauntered out after tea from their apartments in ——— Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to view the improvements then going on in Russell Square and its vicinity. Having sufficiently gratified their curiosity, and it now being nearly dark, they called on their return at the house of a friend, where they sat down to rest themselves after their walk. They sat for some time conversing in the twilight with those members of

the family who then happened to be at home, the parlour windows being thrown open, as the weather was still quite warm. A violent knocking at the outer door soon disturbed the tranquillity, and interrupted the conversation. On opening the door, the noise of a number of feet and several voices caused them at first to apprehend that the intruders were a gang of robbers, who resorted to this expedient to gain admittance into the house; their fears however on *that* score were soon changed into the certainty of the visitors being of quite another description, though not of a less terrific aspect. The party immediately entered the parlour *sans ceremonie*, and demanded if Senior Tomaso was then in the room. Being answered in the affirmative, (for he knew not then of aught he had to fear,) lights were immediately ordered, which when introduced, he at once recognized as the leader of the group, or rather the troop, a tall meagre figure of a man, whom he knew to be one of his creditors, and who stood in a very theatrical attitude, stretching out his arm like a road-post, and pointing to Tomaso, said to his principal alguazil, "*That* is the gentleman we want!" On which Mr. Donaty, who was attended by as many auxiliaries as if he came to arrest Sixteen String Jack, Monsieur de la Motte Piquet, or Jeremiah Abershaw, walked up, and gently touching Tomaso on the shoulder, which meant full as much as if he dubbed him a freemason or a knight errant, politely invited him to accompany him to his residence in Great Shire Lane—a place, though now obscure, well known in the days of the Spectator. It is hardly necessary here to inform the reader, that this gentleman's *hospitable* mansion was what is vulgarly denominated a spunging-house. Dr. Johnson says, that "change of situation, even for the better, is at first attended with inconvenience," and the reader will readily believe Mr. Donaty's new lodger now felt it in its full force; coming home as it did, to his "own business and bosom." But that which he felt with the greatest poignancy was the sudden separation from his wife, and from his children, of whom he had then three, all in a state of infancy.

To such of our readers as have ever been in the hands of sheriffs' officers, it would be superfluous to give a minute description of a spunging-house; but as it is to be hoped that few were ever in that predicament, it may not be amiss to give some account of those *halfway houses* between liberty and imprisonment, which have so increased in number in the metropolis, as to rival the grand hotels and other mansions of elegant accommodation.

A spunging-house is a sort of *chapel of ease* to a prison, or rather, what purgatory is to pandæmonium; a place where all hope of redemption is not wholly cut off, but where you are often plunged into an abyss of misery; and where you find yourself already surrounded by those harpies, whose torments give you an ample specimen of what you are to expect when removed to that last extremity which the laws of his country inflict on an unfortunate debtor.

On his arrival at the house of Mr. Donaty, (who, for a sheriff's officer, was a civil, decent man enough,) Tomaso desired that they would "lead him to his straw;" on which request he was ushered into a small back room on the first floor, where the iron bars of the window reminded him, for the first time in his life, of the loss of liberty. He was here most unexpectedly introduced to a lady at once young, beautiful, and fashionably attired, and altogether of most prepossessing appearance, and one who ought only to have been confined within the flimsy bands of "love's silken fetters." She was seated at a table, on which her elbow rested, with her head reclined, and leaning on her left hand; but how describe the appendages or *decorations* of the picture? Before her stood a glass and gin bottle, which seemed to have seen some service; and from which it may be supposed she derived that *evil* spiritual consolation, too often the recourse of the weak, the

timid, and the dissolute; and the whole apparatus had a powerful resemblance to that of the opening of the fifth act in the "Fair Penitent," where Calista is seated with sculls and bones before her, bewailing the death of the "gallant, gay Lothario;" or like the conqueror of Asia, as described by Dryden, who sat

> "With downcast looks,
> Revolving in his altered soul
> The various turns of chance below;"

For

> "Now and then a sigh *she* stole,
> And tears began to flow."

There was also a small bed standing in a corner of the room, which greatly tended to realize the scene.

Mrs. Donaty, who left Tomaso and the fair incognita *tête-a-tête*, had no sooner withdrawn herself, than a female servant entered, and made the *moderate* demand from Tomaso of *six shillings for his bed for that night!* Conceiving resistance vain, and remonstrance useless, he immediately submitted to this gross imposition; and ordering a pot of porter, and making his bow, took his seat at the table with the lady unknown. His approach to the table seemed to rouse from her reverie his fair partner in affliction, who appeared, as before observed, the very emblem of beauty and innocence; but the eye and the heart are often deceived, for this imaginary divinity turned out to be a mere bacchante, and one who drank more deeply of gin and of other strong liquors, than of the stream of Helicon or the chaste fountain of Diana. On seeing the newly-arrived gentleman before her, she filled out a glass, and making a gentle inclination of the head towards her companion, emptied it at a *touch*. She then filled another glass, which she presented to Tomaso; he politely declined it, not being quite of Macheath's opinion, "that our best friend is a brimmer," particularly as he was not one of those who patronize gin-drinking; but at the same time telling the lady, that he would be happy to give as a toast, "*Their better fortune*," in humble porter. On his thus preferring the weaker liquor, the fair one darted at him a look of ineffable contempt; as much as to say, "What a milksop!"

The *tête-a-téte* was here interrupted by the introduction of two pretty young girls fashionably dressed, who came to visit *Sal*. From unconnected sentences and disjointed portions of their conversation, Tomaso could "gather and surmise" that Sal was a fair Cyprian from the opulent and profligate parish of St. Marylebone, who having had a misunderstanding with her mercer, was, at his suit, consigned to the temple of Donaty; thence (unless she took immediate measures to arrest the iron hand of justice) to be transmitted to the King's-Bench, the Marshalsea, or the Fleet Prison.

The arrival of these young ladies, and the gaiety of their conversation, soon brightened up the countenance of *Sal* from that gloom which had previously overshadowed it. They sung, danced, and laughed, till a message from Mr. Donaty* intimated that the hour of *locking-up* was arrived, and that the dearest friends must separate. This mandate was promptly obeyed; and after leaving *Sal* an abundant supply of provisions for the next day, paying the price of her bed for the night, and slipping into her hand a seven shilling piece, then called a spangle from its close resemblance to that bauble, brimmers of gin were filled, which they swallowed with as little distortion of countenance as if it were new milk or Godfrey's cordial. But

* It was the widow of this Mr. Donaty who was so mysteriously murdered, some years since, in the neighbourhood of Bedford Row.

"Valour, the stronger it grows,
The stronger liquors we 're drinking;
And how should we feel our woes,
When we 've lost the trouble of thinking?"

On taking leave, they proposed, if nothing favourable "turned up," to repeat their visit the next evening at the same hour.

On the departure of those laughing, and, I might add, *toping* philosophers, poor Sal relapsed into her former gloom, and remained for some time in sullen silence. I made several attempts to open the door of conversation, but it was as often shut in my face. I found that we did not speak the same language; and that for sentiment or rationality, you might as well expect to elicit them from a coal-heaver, a fish-woman, or a bricklayer's labourer. She at length fell fast asleep in her chair, and began to snore like a drayman!

"O woman! lovely woman!
Nature made you to temper man—
We had been brutes without you."—DRYDEN.

Here was a situation! here was an incident worthy the pen of a dramatist, and which puzzled all powers of calculation to know how it would terminate. Tomaso found himself in a room with an attractive female, a bed standing in a corner, which though it was only a *solo* one, was not the less terrific on that account.

It was now nearly midnight, and Tomaso had every reason to suppose that he and his fair companion would be left together undisturbed till the morning. From this apprehension, however, he was relieved about twelve o'clock, by a message from Mr. Donaty, desiring to speak with him in the parlour; a summons which he obeyed with cheerfulness and alacrity, though it might have been some impeachment of his gallantry. On entering the parlour, he found Mr. Donaty sitting *solus* at a table, with two goblets of grog smoking before him, one of which was evidently intended for his new guest, who found this exhilarating draught as seasonable as he did the invitation from his late *perilous* situation. He immediately perceived, on entering the room, that his host was a connoisseur in painting, as the parlour was literally lined with pictures and spirited sketches of the celebrated George Morland; who, he said, had frequently been under his *protection*, and used sometimes to make him a visit of two and three months at a stretch, when he lived at the rate of two guineas a day, *painting his way, i.e.* paying his way by his professional exertions. Donaty found this a profitable arrangement; for the works of George were then greatly in vogue, though by a disregard of economy he himself was in a state of continual embarrassment. Such was the unhappy turn for dissipation of this extraordinary young man, that he was at all times in a state of intoxication; and yet, strange to tell, in this state some of his happiest productions issued from his easel or his pencil; for his sketches and his pictures are equally excellent. But man is an incomprehensible being—endowed with reason, and yet the only inconsistent animal in the creation. Such were the vile habits of this infatuated artist, that he could not get himself to paint in the morning till he was first *primed*, as he termed it—that is, half intoxicated; a state which would have incapacitated any other man but himself. A melancholy instance of good arising from evil! He was, moreover, more of a sot or a brute than a *bon vivant* and a true disciple of Bacchus, and so degraded in his taste, that he preferred the juice of the juniper berry to that of the Tuscan grape; and thus inebriated by the ardent spirit, he would sit down in an infuriated state and do wonders in his art, and with a facility, and sometimes a felicity, that was truly astonishing. Indeed, for the

greater part of his life, he was in that predicament in which Johnson describes the Earl of Rochester, of whom he reports that he was *five years together* in a state of absolute inebriation! How melancholy to reflect that persons of such splendid genius and matchless talent should be so radically depraved!

The clock having now struck one, the host informed his guest that when he felt inclined to retire, the servant would conduct him to his apartment; he therefore, according to the rules of good-fellowship, though not of good-breeding, finished his grog and wished Mr. Donaty good night. Tomaso would advise those who may have the misfortune to find themselves in a similar situation, to conform as much as possible to the *ways* of those persons with whom they come in contact, as any resistance implies superiority, and that is sure to provoke hostility. Besides, though such persons have not the power of bettering your condition, they have, if they please, the power of rendering it more uncomfortable.

On entering the apartment, Tomaso found that the nuisance (I beg the lady's pardon) was removed; and that it was delicacy on the part of Mr. Donaty that summoned him to the parlour, in order to give the fair unfortunate a decent opportunity to retire. On the removal of this case of delicacy he found himself relieved from a considerable anxiety. He discovered the narrow bed in the corner was destined for himself, where his *repose* for the remainder of the night may be justly assimilated to that of Satan's on the burning lake, so feelingly described by Milton.

At an early hour in the morning he had a visit from his inflexible creditor, who came to know whether he had any terms to propose for the immediate liquidation of the debt; but being wholly unprepared for such an arrangement, he was surrendered into the hands of the *Philistines!*

About ten o'clock Mrs. Donaty sent up a message to know whether Tomaso would breakfast in his own room, or join the family in the parlour; he preferred the latter, that he might again see the works of Morland. Soon after breakfast he was informed that the "sheriff's officers" were ready. He was then consigned to the care of Mr. Braham, (not the celebrated singer,) who conveyed him to the Marshalsea Prison in the Borough. In passing through the hall at Donaty's, his attention was caught by a picture which he recollected having seen before in one of the exhibitions at Somerset House; it was the portrait of Sam Frazer, *alias* Big Sam, who had been for some years one of the domestics of the prince of Wales. This man, who had been a soldier, was well known to all who used to pass by Carlton House, on account of his gigantic stature, being nearly eight feet high! On inquiring how Big Sam happened to find his way into a lock-up house, Tomaso was informed that the unhappy artist who painted it was for some time a *patient* of Mr. Donaty's, and that that *great* man's portrait was left as an hostage on the artist's going away, till he was enabled to pay for his keep while under that hospitable roof.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when he arrived at the Marshalsea prison. Heavens! what were his sensations on entering this petty pandæmonium! this receptacle for smugglers, pirates, and mutineers! He never before so sensibly felt his state of degradation. To any person accustomed to decent or respectable society, nothing can be conceived more painful than that of being suddenly hurled into such a place. The ruined and terrific state of the building, (a part of which afterwards fell down and killed some of the unhappy inmates,) the filthiness and wretchedness of the apartments, and the squalid and cadaverous aspect of its inhabitants, formed such a combination of misery, as to disgust and sicken the soul.

But as there is sometimes found a pearl in the midst of rubbish, Tomaso discovered one inhabitant of this wretched abode who merited a better fate, in the person of Mrs. L——, whose name is not yet forgotten

in the literary world, and who contributed her portion to the "common stock of harmless pleasure," by the production of some popular novels, romances, and fugitive poetical effusions.

The original debt for which Mrs. L—— was incarcerated in this vile place was only the paltry sum of *six pounds*, but it had now become so swelled up by law expenses, and other tricks and chicanery, as to render her emancipation nearly hopeless. She applied for relief to former friends; but they were regardless of her entreaties;

"Oh! what is friendship but a name?"

She was suffered to remain here, with want staring her in the face, and the terrific aspect of hopeless imprisonment. But she was calm and resigned, having those resources within herself which even poverty, though it may diminish, cannot wholly destroy. She had a mind stored with all the treasures of literature, from which she derived *almost* her only support. Tomaso has often known this worthy woman to *breakfast* on a *paper in* the Spectator, or the Rambler, and *dine* on the Arabian Night's Entertainments, or Alexander's Feast! And often, too often, has she had carried up to her humble board for supper, "the cameleon's dish."

Mrs. L—— was then engaged on a History of her Native Country, the Isle of Man; (the rock on which Jemmy Boswell split;) that country which, from some unaccountable mistake, has *three legs* for its *arms*,—a work in her mind of more importance than the Fall of Carthage, or the overturning of the Babylonian empire. It has been often remarked, that the more insignificant a country is in the scale of nations, the more proud are its inhabitants. Thus, Scotland has been a nation of kings, (it might be called King's Place,) Wales is inhabited by the genuine and unpolluted descendants of the ancient Britons, souls made of *flint*, and children of the *Druids;* and the people of Ireland are the true Milesians, who inhabit that Island of Saints!

Mrs. L—— was smitten by this love of her native country, to which we give the imposing name of Mona-patriotism, which when carried to excess, as in a certain northern portion of Great Britain, degenerates into a vice. But what was worse, she was tainted with that most weak of all weaknesses, family pride; and by way of extolling her progenitors, she used to say that they had the *lion rampant* engraved on *all* their spoons and punch ladles.

Mrs. L—— at that time occupied a sort of hut, or cabin, in the middle of the yard, one of about a dozen which had been recently erected, and, from being new, had the recommendation of cleanliness; but as a public *edifice*, was not much above the scale of a dog-kennel. Seeing a stranger pensively seated on one of the benches in the yard, where he had taken his station after having made a general survey of the place, she advanced towards him, and, like Puff in the Critic, introduced herself *viva voce*. She was decently dressed in black, and, from her pensive air and general appearance, would not have been a bad representative of Lady Randolph. Her figure, though rather *petite*, was well formed, her air was graceful, and her *tout ensemble* gave the idea of a decayed gentlewoman. Her near approach aroused Tomaso from his reverie, and her pathetic address touched him to the quick. He was then well, and fashionably dressed, and his appearance on the whole was rather out of harmony with the general tone of the picture of misery in which he was a principal figure. "She was sorry," she said, "to see a person of his appearance in such a place." After this salutation of the lady, Tomaso immediately commenced an intimacy with her, which lasted during the time of his captivity; and he regrets to say, he left her confined at his departure. He found her, as might be expected, full of sentiment and fine feeling, and one who greatly commiserated his situation; but

when she discovered that he was a votary of the Muses, he thought she would have smothered him with caresses. She found in him, she said, "a congenial soul; a man, who in *any* situation, must be a treasure, but in such a place as that, must be inestimable." Though a native of that country where blarney is said to flourish, yet he never before was so overpowered by such an inundation of panegyric, compared with which, Mrs. Sneak's admiration of Major Sturgeon was mere milk and water. She invited him to drink tea with her that afternoon *in her cell*, when she would, she said, "give him a taste of her quality," observing, in the true spirit of vain-glorious lingo, "you know something—I know a little too."

The conversation was here interrupted by Mr. Tasker, the landlord of the public-house, who, addressing himself to Tomaso in a strain of civility that would have done credit to the host of the London Tavern, inquired whether he would wish to *cut in* with the gentlemen at the mess, or dine alone. Though it was somewhat sooner than his usual hour of dining, Tomaso accepted the invitation, and following the landlord, was ushered into the tap, and introduced to the *first circle* in the Marshalsea Prison with as much form as if he had been conducted by Sir Clement Cotterel, Beau Nash, or any other master of the ceremonies, and then took his seat at the board.

The dinner, which was abundant, and excellent in its kind, consisted of a leg of mutton roasted, with plenty of potatoes and summer cabbage, and a dish of prime veal cutlets, with slices of bacon to *match;* and the whole served up in a style at once decent and comfortable; unencumbered by those extraneous and false ornaments which dazzle but do not gratify, and only excite derision by their inutility.

The company were uncommonly select, being "purged from grosser matter," or the bourgeois of the place; a circumstance wholly owing to the *price* of the dinner, (two shillings a-head,) a barrier which nearly excluded the whole population of the place. For here, as in better situations, the man who can ask what's to pay, and can pay what is asked, finds an easy admittance into the best society.

Of the conversation, or table talk, the less that is said the better; for, like some of Lord Norbury's puns, it will never bear quoting nor repetition, as it consisted generally of *slang* language, and the achievements of the *Fancy*, or the heroic exploits of some of the *gentlemen* present.

Having made a hearty dinner and finished his pint of porter, and having resisted the importunities of his new friends to join them in gin, which (as in all other places where spirits are *prohibited*) is to be had here under the appellation of *tape*, *i. e.* to stay or staunch the stomach, he returned to his former seat in the yard, till the hour of his engagement with Mrs. L——. He accepted, however, an invitation to join them at eight o'clock, to be introduced to their club, called the "Free and Easy."

At six o'clock Tomaso kept his appointment with Mrs. L——, when that fair historian read to him the before-mentioned "Decline and Fall" of her native country, tracing it *downward* from its former greatness, when it was an independent state and principality, to its present degradation, having sunk into an appendage of Great Britain; in the reading of which she heaved many a sigh, and uttered many a moan over the magic name of *Mona!*

There cannot be a greater trial of patience than that of *listening* to *any* work read by its author; you can no more enter into his feelings, than you can into those of a man who hums or whistles a favourite tune; and Tomaso in the course of the lecture, often felt like the philosopher of old, who at the table of Dionysius wished himself "back to the quarries."

The conference here was broken up by the entrance of *Katherina*, to whom Tomaso had been now married for upwards of four years, and

from whom he had never before been separated, even for a single night. Nothing awkward, however, occurred from his being found *closeted* with a *strange* lady; for that lady had now "descended into the vale of years," and the gallantry of Tomaso was never of that sort that excited suspicion. After administering to her husband all the comfort that kindness and affection could suggest, they separated for the night—she to attend to the cares of their little family, and he to brood over his misfortunes.

At eight o'clock Tomaso was *waited* upon, officially, by little Andrew Thompson, a hunchback tailor, with a message to inform him that the *gentlemen* of the "Free and Easy" panted for the pleasure of his society.

The chair was already taken, and the members "arranged:" a terrible show! The chairman was Jacob Read, a *black* kettle-drummer, belonging to one of the regiments of Life Guards. This man, notwithstanding his unprepossessing aspect, was, to those who could see "Othello's visage in his mind," fair as alabaster, and a decent, sensible, inoffensive man; and though his avocation was that of beating a pair of kettle-drums, he was a very respectable performer on the violin and several other musical instruments, and sung with considerable taste and feeling.

The other members consisted of the aforesaid Andrew Thompson, as perturbed a little spirit as ever animated a human frame. He was a politician as restless as John Wilks, a speech-maker as great as Gale Jones, and wrote as many letters as a secretary of state. We had also a degraded sea-captain, who, because he lost his ship in a *storm*, was dragged over the coals by its owners, and consigned to the Marshalsea Prison, for the loss they sustained by what they were pleased to call his culpable neglect. This unhappy man was for ever singing "Cease, rude Boreas," and "Britannia rules the waves." The other members were, a broken ironmonger, a turned-off butler, and O! great retribution, Mr. C——, the keeper of a spunging-house in the city of London. This was knocking a man down "with his own pedigree" with a vengeance.

Each member was furnished with a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, (for cigars were not yet known,) and supplied with a pint of porter, which he might replenish *ad libitum*. But all ardent spirits were prohibited, except such as in convivial parties come under the denomination of *choice spirits*. The artificial *fog* produced by the smokers added considerably to the gloom of the *cavern* in which the club was held, and powerfully reminded Tomaso of Dante's Inferno; and the several complexions of the *convives* tended not a little to realize the idea; for the Robbers in the Beggar's Opera, and the Banditti in the Castle of Andalusia, appear fine gentlemen, compared to the members of the "Free and Easy" in the Marshalsea Prison, and Tomaso could not avoid ejaculating, with the Queen in Hamlet,

"Woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

"There sat a villain with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a *pint* of *Whitbread's porter*."
"With his pipe and his pot, puffing sorrow away."

(*To be continued.*)

AN EMBRYO METTERNICH.

I SCARCELY know how it happened—all at once I became enamoured with the idea that diplomacy was my *forte.* I had been visiting Italy and Constantinople, and everywhere I was fascinated with the quiet easy life an *employée* appeared to enjoy. What can surpass the glories of an ambassador's table! French cooks—French wines—constant change of society, and nothing to do! I was certain I was formed for diplomacy; perhaps the red coat had lost its charms—its novelty it assuredly had: after the first hey-day is over, a soldier's life is monotonous enough—particularly in peace; war has its excitements and charms, known only to its followers, but in a colony there is a sameness most horrible. In a word, my dream by day and night was the idea of becoming an *employée;* no noisy drum to arouse one out at daylight, no orderly serjeant with his vile book, to disturb the pleasures of an agreeable party with the tidings of some unpleasant duty for the morrow. The great question was, how to obtain a footing amongst these happy people: once placed, I imagined I could push fortune into something *cosi—cosi.* Certainly my parliamentary interest was not very powerful, but then I had a vote in a borough of only thirty-seven, and they talked of a new man; and all my cousins, nearly as numerous as those of "him of many cousins," were voters likewise. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that I was determined to avail myself of any thing likely to promote my views. At this time I was quartered in the Ionian Islands, and a favourable opportunity, as I imagined, soon occurred. An officer was to be sent to a neighbouring pacha! need I say that I was selected?

A visit to a pacha frequently graces the pages of a journal, a tour, &c.; that which I am about to relate was not an affair of ceremony, which a visit ordinarily is. I went in a much more questionable capacity—my office was that of a money seeker. However amiable the individual to whom a visit of this kind is paid, it seldom is the most agreeable of occupations—to a pacha of three tails, in the plenitude of power, it became rather a serious undertaking, more particularly as our fellow subjects, the Ionian Greeks, (venerated for ever be the memory of the Vienna Congress for so making them!) had latterly shown no particular predilection for the Osmanlee.

An old worn-out Aga, and some two hundred and fifty or three hundred unfortunate devils of Turks, after undergoing a two years' starvation in the little fort of Mombasia, at last capitulated to a few Greeks, on the faith of being conveyed to the nearest neutral port. The Greeks kept their faith in some degree; they did convey them to the nearest neutral port, and when they had them there, murdered two-thirds of the number, sparing neither age nor sex; perhaps a hundred escaped—these had subsequently been joined by about fifty others. On their arrival in the Ionian States, the men were most terribly cut and maimed, and the women and children in the last state of starvation: time, however, which works miracles in these matters, had healed the wounds of the men, and kebobs and pillaff had somewhat restored the desired rotundity of the women. This is, however, not the affair with which I am now concerned; the Ionian government had maintained these Turks during their stay in the islands, my office was to convey them to the nearest Turkish possession, Candia, and obtain repayment from the pacha of the money expended.

As Candia was the nearest spot in Turkish rule, so Canea was the nearest port. Thither then we were directed to speed: a British brig, on her way to Alexandria, was our conveyance, and a two-and-twenty oared caïque from Cervi was to accompany her for the purpose of bringing back myself and secretary, and the money. A word or two on the secretary: he was a Cerigotte—by some means he had contrived to encase his lower man in Smyrna-made inexpressibles, and his body in a coatee from the same factory, the whole enshadowed by a Livourno straw hat, and his attire was complete. Thus equipped, he dubbed himself a Frank. The Greeks have a proverb which says, that when a man effects this change, he does it for no good purpose, and is pretty sure to be a great rogue; it is sufficient to observe, that after-experience proved that Yannachi Leftieri in no degree injured the infallibility of the aforesaid proverb,—however, as Yannachi was appointed by the Ionian government, this was none of my affair.

By midnight the Turks were on board, the anchor was up, the caïque in tow, and a gentle breeze wafting us smoothly towards Cape Spada; daylight had scarcely appeared, when Yanni was at the berth-side. "Affendi! affendi! affendi! affendacchi! my lord! my lord! my lord! my little lord! our fathers were burned men. *Kako enai! kako enai! ulo enai kako!* bad! we are unfortunate—all is wrong!"

"In the name of wonder, Yanni, what is it, that is *kako*?"

"A large Hydriote polacca is in sight—her sweeps are out, and she is making straight for us. O Panagia!* Panagia, Ai! ai! we are undone; they'll murder every soul since we have these *keratas*† of Turks on board! Panagia, Ai! ai!"

"Pish, Yanni, pish! they will not dare to overhaul British colours; besides, the Cambrian and Revolutionare are off Matapan."

On coming on board, the Turks had been loud in their protestations of poverty and misery; by the time I got on deck Yanni had informed the men of the probability of their speedily being enabled to present themselves at the gates of Paradise, and the women of the chance they had of catching a glimpse of the seventh heaven, to all of which, as in duty bound, they showed a willing submission, only muttering a few ejaculations to Azraël to assist them on their journey with occasional Bishmillahs. Yanni intimated, that as he should not so soon have the felicity of entering the celestial portals, he should have inexpressible pleasure in taking charge of any valuables they might think proper to intrust to him in this lower sphere; in consequence, his Leghorn straw was spread on the kibousse, and Yanni soon saw deposited therein several trumpery chagreen-cased watches, and sundry small bags of Venetian zequins and mahmoudies—the former the produce of divers *boutiques* of the tribe of Israel situate in and about Greenwich and Wapping, the latter the last remnant of all that had been saved from plunder in the Morea.

The wailings and ejaculations brought the skipper on deck; he was a gout-ridden old body, from North Shields, much addicted to potations of rum, &c., yet with no lack of nerve; his determination was quickly taken—this was, to show fight. The turbans were ordered below: there was an old iron carronade on the forecastle—shipping it on a still older carriage was but the affair of a moment—it might have been loaded at either touch-hole or muzzle; however, the cook managed to cram it up to the latter with old iron, &c. The Hydriote still kept nearing: meanwhile Yanni took the opportunity of stowing away the valuables. The Greek was now within hail—the old skipper desired Yanni to tell them to keep a wide berth, or he'd fire slap into them. "Alla larga! alla

* The most holy—the Virgin.

† The worst term a Greek can apply to any thing—literally a cuckold!

larga! alla larga!" shouted Yanni, at the top of his voice, at the same time waving the Livourno straw—"Alla larga!" It was useless, the Hydriote kept moving. Matters were now drawing to a crisis. The old skipper pointed the gun—the cook heated his iron—and presently an explosion took place that may have shook old Ida itself. It was some time before the smoke cleared away; our attention was on the rack to ascertain the effects of the discharge on the Hydriote; we soon found that we had our own people to attend to. The explosion had shivered the old gun carriage; some of the fragments had overthrown the cook and skipper, who lay grievously wounded on the deck. One favourable result arose from the discharge; the Hydriote by no means relished his reception, he put up his helm, and in a few hours was hull down. The morning brought a breeze, and we coasted lightly along the shores of the queen of islands—the Archipelago.

Ere "the sun was in the sea," we were at anchor in the little port of Canea, and I accompanied the British consul, Monsieur N—— M——, to his hopitable mansion. Even at this period Muhammedism was sensibly on the wane; its Candiote followers were, however, yet to be seen in much splendour, moving in various directions, followed by suites of retainers, or quietly seated in the verandas of the old Venetian mansions, drawing a chibouk or narguilé. The crescent had not undergone the many vicissitudes it since has, neither had the Yankees found out that Canton offered a good market for Smyrna opium, to the great discomfiture of the poorer followers of Islamism. Whatever may be the reality, there is something to be envied in the appearance of a Turk; he seems to take the affairs of this life with unalterable coolness, and glides down its stream with easy indifference; and whether the pelisse or bow-string is his next affair, he is prepared with the same degree of *nonchalance*. Such may only be external—we of Franguestan, in playing our parts, fret and fume with much more violence.

If the poor victims of Mombasia had undergone much from starvation, their bill of fare had little chance of improvement in Canea. True it was, there was wine and chestnuts in some quantity in the place, and whilst these held out, famine could not be said to be in the land; of the former they could only partake by stealth, and the latter was but indifferent fare. There was consolation, however, in being again among their own people, and they all eagerly got on shore. The Greeks were besieging the town, *selon leur methôde*—the lines of circumvallation were at a most respectful distance, the nearest Greek post being full six miles from the body of the place. To give the Candiote rayah his due, however, he is of a fiercer nature than the Greek usually is. In Sffacchia they have at all times enjoyed greater freedom than elsewhere; hence, on most occasions, they have evinced greater resolution, and the Turk in Candia of late years has rarely ventured to assume that arrogant, overbearing demeanour which in other countries was his characteristic. Like Stambool, Candia has its bairaks and ortas of Yeni-cheri or Janissaries, whose standards floated from the walls or bazaars where they followed their occupations, giving the little town a gaiety of appearance sadly at variance with its real state; frequent detachments of these Janissaries, assisted by a few of Mehmet Ali's Arabs, contrived to keep the enemy at bay. The open country of the entire island was in Greek possession.

Commerce in Candia, like the house of Braganza elsewhere, had ceased its reign; our skipper, however, proved that it was not altogether defunct; on our arrival at Candia he had some hundred cantars of coffee on board; this at Corfu was a drug, and only to be disposed of at a loss, at Canea it was a prize of the first class. The old consul contrived to keep the knowledge of the quantity on board a secret; in consequence, he and the skipper disposed of it by degrees, and as a great favour, at the mo-

derate profit of three hundred per cent. To return, the condition of the various consuls was most deplorable; dependent from day to day for the bare means of existence on the bounty of the pacha; on the slightest commotion, or even an appearance—a successful skirmish or advance of the enemy, and the handjar of the Turk or Arab was ready for its office, and all dissenters from the true faith were secure of being its earliest victims; to prevent which the little remaining dignity the office of consul yet possessed was put in play. Without the unceasing vigilance of the pacha all would have been ineffectual, and the strangers in Canea, long prior to my arrival, would have visited that bourne "from whence no traveller returns." Fortunately for the British consul, the Turks whom we brought to the island were loud in their expressions of gratitude; (the semblance if not the reality of this virtue a Turk yet retains;) in consequence, he had acquired some portion of that most fleeting of all commodities—mob-popularity.

Canea possessed few *agremens* save the fair Consolinas Babet, Belle, and Madot—either of whose fine forms would have rendered any place delightful; and such had been the effect of their combined fascinations, that twenty-four hours after my arrival I began to think the old town a very tolerable sojourn. But I digress; it was imperative that I should make a visit to the pacha, and not less so that the consul should get up something like a procession on the occasion. On the appointed morning, soon after day break, we were *en route*, in the following order: first the huge *calpacked* drogueman, the cancelliere and scrivanos of the consulate, the secretary, *Il Signor Leftieri*, followed by the gentle reader's servant, and the British consul—my servant, Pat Ready, bringing up the rear, musket *à la main*, in full uniform. Scarcely had we thus proceeded a dozen yards, when one of the Hamals, or common fellows usually seen plying about the quay, very coolly walked up to us, and spat directly in my face, accompanying the same with certain benedictions for several generations on the mothers, sisters, &c. of all the dogs of Christians that ever had existence. The indignation of the consul could hardly be suppressed; and Pat Ready would have brought the Turk down, dead as Mahomet's mother, had we not interfered. Fortunately, the Serai was not far distant, and we were shortly within its walls. The retainers of the pacha were drawn up, and he received us with much dignity. That pallid languor, accompanied by a quick and restless eye—the usual attributes of the superior Turk—distinguished Youssouff. A beard of shining black, through which fingers of a well-contrasted whiteness constantly played, seemed to be the pacha's greatest pride. Coffee—the news—pipes—the usual routine, were gone through. The payment of the money was suggested—the great object of the *embassy*. It was promised on the following day. A little further conversation, and the pacha clapped his hands; a slave appeared, bearing a pelisse, and, before I was well aware of what was about to ensue, I was enveloped in its folds. We took our leave, the pacha repeating, "Dostoon, dostoon."

It was a close sultry morning—a fur pelisse, over a heavy gold-laced coat, in no degree diminished the heat. Thinking I made rather an absurd appearance in this attire, very much to the discomfiture of the consul, I pulled off the pelisse in the street. Yanni had been rewarded with a pipe; and the pacha ordered wine and fruit to be put on board the caïque on our return. Every one was anxious to see and examine our presents. The pelisse had at some period graced the form of some fair inmate of the Serai; and in that part, the sex are generally careful to preserve, particularly if the article should happen to be of *velours* or *gros de Naples*,—it had suffered considerable dilapidation: indeed, the interior altogether much resembled the hide of some ferine animal, after having repulsed half-a-dozen of its enemies. Every one assured me it

had one redeeming quality: it was of the sacred colour, *i. e.* a dirty green.

Lady Blessington makes Byron to say, "You see, *à l'Anglaise*, I have taken a mercantile view of the tender passion;"—*à l'Anglaise*, then, I was determined to take a mercantile view of the expenses of my pelisse. Calling Yanni, therefore, I bade him give me the items of our morning's expenditure. In his *lingua Franca*, he commenced, "*Serranda pende tallari affendi alla guardia*"—forty-five dollars to the guard. "*Backsheesh all' drogueman dell' Passa, decca pende tallari*"—fifteen dollars to the pacha's drogueman. "*Lo atesso all' drogueman dell' Signor Console*"—the same to the drogueman of the consul. "*Gli servi mangono e bevono abasso non sapiamo quanto quello sara*"—seventy-five dollars for a tattered old pelisse; and half-a-score of famished servants yet carousing at my expense! Whatever Byron might have said about mercantile views, this clearly was not *à l'Anglaise*.

There was a loud wailing under the consulate window the succeeding morning. Upon inquiring of Yanni the cause, "*Niente, Senor*," was the reply, "they are only going to bastinado that Turk of yesterday." I was speedily at the veranda, and, beyond a doubt, there was the Turk on his back, a strap or thong round his neck, by which his heels were fixed perpendicularly in the air, and two stout fellows belabouring the soles of his feet. "*Quello sara zoppa per mai*," said Yanni; and, in truth, he did seem as though he would be lame for ever, so unmercifully was the pounding on his feet administered. The consul had mentioned the fellow's conduct the preceding day to the pacha, and orders were given to bastinado him opposite the consulate, and at the consul's discretion. He was shortly released, with salaams and expressions of "May your shadow never be less!"

As the next day we were to receive the money, some few preparations for our departure were necessary. Amongst the inmates of the consulate there appeared some doubts of the punctuality of its payment. I could only attribute this to speculation, and was determined to be off with the land breeze of the evening. It was soon to be seen how futile were my expectations. The morning came; and Yanni returned from the Serai *sans argent*. It would be a tiresome detail to repeat the promises that were made and broken. At the expiration of the eighth day, it was still not forthcoming. There remained no other alternative than to prepare for departure without it; first sending the pacha notice, that if it was not paid at the expiration of three days, application would be made to the Porte. After this step, there was little probability of a longer stay in Canea. Shall I confess that I rather repented having come to this decision at so early a period? Babet, and Belle, and Madot had——Again I digress. The three days expired; and with Yanni's return, came many expressions of regret at the pacha's inability to perform his promise. In earnest, therefore, we made preparations for our departure. The Cerviotte caïque had been moored during our stay a cable's length from the quay; none of the men ever venturing on shore, well knowing the reception that awaited them.

I was anxious to have been away with the evening breeze. Whether our stay was prolonged in taking leave of the consul, or how it was, is of little consequence—but it was daylight before we were clear of the little port and its fanalé.

A Cerviotte boat is celebrated through the Ægean. With two-and-twenty oars, ours pulled lightly through the waters, the men encouraging each other, and keeping time to that singular howl peculiar to the east. Yanni appeared delighted at the prospect of our return. His chibouk was carefully stowed away, and every bound the barque made in her course increased the elasticity of his spirits. He recounted anecdotes

of Babet and Madot, and the consul and the pacha, without number. We made the point of Cerigotto, a little island nearly mid-way between Candia and Matapan. The sky was already tinted with the colours of the setting-sun, when just as we were winding the point, Yanni commenced crossing himself most violently; experience had taught me this exuberance of action was generally the forerunner of evil; in this instance it was speedily verified: in looking a-head there was our old friend the Hydriote emerging from behind the rocks. An attempt at flight seemed useless; the Cerviottes appeared to have abandoned all hope, and the oars at the same time. In an instant we were in confusion, and the Hydriote upon us with loud shouts: he made short work of it; we were quickly lashed to his side, at the same time the crew leaping on board. They commenced by removing our baggage at the stern, with my portmanteau, and finished at the bow with the pacha's barrel of wine, dealing kicks and cuffs to all who impeded their progress. It was evening, and I had the mortification of seeing their Carravochiere quietly enfold himself in my pelisse on taking the helm; its value certainly was not great, but I had fondly hoped to display it as a proof of my diplomatic powers to the member for N——! What a blow for an embryo *employée!*

Plunder was the order. The few articles we had had in our possession were quickly strewed about the deck of the pirate in every direction. The few remaining dollars which had escaped the all distributing hand of Yanni were viewed with contempt. Sometime elapsed, when suddenly this personage became involved in serious debate with the Hydriote chief; from serious it speedily arose to violent, until at length we imagined Yanni would have fallen a victim to his zeal in saving us—for to this we attributed his violence. At length the storm lulled, and Yanni informed us of the great disappointment the captain had felt in not finding the pacha's money on board. All Yanni's arguments had failed to convince him that we had not received it. Remembering the old story of Greek meeting Greek, &c., I thought it most prudent to let Yanni take his own course, and deal with his compatriots as he best could: affecting a little Turkish *nonchalance,* I betook myself to the boats astern, and chibouque *à la bouche,* patiently awaited coming events. In the war of words Yanni seemed a perfect match for all his opponents; whether his powers of persuasion succeeded, or that the Hydriote thought us worthy of no further trouble, is uncertain, but he shortly after cut us adrift, with strict orders to keep close in his wake during the night; all of which Yanni took particular care to countermand as soon as the Hydriote was well a-head. It was useless regretting our losses. Yanni, by way of consoling us in some degree, brought forward a demi-jan of old Kissamo wine, which had escaped the lynx-eyed pirates, and we made ourselves comfortable for the night.

When morning dawned the Hydriote was far away. Instead of being under the Ovo, or off the little port of Capsali in Cerigo, our Cerviottes had run for their own robber island, and we had the castles of San Nicolo on our bow. To our entreaties to be put on shore no reply was made, and they kept their course. Their determination was fixed: this was to take us to Cervi, and there keep us until money was sent for our ransom. Yanni appeared resigned to all the decrees of fate. Pat Ready attempted to remonstrate—a yataghan grinned a reply! resistance again was useless—compliance was our only course; accordingly we were resigned.

The Cerviottes are little better than savages. Lying between Cerigo and the main land, there is some doubt whether the island belongs to the Ionian or the Maïna government, (if there ever was a government in Maïna;) in consequence, the island had long been celebrated as the refuge of the perpetrators of every species of crime in either country; and, such was the

misery and destitution of the place, that many preferred returning to their own country, and undergoing any punishment, rather than remain. There is nothing like a harbour in the island; the whole is one mass of crumbling rock. Into a sheltered nook known only to themselves, the Cerviottes ran the boat, and shortly after we were the inmates of a wretched hovel, the only refuge from the fierce rays of the sun.

Yanni's fortitude seemed destined not to abandon him—in a short time after our arrival he was perfectly at home: he chatted with the papas—smoked with the didaskalos—in short, he busied himself in all matters, as though nothing had happened. On landing, our boatmen had been greeted by a still rougher set than themselves—these were Maïnotes; many vessels had been detained off Cape Matapan by contrary winds, and some were observed making for the Cervi channel: these people had come from the Main in order to be nearer their prey, and for assistance from the men of Cervi. There was no mystery attached to their avocation, the Caloyieri seemed as much interested as the principal persons in the transaction; they openly spoke of their intentions, and sunset was deemed the fittest period for the attack. Yanni whispered that our escape must be effected when these people were thus employed—and to be in readiness. The latter caution was unnecessary—we had nothing left. As the day drew to its close, several vessels dropped through the canal; the sun had already set, and one only vessel remained to pass. This was their victim. In this delightful climate

"Où la plus douce nuit succede au plus doux jour,"*

darkness rapidly follows the setting sun: during the little twilight the Cerviotes availed themselves of it to prepare their boats, and once more we were alone. As the vessel floated through the canal, the crew were engaged at their evening prayers. The *ora pro nobis* sounded along the waters; it was impossible to prevent a melancholy presentiment of what might too probably be the fate of all on board. On a sudden we could hear the pirate boats push through the water: a loud shouting—a few shots—and again all was still. Yanni now said our time had arrived. We found a boat tied to a ledge of rocks below the cottage; we were soon on board, and the next morning snugly anchored in a little creek on the western coast of Cerigo.

Here I was at home. The reflection of the ill success of this my first *coup d'essai* in the diplomatic art was any thing but agreeable. The mortifying reality remains to be told; in all things I had been the dupe of Yanni. Perhaps there is nothing more grating than the idea of having been *victimized* by one in whom you have placed confidence. It does not do to hold a Greek too cheap; in all his movements he is rarely without an object: for a time it may be concealed; but in a moment he breaks ground, seizes his opportunity, and you are his prey. My dreams of diplomacy were at an end; the charms of a diplomatic life had vanished; the member for N—— escaped an ocean of anxiety and trouble; and the red coat resumed its influence.

I had arrived in Cerigo destitute, and I imagined Yanni to be in a state somewhat similar to my own; in a few days, however, he was in a better plight than ever. Whispers were afloat that he had not made so bad an affair of the Candia voyage as he would have persons to believe. If he had lost his Smyrna coatee, it had been replaced by a mohair laced frock of some Zantiote Stultz, the Leghorn straw by a Triestine beaver—in a word, his appearance was unique; a huge diamond graced his finger, a watch his fob, and mahmoudies and zequins filled his priae. That which had commenced in a whisper soon became the subject of universal

* De Staël.

remark, till at length, one morning Yanni was not to be found—he had joined his countrymen in Ægina.

There are at all times and in all countries good-natured people, ever ready to convey the particulars of every thing unpleasant. Yanni's treachery may be told in a few words—the boat which pursued us on our voyage to Candia was manned by Yanni's friends, and at his desire. The waving of the hat was a signal to them that he had obtained what little the poor Turks possessed, and that we were prepared for resistance. He had received a bribe from the pacha's people to procrastinate the payment of the money on the first application; finding this had succeeded so well, he had received a much larger to put its payment off altogether. It was part of the original plan to wait for our return off Cerigotto, in the event of non-success in their first efforts. The quarrel on board the supposed Hydriote arose from the captain and crew accusing him of having duped them out of the pacha's money. The Cerviottes had no desire to take us to their island; this, as well as our pretended escape, was all of Yanni's planning.

* * * * *

If the traveller, on visiting Greece, should perchance be journeying from Napoli di Romania to Argos, by the Tiryus road, (not the old *chaussée,*) he will be struck with a very picturesque view, on looking in the direction of the mouth of old Father Inachus. Perhaps the best point from which it may be seen is the spot where the Mycenæ road branches off; it has frequently been remarked, and to Englishmen has something particularly agreeable in it, and is singular from the principal object very much resembling an English village church; it is, however, nothing more than the ruin of a Turkish house in by-gone tlmes, said to have been the residence of an old Aga—probably with truth, as there are yet the remains of splendid baths, &c. Near this spot, however, resides Yannachi Leftiéri; he has erected a mansion somewhat in the European style. Should the traveller feel inclined to pay the Sieur Yanni a visit, he will find him an agreeable companion; he may draw his chibouque, and perhaps replenish his pouch. Yanni boasts of growing the best tobacco in the Argollide, and once the Argos weed was celebrated. Although some few matters have been here disclosed rather to his disparagement, yet is he not vastly inferior to the generality of his countrymen; it will not do to scrutinize into the actions in the life of any Greek too minutely, it is enough if he makes himself agreeable for the moment. It is uncertain how Yanni's politics accord with those of King Otho, but undoubtedly, during the reign of the Colocotroni party, Yanni had great influence, and was always supposed to cast a longing eye upon the office of minister for foreign affairs. Had not matters so suddenly changed, it is impossible to say to what post he might not have aspired—perhaps the president's chair itself. His namesake, Yannachi Capo d'Istrias had risen by not much better means.

Φ

EMANCIPATION.

'Tis peace within yon fragrant orange groves:
Where now the white man strays—the negro roves
Alike confiding. Peace breathes all around.
Hark! on the balmy air yon blithesome sound!
It is the negro's cheerful evening song,
As to his home he gaily speeds along.
See! frolic urchins laden with their gain
Of partly-pilfer'd sweets—the juicy cane—
Trudging their careless way. Dread they to meet
Some gloomy tyrant? No—they haste to greet
An all indulgent master: each perchance
Has some small boon to ask, some claim t' advance
On his paternal kindness, nor in vain:
His suitor seldom bears refusal's pain.

'Midst clouds of gold the tropic sun hath set
In glorious splendour—still there lingers yet
O'er wave, and rock, and tree, a soften'd light
Whose purple tint fades as the queen of night,
Rising majestic, sheds her holy rays
O'er all the lovely scene. Sweet moonlight plays
On the bright waters of the slumb'ring sea,
Dances amidst the foliage of yon tree,
The feathery cocoa-nut, and sparkles o'er
The verdant hill, and flower-enamelled shore.
Peace breathes around! Sweet peace pervading all—
Calm nature's scenes—the cottage, and the hall!
Faith, mutual service, and good-will unite
The white race and the black; *not* tyrant might
On one side—on the other, abject fears.
Such tale is false. Society appears
Like one vast family. No anxious cares
Gnawing his soul, the thoughtless negro bears,
But, like a trusting child, his wants he leaves
To one who ne'er his simple trust deceives.

The scene is changed.—Hah! peace is here no more—
Curs'd be the tidings from yon distant shore!
Accursed be the dark, malignant foes,
Who, 'neath religion's mask, send fatal woes
To desolate these smiling isles! To chase
Prosperity and peace from either race.
The scene is changed.—Because the white was strong
The negro learns that injury and wrong
Have been *his* lot; he learns that vengeance deep
Should o'er the oppressor fell destruction sweep;
That he is called on by his God above
(The God of patience, purity, and love!)
To ravage and destroy; and thus be free!
God! can such evil teachers worship *Thee?*

The scene is changed. Death rides upon the breeze.
And hark! at midnight's hour what sounds are these?
The clash of arms, the groans of dying men;
The hissing of broad flames—the crackling when
The raging element is amply fed.
Hark! to the shriek of agony when led,
When dragged by ruffian strength to worse than death,
While husbands, fathers, breathe their latest breath,
The female—the white female—vainly prays
For poison or the sword. On tortures gaze,
That none but savage nature could devise.
Look on that fair-haired innocent! It lies
A blackened corse, strangled within the arms
Of her who lately soothed its least alarms.

These are *thy* deeds, just, generous Britain, these!
Hearest thou the murmur o'er Atlantic seas?
Thy brother's blood is crying from the ground,
Crying to heaven, where vengeance shall be found.
"I will repay," saith God—and thou and thine
Who, trampling human laws, and laws divine;
Rousing vile passions in the negro's breast,
Crime and pollution spreading through the West,
Send murder forth, and rapine, and fell hate,
May yet be humbled by as dark a fate.

A. S. B.

TO THE

ELEPHANT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

Which, on a Lady offering him a biscuit on her reticule, containing a Ten Pound Note, conveyed the whole by means of his trunk into his mouth.

Dear Elephant, it grieves me much to tell
  Your conduct has been lately very bad:
An inch being given, sir, to take an ell,
  Is, with us humans, deem'd an action sad.
Yours, must we not then as atrocious view,
  Such act, towards a lady, quite astounds,
When she, a half-ounce biscuit offered, you
  Snapp'd up, with monstrous greediness, ten pounds?

Really, such doings I don't understand,
  Unless she owed you aught, and you thought best,
Having no hand, to hold her note of hand,
  To put it in your trunk, thence in your chest.
The thing is done—'tis needless to complain—
  We trust the lady ceases to look cross—
As you will easily digest the gain,
  May she as easily digest the loss.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

For the benefit of many well-intentioned young men, whose motives may be misunderstood, as mine have been, do I pen these Confessions. My recorded experience will prove, that however excellent *motives* may be, there are to be found in the world very many persons who disingenuously strip conduct of motives, and look at naked facts, as they present themselves to an inconsiderate, superficial observer. Into the hands of such men it has been my misfortune to fall; but I am now, for a time at least, beyond their reach, and am resolved not only to alter my future operations, but to give mankind the benefit of my practical knowledge, which I do in the following pages.

Be it then known to you, (as it is a matter of *no* importance, and therefore as well not concealed,) that having been born at sea, I belonged to the parish of Hackney, in which immediate neighbourhood my excellent father took up his residence on returning from his *first* transmarine abode. He was a man of great notoriety, a tailor by trade, and as famous for *making*, as my mother became for *wearing*, breeches, which she did from an amiable desire to promote my father's business by her example, rather than for the purpose of gratifying any individual peculiarities. Of her numerous qualities much might be said: a more placid, quiet woman than herself, when she had her own way, never lived, although when she took a little too much she appeared ungovernable, and then, as the only means of meeting her on her own ground, my father was obliged to step into the Artichoke, and having invigorated himself by the requisite quantity of spirit, he generally succeeded in lulling both her excitement and his own, and a quiet nap set all to rights.

To say much of the progress of my education may not become me; I did, however, make great hits, and was for many years a striking character in the parish school. In the boxing ring I was paramount; there, indeed, I became the admiration and envy of all my younger schoolfellows. Absolute at ring taw, and a great hand at lag out, my truant fame is to this day well remembered: in my peculiar line I was long the first boy in the school. Reading was not my ambition; but in writing I advanced rapidly. Strokes I made better than any lad of my age, but the pothooks puzzled me. I could not manage these kitchen-bred figures; and as for hangers, the very name was ominous, and I declined them altogether. My arithmetical genius was great, and not approving the laborious rules of my master, I adopted the more speedy and less fatiguing mode of young Bidder, and answered all their puzzling questions off hand, without using pen or pencil, to the surprise and amusement of the school. I got on so well, that in a very few weeks I proved more than a match for our usher, and became quite perfect—at least I suppose so, as they never set me any more sums, and as I continued the first boy at *one* end of my class.

It was during the few weeks, every day of which I hoped to finish my education, that my father and mother were simultaneously seized with a fresh attack of their travelling propensities. The *home* secretary hearing this, very generously forwarded their views, and without any trouble or explanation on their own parts, the government voluntarily furnished them with a free passage across the Pacific: doubtless in consequence of the peculiar claim which they had exhibited. I was then a promising lad

of about fifteen years old, and considered myself fitted for any situation. The parish soon got me a place as footman to an old maiden lady living a few miles from town, and it was under her roof that my love adventures commenced—adventures which have been rich in incident, but which have involved me in many perplexities.

Miss, or (as her neighbours termed her) Mrs. Megrim was a tall lady, rising her sixty-fourth year, with a long cadaverous countenance, strikingly relieved by a short reddish nose. She was an extremely virtuous, but rather choleric dame. The only female servant in the house was Susan, a buxom, busy girl, about a couple of years older than myself. Now this girl, among many other good qualities, had evinced a very proper and laudable curiosity about things in general—a tendency which Mrs. Megrim rarely countenanced in others; and by the proportion in which she discouraged, did I invariably forward Susan's views. We were indeed well matched. Susan would even leave her work to listen to a secret, and I for the life of me could not keep one. This was attributable to my youthful purity of principle, for it was thus I argued with myself: to keep a good secret is selfish indeed, and as for a bad one, the sooner it is got rid of the better. As my views did not agree with those of my mistress, and as she did not wish to have the purities of my juvenile mind contaminated, she forbad all intercourse between Susan and myself: and many and ridiculous were the means adopted to accomplish this her favourite resolve. I was always obliged to go to bed the first in the house, then, after a due interval, followed my mistress, and last of all came Susan; but not until a full hour had elapsed after Mrs. M. had left the parlour. For some weeks all intercourse was suspended between us, and the burden of my secrets became intolerable. A little conversation with Susan I was now positively resolved to have, and was compelled to effect by stratagem that which ordinary means would not compass. I used to remain quiet in my own room until I imagined that the old lady was soundly asleep, and then would I quietly steal down stairs to the kitchen; but unfortunately my mistress, who had one night been on the watch, heard me, and suspecting there was some love in the question, (a propensity for which she affected the most profound contempt,) she hurried after me, and detected us in forbidden conversation. In vain did I protest that Susan was guiltless—it was of no avail to take the whole blame on my shoulders; the old lady was inexorable; she gave Susan an admonitory tap on the shoulder with the poker, and turned her into the street. I was dismissed to my own chamber, and Mrs. M. sat up through the night, to prevent my re-admitting my expelled fellow servant, for whom I had exhibited more sympathy than she approved. This incident furnishes an admirable moral lesson to young ladies and gentlemen, as it teaches them to avoid hearing or telling secrets until they are perfectly sure that their guardians or parents are soundly snoring.

After this event I determined to remain in service no longer than suited my own convenience, and only now waited for the very first opportunity of changing my state. I began to feel that my genius and talents were both running to waste at Mrs. Megrim's, and that I was educated and fitted for a wider sphere of action, and therefore did I avail myself of a slight quarrel with my mistress, and quitted her roof after but a few months' residence.

I first directed my course to the metropolis, and my chief object was to seek Susan, of whom I had heard nothing since her summary expulsion, but I could find no trace of her; nor from that day to this did I ever gain any information of her fate. I accustomed myself to stroll through the more crowded thoroughfares of London, for the laudable motive of warning gentlemen of the danger they incurred by letting the ends of their silk handkerchiefs dangle from their pockets, but my exer-

tions were of but little avail. Mankind continued as inattentive as ever, and therefore did I resolve on removing these temptations from public view, by abstracting them myself from the pockets of their careless owners, whenever they were thus hung out to notice. Example, thought I, is better than precept; and these demoralizers shall find, that to indulge in the miserable vanity of exhibiting a silk handkerchief, they shall not be suffered to tempt the poor and hungry to commit sin, and teach the young idea how to steal. I viewed this as a duty, and sought no advantage but the applause of my own conscience. To a given extent, my plan did certainly benefit the public; for in the peculiar district I took under my own immediate management, there was not a handkerchief to be seen; every man walked warily along, having one eye on his neighbour's hand, and the other directed to his own pocket. Thus far things succeeded to admiration!

It now occurred to me, that my lessons might be given on a larger scale; that I might render myself a more active and prominent member of society than I hitherto had done, and therefore did I determine to correct abuses, and to punish carelessness wherever they presented themselves; for of this latter vice I entertained a profound contempt. Sauntering along Regent Street one morning, a gentleman, mounted on a beautiful thorough-bred mare, seeing, I suppose, that I was an honest looking, gentlemanly young man, dismounted, and very politely requested me to walk up and down, while he went into a neighbouring shop to make a purchase with a friend whom he had just recognized. Being too well bred, and withal too good-natured to refuse so trifling a convenience, I readily acceded to his request, took the bridle from his hand, and walked the creature leisurely up and down. As I was admiring the beautiful symmetry and graceful movements of the animal, it suddenly occurred to me, that it was an act of great carelessness on the part of the owner to have entrusted her to the care of an entire stranger, however favourable and prepossessing his appearance might have been; this was, therefore, a case within my own immediate jurisdiction, and well fitted for punishment, and therefore did I on the instant of thus viewing it, reflect within myself:—"This careless gentleman, if he does not mind what he is about, will most unquestionably lose his mare; for it is not every one who would be thus content to walk her up and down, without getting on her back, and when once there, who would answer for the consequences?" Seeing that the man, some day or other, would most surely lose his mare, or something of more value, and feeling that the creature would probably fall into much worse hands than my own, I determined to give the owner a proof of, and a punishment for, his carelessness; and therefore did I mount and ride off, availing myself of the first turning in the street which suddenly presented itself, and by rounding which at a gallop, I thought to make some little exhibition of my own equestrian attainments. Having ridden some distance, and feeling satisfied that the owner of the mare had by this time become tolerably sensible of the lesson it had been my object to teach, I began to feel that the beast was not likely to render me much more essential service, and knowing that my avocations would be more conveniently pursued on foot than on horseback, I determined to get rid of her, and therefore proceeded to the house of a friend. This man invariably took the same views of society which I had adopted, and placing in my statements the most implicit confidence, he readily exchanged a small parcel of sovereigns which he had laying by him, unemployed, for the mare; and as from my earliest infancy my father taught me that "exchange was no robbery," I felt perfectly satisfied in thus bringing the affair to a summary conclusion.

In my way home I was extremely mortified at observing a lady leave a well-filled purse on a jeweller's counter, while she went to inspect some arti-

cles in a glass case at the further end of the shop; having merely observed this through the window, I was compelled to enter to convince myself of the truth of what I had seen. I found it was too true, and so absorbed was the man with the conversation of his customer, that I found no opportunity of remonstrating with either on this act of carelessness, which I certainly intended to have done, and therefore did I remove the purse out of the way of further temptation, and having made it perfectly secure on my own person, I walked off, teaching the parties henceforward to keep a better look-out for their own interests.

Finding my circumstances in no way prejudiced, but on the contrary rather benefited by my system of practical reform, I began to reflect on the means best suited to improve my personal comfort and appearance. One of my first measures was to place myself under the hands of a skilful tailor, and he, by my direction and assistance, (for of my father's craft I still retained some knowledge,) wrought a sensible improvement in my outer man. For some few weeks I kept within doors, not wishing to gratify the foolish vanity of appearing in new attire, and it was not until their first gloss had a little worn off, that I resumed my public avocations, nor did I then choose my old resorts; in truth, feeling that I had done much for the Regent-street folks, I thought it more judicious, as well as more impartial, to look after the public welfare in other quarters, and therefore I selected the city, as better fitted for my benevolent operations. Buckingham-street, in the Strand, became my residence; and being comfortably domesticated, I formed many acquaintance and rendered myself amazingly agreeable. My attention was frequently directed to an elegant and handsome lady, who with her husband had recently taken possession of the first floor of the house immediately facing that which I now occupied. It happened one morning, as I was standing at the window, observing the ludicrous exhibition of an itinerant showman, that this lady appeared also at her window; whether attracted by the performance, or from having observed me, I know not, although I had good cause to believe the latter reason had its due weight on her sensible and discriminating mind. Seeing her eyes fixed on me, I felt constrained to acknowledge her courtesy by a bow, which was instantly and most graciously returned; after which she suddenly withdrew, nor did she again present herself to my notice during the day. I, however, felt fully satisfied that my acquaintance would at all events be acceptable, and although my natural timidity almost prevented me from fulfilling my wish, I did, when sipping a glass of negus after the day's business, contrive to address to her a courteous letter. I acknowledged the politeness of the morning, regretted my past inattention—expressed a determination to visit her the following day, and enclosed some verses, which I had originally copied from a magazine, but which I assured her were my own extemporaneous composition, and put together as expressing my profound admiration of a creature so lovely. They began thus:

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
  More fragrant than the damask rose;
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
  Is she to whom my spirit bows.

The following morning having caught a glimpse of her in deshabille, I became more charmed than ever. I observed her door frequented by the rich, and the great, and felt delighted at the idea of forming such an acquaintance. I began to prepare for my anticipated interview; having cherished a pair of moustaches and of whiskers, which were now in a flourishing condition, I found these auxiliaries to the appearance of an officer very important; for it should be known, that it was *en militáire* that I proposed to effect my conquest, having borrowed an officer's

undress coat, and mounted a pair of gilt spurs; and thus equipped, I had an opportunity of appearing to the greatest advantage. Quite satisfied with my own dashing exterior, and feeling perfectly irresistible, I delayed no longer, but issued forth on this new love adventure. My heart beat high with expectation—my countenance was flushed with excitement. I felt convinced that a single interview would make this fair one mine, little dreaming that her heart and hand were already another's. A thundering rap at the door soon brought a footman. I desired to be shown up to his mistress. He inquired my name. I confidently answered, Captain Francis Fitzroy: fortunately, I had assumed a favourable cognomen; I was immediately ushered up stairs, and found the fair object of my devotion gracefully reclining in a chair by the fire-side, and intently reading. On first viewing me, she appeared astonished and blushed, evidently a little embarrassed. She was doubtless surprised at my appearance, it was so visibly improved, nor could she at the instant have recognized her opposite neighbour. I endeavoured to quiet her surprise, by making myself perfectly at ease, talking on indifferent subjects, and offering to accompany her to the opera. Quite overwhelmed with a sense of my politeness, and apparently hesitating whether to accept or decline my proposal, she rose hastily and rung the bell, acknowledging that I had completely the advantage of her. Of this I was already well satisfied. Suddenly the door opened, and the servant announced Sir Harry Howard! An unwelcome visitor, thought I; he must be sent about his business speedily, or the course of my true love will be seriously impeded. I was about to dismiss this gentleman rather cavalierly, when I observed that he conducted himself with the most provoking freedom towards the lady, and after a few moments' conversation in a subdued tone, he rather bluntly expressed his surprise at my visit. I was happy to place myself under the protection of the lady, and stated that by appointment I was there, but that I was unwilling to interrupt his conversation; as soon as he was gone I should be well content to resume the subject of my visit. I soon found that his stay was likely to exceed mine, and that I was actually in the presence of the genuine husband of my inamorata. I now found that all my ingenuity and composure would be requisite, and commenced my remarks by intimating the possibility of my having fallen into a mistake, and called at the wrong house: it was, however, I added, excusable, as I had but recently left my regiment in India, after a very protracted absence. This, thought I, will carry me safely through the difficulty; but I was mistaken. Sir Harry expressed surprise at my recent arrival, and inquired to what regiment I belonged. I answered the 29th foot. "Still more surprising," rejoined he; "for happening to have been for some years the colonel of that very regiment, and having within a very few months left head quarters, I have no recollection of your person, nor indeed of the name of Fitzroy." I was about to hammer out an excuse, when Sir Harry carelessly drew from his pocket a newspaper, and pointing the attention of his lady to some verses it contained, looked to me for an explanation. Thinking it would be well to avoid this dilemma, if possible, I begged to be allowed a sight of the verses, as I was myself of rather a poetical turn of mind, and in those matters somewhat critical. "Then these lines may probably amuse you," rejoined the lady, handing me the paper, with a smile. Imagine my dismay, when I recognized my own adopted, but ungrateful magazine verses! Blushing was not my forte, I returned the paper, without any remark, drew my handkerchief from my pocket, and endeavoured to turn the subject; but I found my wit not as brilliant as usual, and began to think of beating a retreat. I therefore rose from my chair, and was on the point of retiring, when Sir Harry started from his seat, hurried to the door, and having locked it, put the key into his pocket. I affected

to treat this manœuvre as a joke; but Sir H. seizing me rudely by the collar, exclaimed, "Rascal! you may assume the disguise of an officer, you may purloin verses, if you please, but you shall not steal my handkerchief with impunity. At the mere imputation of such an act I was ready to faint; my courage nearly gave way; however I did explain to him the object I had in view, and did all in my power to induce him to look on it in a proper light; he was obstinate, called me a pickpocket, and identified the handkerchief; unfortunately I had omitted to pick out the initials of the owner. I was, without more ado, hurried off to a place in which I had never been before, and which I have no great desire to revisit.

The conclusion of this adventure was most unpropitious; being brought before a magistrate, I acknowledged the fact, and in the clearest manner explained my motives, divesting them of all selfishness, and proving the great good that must result to the community at large, were I but allowed to follow up my measures to a greater extent. The justice appeared particularly obtuse; he had adopted a very different view of the case, to which he adhered with the most pertinacious obstinacy, nor could all my remonstrances or assertions remove his ignorant prejudice. I was therefore transferred to two stern looking gentlemen, who appeared to approve of the result, and accommodated with apartments in a splendid mansion, free from rent and taxes, where I enjoyed, for rather a wearying period, the full exercise of my own uninterrupted reflections.

During the period of my residence I was now and then visited by old acquaintances, who occasionally suggested that a walk would be beneficial; they did not approve of my habits of life, and urged that air and exercise, with change of scene would do me good. Their benevolent exertions were unavailing. I determined to remain, and so I did, until on one occasion, when I was particularly invited by the master of the mansion to take a turn out. I did so, but I went alone; this benevolent gentleman having observed, that a much longer application would prove injurious to my future projects, and thinking, probably, that the careless part of the public by this time stood in need of my renewed exertions.

If there was any point on which I felt peculiar regret for the period spent in this manner, it was on behalf of the fair sex. While I regretted that the strict rules I had found it necessary to adopt prevented their visiting me as they might have wished, I found myself also sadly in arrear in the affairs of the heart, and therefore did I determine immediately to make up for lost time. Having first obtained a tolerably genteel outfit, from an old tailoring acquaintance, I set to work heartily. Upon two or three arrangements I was disappointed; but at length I positively convinced an extremely pretty and tall native servant maid, living in Bedford Square, that I was distantly related to her, and she feeling naturally much flattered by such a connexion, most cheerfully received my visits, and treated me, as in duty bound, to the very best cheer the house offered. I continued for some weeks to make Bedford Square my head quarters, and frequently did I give the servants practical proofs of the very injudicious carelessness they practised, by leaving valuable articles of plate loitering about the kitchen; it was all to no purpose—they still continued their habits of unpardonable negligence, and I daily endeavoured to put an end to such practices. There, in fact, appeared to exist between the servants and myself, a sort of laudable ambition not to relinquish first, and thus a spirit of rivalry existed between us, until the master of the house discovering that the wicked carelessness of his dependents produced a most sensible effect on his plate chest, took the investigation into his own hands. It was the last evening I ever spent in Bedford Square that he came suddenly into the kitchen, and found me in close conversation with Margaret, the ladies' maid, and the

spoons and forks as usual strewed about. In an instant he fixed his piercing eyes on me, and exclaimed, "So ho, I have found the rogue, have I? it is then to you, sir, is it, that I am indebted for the loss of my plate, as well as for having relieved me of the burden of my mare. I well remember your face, and have long been on the look out for you." It was in vain to deny the fact; the mare and his owner were both perfectly recalled to my mind, and I had therefore only to read him my usual lecture on the carelessness of masters and servants, and to prove myself a good and active servant of the state; but, strange to say, this man was altogether heedless of my remonstrance, and suddenly cut short my statement, by saying, "That it was a case beyond the reach of his own unassisted capacity, and better suited for the consideration of some twelve unbiassed individuals, who, on hearing the particulars, might or might not view the affair as I did." It was after some few preliminaries, not altogether agreeable, that the case was argued in public, and the view I had adopted was most strenuously supported by two able and accomplished men, to whom, for their liberal support, I felt compelled to make a trifling pecuniary acknowledgment. Notwithstanding their arguments and my assertions, the gentlemen who were called on as arbiters, ventured to differ entirely from our side, and as their numbers were the greater, why, as a matter of mere common politeness, we were constrained to yield to their decision, although I must say that I did so with no inconsiderable reluctance.

Reader! as many years had now passed by without my having seen, or even heard, of my respected parents, it will not surprise you to learn that my parental yearnings became very powerful. I determined, at whatever sacrifice, to see them once again; and through the same kind influence which had interfered in their behalf, did I speedily get a free passage to the Australian shores, where I purpose spending some few years, and returning home, benefited by the experience which I am daily acquiring in this new scene, where the inhabitants do not appear so habitually careless as they are in London; and indeed if they are, I have no opportunities of making the discovery, as the limits of my movements are rather circumscribed, and as my hands are at present so occupied by my own affairs, as to prevent my keeping a watchful eye on those of my neighbours.

My dear father and mother have now been residents in the colony nearly *fourteen* years; my stay has been more limited, not having yet spent half that period. They are now beginning to turn their thoughts and wishes towards their native shore, and I confess that I have some thoughts of England too. If the government, in kind consideration of our past operations, will fit out a ship for our return, I shall most unquestionably avail myself of their offer, and in company with those excellent parents to whom I am indebted for all I possess, as well as for the gratifications afforded by foreign travel, shall I revisit the land of my nativity once again.

SCHOOL OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

An Apology for English Ship-builders; showing that it is not necessary the Country should look to the Navy for Naval Architects. Effingham Wilson, 88, Royal Exchange.

"The First Lord of the Admiralty stated, in the House of Commons, that he was "advised and firmly persuaded, that a naval captain is more competent than any in- "dividual he could possibly select from the Ship-building Department, to fill the "office of Surveyor of the Navy."—Vide *Debates on the Navy Estimates*, June 29, 1832 (page 5).

THIS is a plausible and well-written pamphlet, assuming a mask of humility to obtain its ends, and a deferential respect to the First Lord of the Admiralty, which is completely at variance with the whole tenor of its arguments and assertions. It has evidently been submitted to the scrutiny of many, has been carefully revised and corrected, and its sentences weighed previous to publication. We think we could put our finger upon several passages, and ascribe them to the true writers. We can trace suggestions from the ex-navy board, ex-surveyor, and School of Naval Architecture, separately and conjointly, in this little work, which we consider it our duty to refute, because it is well, apparently temperately written, and has, we know, produced a greater sensation than these brochures in general do.

We have before strongly advocated the cause of Captain Symonds, who, after all, is, himself, his best advocate, as every day proves the advantages which are derived from his appointment to the office of Surveyor of the Navy, and the injury which has accrued to the country by the inefficiency of Sir R. Seppings. Every new ship launched by Captain Symonds adds to his reputation, and refutes all the malignity of his opponents. "Deeds, and not words," should be the motto over that officer's crest; many of those who were most opposed to him have acknowledged their error since the qualities of the Vestal have been known; while the errors of Sir R. Seppings are becoming every day more glaringly apparent. During the whole period of his holding the situation, he never built one good ship—the only one approximating to merit, was the Castor, whose lines after she was laid down, were altered so as to steal upon the models of Captain Symonds; but not only has Sir R. Seppings never built a good ship, but he has spoilt many which were good previous to his alterations. We have a floating evidence of this fact in the Caledonia, which always was considered as one of the finest vessels in our service. What is she now? She was taken into dock to be thoroughly repaired, her beam was increased one foot, to render her more buoyant—of course to raise her lower-deck ports higher out of the water. It was found that, in her new construction, one hundred and thirty-eight tons more of wood and iron were employed than in her former, and the expense of the repair was enormous. She is now afloat again: instead of carrying her lower-deck ports higher out

of the water, notwithstanding her increased width of beam, she carries them lower. They are now five feet five inches, and formerly they were five feet nine inches, or five feet ten inches, we do not exactly know which, above the water line. In fact, the Caledonia, which has cost the country perhaps two hundred thousand pounds, is *spoilt.* But, as it is not our object in this paper to enter upon the demerits of Sir R. Seppings, we shall leave him for the present, with the remark, that Sir James Graham acted most judiciously in removing him from his situation.

This pamphlet attempts to prove that Captain Symonds is unfit for his situation, and, that the students of the School of Naval Architecture have been treated with great injustice, by a Surveyor of the Navy not having been selected from their body. To a series of arguments are attached a series of calculations, which, of course, to the major part of its readers must be unintelligible. We have examined them. The three first propositions we can disprove, and therefore we went no further. The fact is, that these are not in their place, without the writers of the pamphlet calculated that the public would exclaim—

> "As to what's incomprehensible,
> We dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible."

And we should have passed over this portion of the pamphlet, had it not been that there is a wilful miscomprehension of Captain Symonds' principles. We acknowledge, that Captain Symonds has not a facility of expressing himself lucidly, but this is more frequently the case with men of talent than with others. After all, it is a matter of opinion what is and what is not "bearing." Theoretical terms may be misunderstood, but there can be no mistake in the practical qualities of the Vernon, the Vestal, and the other admirable models which have been added to our navy by the superior talents of the present Surveyor. But we consider that Captain Symonds requires no advocate: we must at once come to the pith of the pamphlet, which is,—whether, in the appointment of Captain Symonds, the School of Naval Architecture have been treated with injustice; and whether, *in future*, the Surveyors of the Navy are to be selected from that body.

Captain Symonds, it is stated, when he first built ships, did not know how to make his own calculations. We will grant it, whether it be true or not. He had not been accustomed to it—but what then? He knew how ships were to be built; he detected the errors of others, and felt practically that he was right. How often is this the case? How often do you find the greatest talent in those who cannot write or read, but who, nevertheless, by the strength of their genius, obtain that practical calculation, which enables them to produce the most extraordinary results, unassisted by theory. There is no great mystery in these calculations. The rules are simple and constant, and easily acquired. We presume, that Captain Symonds knows them now; if he do not, and he will come to us, he shall be master of them all in a very few hours.

But Captain Symonds, it would appear by this pamphlet, is not a builder. He is ignorant of all the details of construction—don't know how to fasten his own timbers—don't know how much a matey ought to

earn in a day—cannot measure their work, &c. Granted; we are not exactly sure that we know how to pudding an anchor, but still we may not be a bad officer nevertheless; and, as the boatswain has been brought up to it, we allow him to perform the task. It is ridiculous how the writers of this pamphlet jump from one extreme to the other. At one moment it is all theory, in the next it is all practice, which is so absolutely necessary. A want of either is sufficient; and as Captain Symonds, by their account, has neither, he must be doubly disqualified. Before we proceed farther, let us examine how their own arguments bear upon Sir R. Seppings, whom they would defend. They assert that a person not able to make his own calculations is not fit for the situation of Surveyor. Could Sir Robert Seppings make his own calculations when he was appointed? We remember him a dock-yard matey, of good promise, in Chatham Yard, never dreaming of ever rising to be Sir Robert Seppings, Surveyor of the Navy. We say not this to his disparagement, far from it; but at that time, his calculations were limited to his chalk and rule. We still think Sir R. Seppings would, if *controlled*, have proved a very efficient master builder; there he should have stopped. But a man who has arrived at his grand climacteric without troubling his head with a decimal or vulgar fractions, would find much more difficulty than Captain Symonds, who always had the powers of deep calculation, although he had never applied to the special rules necessary in calculating the line of flotation. We doubt if Sir Robert ever made his calculations to the last. Old dogs don't learn new tricks, and an infinite series in algebra is infinitely puzzling to a man who has passed the age of forty. Upon these two arguments, therefore, Sir R. Seppings was no more fit for the situation than Captain Symonds. In fact, the arguments of this pamphlet remind us of the battle of Waterloo, in which the French assert that the English were beaten, but did not know it—not knowing it, they marched to Paris. So it appears that Captain Symonds, being neither practical nor theoretical, cannot build a ship—but not being aware of his deficiencies, he has, in his ignorance, built the finest vessels which ever graced the English navy.

It is a fact, as notorious as it is true to the principles of human nature, that a technical education is the very worst on which to ground hopes of those splendid improvements, which have an effect so stupendous upon the destinies of posterity, and which appear to be more the effect of heavenly intuition than the result of unwearied and laborious reasoning. Centuries may roll away in incessant toil to obtain some grand secret, and the efforts and labour of men prove vain; but when the Deity thinks right to say, "Let there be light," there is light, not before, and that light is generally produced in the very opposite quarter from which it was expected. To a certain degree this may be accounted for. For instance, those who have been for a series of years employed in Naval Architecture, labouring at all the details, burthening their memories with what others have discovered, finding a fixed rule, and perhaps a reason for each fixed rule, are generally but the transmitters down to posterity of that which has been already discovered. Should even a brilliant idea

present itself to their imagination, it is instantly met by ten others, founded upon prescription, and drilled into the very core of the brain by practice, which soon smother the original conception, and the man plods on as he has been taught, and as others have plodded on before him. His tools are in his hand, and he reasons with them more than with his understanding; to a suggestion, he answers with his pencil and a calculation; the compass and T square are with him arguments irrefutable. A man so educated, or rather so trammelled by education, is well fitted to make practical the conceptions of others, but to conceive originally, would be in him a species of heresy at which he would shudder. But let us look back, let us contemplate the registered events which have gradually lifted society from barbarism to our present state of refinement, and we shall perceive the truth of the above observations, by finding, that almost every discovery of importance, every brilliant production of genius, have almost invariably been the offspring of those not possessed of that technical education, which at first sight might reasonably be supposed to have originated them. These remarks have the character of universality. The lawyers, the practical lawyers are the very worst body to whom may be entrusted the revision of a nation's jurisprudence. For the best poems, the best plays, or works of fiction, we are not indebted to those whose life has been one of continued education. The universities, as a body, have given us fewer people of literary renown than any other class of men. Milton owed but little to them; Pope less; and Shakspeare—the immortal Shakspeare—absolutely nothing. The first idea of a steam engine originated not in a professed mechanist, but a reflective nobleman. The logarithms were not discovered by the professors of a college, but by Baron Napier, of Marchintown. The spinning-jenny, that prolific parent of all the vast machinery which now benefits the nation in her unbounded cotton manufactories, was the invention of a barber. Every department of science has gained more from those who have not been trammelled by technicalities, although they have been guided by general laws; and why? because they had nothing to unlearn—they stood upon the eminence of reason, and viewed the whole subject at once; they reflected for themselves, respecting but not worshipping authority, and, aided by practice, their theory was crowned with success.

Bearing in mind the above remarks, we will put it to any candid reasoner, whether, of all persons existing, a captain of a man-of-war is not placed precisely in that situation most likely to discover the merits and demerits in Naval Architecture—whether he is not likely to be the best judge of what a ship is and what she ought to be—and, knowing all this, the best able to furnish such a model as will remedy existing defects, and combine those advantages which he has practically proved? The naval architect builds the ship, the captain of her, ascertains her qualities; he has time for reflection, opportunity for observation to the utmost extent, and, by long practice and experimental working, he brings her under that controul, which almost verifies Byron's sublime idea,

"She walks the waters like a thing of life."

He finds out exactly what she can do, where her powers fail, and *why;* and if there be a remedy for any deficiency in her construction, he can apply it. Sailors have an intuitive knowledge of ships, and can almost tell, by the *eye*, what their good and bad qualities may be. Habit has produced a discrimination which is almost equal to science; and the lines of a vessel, which the builder imagines are only to be found in the draught in his possession, are as clearly traced upon the retina of a practised sailor, as if the drawing were before him. The fact is, that the great duty of an officer in the command of a vessel now-a-days is to remedy the defects of the builder, and to make the best of a bad bargain; and, had their advice been attended to, instead of having been scouted with contempt by the late Navy Board, our naval architecture would have been greatly improved.

Although seamen have never been permitted to offer their advice upon ship-building, their practical suggestions, pertinaciously repeated, have been attended with more success; and what has been the result? —that all the late improvements have originated chiefly from naval officers; but in no instance that we can recollect, from the dock-yard. Let any one look at the fitting out of a man-of-war from the dockyard—what sort of a vessel is she? A disgrace to the service. No sooner is she in the hands of the officers, than she is equipped anew, at a great expense to the captain, and then she appears as a man-of-war ought to be. Are we indebted to the dock-yard, or to naval officers, for the iron tanks for water—Truscott's pump applied to them—the chain cables of Captain Brown—the capstern and compass of Captain Phillips—the rudder of Captain Lehon—Rodger's anchors—Harris's rope—and the numerous other improvements which have emanated from scientific officers?

The writers of this pamphlet charge Captain Symonds with not having invented a new system of ship-building, but having returned to the old system which had been abandoned, and which they acknowledge to have been correct. If so, how disgraceful has been the conduct of our Surveyors of the Navy, to depart from that which was right; and how satisfactorily does it prove the superiority of Captain Symonds, and his fitness for his situation! We agree with them to a certain extent. Captain Symonds has evidently based his models upon the old Gibraltar; but, at the same time, that he has availed himself of her good qualities, he has carefully remedied her defects. Captain Symonds appears to be led by an unerring grand principle, which is, that, by repeated experiments, he will eventually produce a model which will require no iron ballast; that is to say, that the provisions and stores, when complete, shall be sufficient for her ballast, and she shall only require *filling up* as she lightens, to keep her sufficiently down in the water. If Captain Symonds succeeds in this grand desideratum, we think he will then, with the other qualities which he has already realized, have brought the building of men-of-war to the highest state of perfection which we may reasonably anticipate.

We shall proceed to investigate the claims which the School of Naval Architecture so arrogantly (for their pretended humility is nothing but arrogance) bring forward. And here we must stop one minute to condemn that political animosity which induced Sir Byam

Martin and his confederates to extol the parties to an excess which has laid the foundation of their grievous error. To oppose and find fault with the measures of Sir James Graham, they found it necessary to prove damages, and this could not be effected but by elevating the School of Naval Architecture to a height which was as unwarrantable as it was untrue. Sir Byam Martin eulogises them as *highly-gifted* young men. Does Sir Byam Martin know the meaning of highly-gifted? It is difficult, even in these days, to find one highly-gifted man in a thousand; and yet, Sir Byam Martin has discovered that the whole School of Naval Architecture are *highly-gifted young men.* We have no wish to depreciate their talents, and have no reason to doubt, but that after the education they have received through the bounty of government, that they are well informed, and have a good knowledge of the theory of naval architecture; but, as to putting them on a level with the present Surveyor of the Navy, the idea is preposterous. But let us examine the present situation of these persons, and see if they have any ground for complaint—whether any provision has been made for them, after government has been at the expense of their education. We subjoin a list of the whole School of Naval Architecture, with the situations they hold, and the salaries attached to their office.

			Salary.
Richard Abethel	Assistant Master Builder,	Deptford	£400
Thomas Pretious	ditto	Pembroke	400
William Morgan	ditto	Chatham	400
Francis Laire	Foreman	ditto	250
John Major	ditto	ditto	250
William Parsons	ditto	Portsmouth	250
Samuel Reid	ditto	Chatham	250
William Rice	ditto	ditto	250
John Williams	ditto	Portsmouth	250
Isaac Watts	ditto	Plymouth	250
Henry Chatfield	ditto	ditto	250
James Bennett	ditto	Portsmouth	250
William Henwood	ditto	ditto	250
James Peake	ditto	ditto	250
George Cutfield	ditto	Plymouth	250
John Sheffield	ditto	Chatham	250
John Allen	ditto	Pembroke	250
Augustus Creuze	ditto	Portsmouth	250
Jeremiah Owen	Student	ditto	200
Thomas Lloyd	ditto	ditto	200
Archimedes Shaw	ditto	ditto	180
Henry Craddock	ditto	ditto	180
John Hancorn	ditto	ditto	180
W. R. Lang	ditto	ditto	180
Joseph Large	ditto	ditto	180
			£6250

It appears, then, that all the school have been provided for, and at an expense of 6,250*l.* per annum—no small sum in these days of necessary economy; and we must say, that when we consider the situation of the junior officers in our own service, when we call to mind that there are now about two thousand young men of family and education, who, after having served ten or twelve years as mid-

shipmen, after having dedicated their youth up to manhood to the service of their country, are now remaining on shore without a fraction of half pay, these highly-gifted personages should feel most grateful. The economy so imperiously demanded by the country, and which has prevented Sir James Graham, who feels and acknowledges the unfair situation in which the junior officers are placed, but who cannot assist them—this urged economy appears to have been overlooked in providing for the School of Naval Architecture. Yet these persons represent themselves as neglected—not only neglected but unjustly treated; they assume that they have been induced by promises to enter into a profession, and these promises not having been fulfilled, that their prospects in life have been blighted. This is a serious charge which we must refute; and we must observe that, in our refutation, we are not stimulated by malevolent feelings. If there is exposure, the parties must thank themselves and Sir Byam Martin.

The first question which naturally presented itself, when we heard of the grievous injustice to which they had been martyrs, was, Who are these people, and what have they lost? What are the prospects in life which have been thus blighted? To obtain this information, it was necessary that we should make some inquiry into the means possessed by their parents to have forwarded them in life, through other channels. To obtain the whole information we found was impossible, for nobody knew from whence the major part of them sprang, and some, it appears, cannot legally make claim to any father. We now subjoin a list of all that we could collect, from which the original prospects of the remainder may be fairly estimated.

Richard Abethel,	his Father,	Reduced Measurer of Dock Yard.
Thomas Pretious,	ditto	A caulker in Woolwich Yard.
John Major,	ditto	A Mercer in London.
Samuel Reid,	ditto	In the Carriage Department, Woolwich Yard.
William Rice,	ditto	Lieutenant in the Navy.
Isaac Watts,	ditto	Custom House Officer.
George Cutfield	ditto	Master in the Navy.
John Allen,	ditto	Quarterman in Dock Yard.
Augustus Creuze,	ditto	French Teacher at Naval College.
Archimedes Shaw,	ditto	Clerk in the Dock Yard.
John Hancorn,	ditto	Clerk in Ordnance Department.
W. R. Lang,	ditto	Assistant in Deptford Yard.
Joseph Large,	ditto	Shoemaker, Chatham.
James Peake,	ditto	The late Surveyor.

Now, there are only two upon this list whose parents can be considered as respectable. Mr. Peake, the son of the late surveyor, stands alone; and the next to him is Mr. Rice, the son of a lieutenant in his Majesty's service. Mr. Rice is better off than his father, who probably supports a family upon a half-pay of 90*l.* per annum, while his son is in the receipt of a salary of 250*l.* But, taking them all, have they lost or gained in life by their present situations? What would they in all probability have been, if the government had not educated and provided for them? In every probability, journeymen manufacturers, and mechanics. And yet, they complain of injustice, because they are not made Surveyors of the Navy, and, of course, because they are not also knighted. It is really too preposterous. Even a

student receives a stipend equal to the half-pay of a post-captain in his Majesty's navy, who has served his country for thirty years, and is covered with medals and honours. Richard Abethel and Thomas Pretious, sons of workmen in the dock-yard, cry out because government have educated them, and put them into situations of 400*l.* per annum, with a good house and allowances.

We should strongly advise these highly-gifted personages to be cautious—to write no more pamphlets; but to eat their pudding with thankfulness, and hold their tongues. We will tell them a secret. There never was 6,250*l.* per annum which could be so well saved to the country. Instead of being victims of injustice, their introduction has been an act of injustice towards the old servants of the public, occupied in the dock-yards, who, at *their own expense*, have educated their children to fit them for those situations now held by the School of Naval Architecture; we must also tell them, that they are of little or no use, too much puffed up with their own consequence, and too much above their business, sauntering about the yards, and picking their teeth with chips; and further, that if the major part of them were dismissed, the work of the dock-yards would go on much better than it does at this present moment. The founding of the school was ill-advised, and we trust that no more students will be admitted, or, that government will never again put itself in the situation of the man in the fable, who, as soon as he had cherished to life, by the warmth of his breast, the frozen serpent of the dunghill, was gratefully rewarded with its sting.

F. M.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL LOVER.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.—BY MRS. ABDY.

An heiress one morning elop'd with a youth,
  Leaving kindred and friends in the lurch,
They arrived at the spot for exchanging their truth—
  Just as "twelve" was proclaimed from the church.
"Our clock has gained time," quoth the sexton, "we'll send
  For a ladder, its course to repel;"
But the lover replied—"Take no trouble, my friend,
  To-morrow will do just as well!"

At the next village inn, a retreat they procur'd,
  The lover arose the next morn,
And found that his fair one a chaise had secur'd,
  And departed at break of the dawn:
"Did she leave not a word?" was his eager demand;
  "Yes," the chambermaid hastened to tell—
"This message, she said, Sir, you'd quite understand,
  "*To-morrow will do just as well!!*"

AFFAIRS OF SPAIN.

STATE OF PARTIES.

The death of Ferdinand creates an era of the highest political importance. That death was anxiously looked to as the termination of a rotten, timid, and shuffling system of ruling, and considered as the precursor of a more energetic, clear, and decided order of things. As regards the end of the king himself, it was in every respect worthy of his career: it afforded a striking practical demonstration of the *animal* man, which so strongly preponderated in the composition of a sovereign, than whom history scarcely offers a parallel in the page of unfortunate and discreditable celebrities! The life of Ferdinand the Seventh was an uninterrupted series of treacheries—treacheries too destitute of that varnish of expediency, or gilded with that coating of genius and daring, which serve at least to delude the unphilosophic mind: intrigues of a despicable nature—paltry cabals and equally paltry motives, have played the most prominent part in the calamitous reign of a king who claims the cruel distinction of descending to the grave without a tear to grace his departure. Equally hated and despised by all parties, his remains are scarcely cold, when the expression of horror and contempt burst from the bosom where those feelings were compressed. No sovereign ever owed a greater debt to his people than Ferdinand—no sovereign ever repaid that debt with a blacker ingratitude. Fortune twice offered him the opportunity of working the felicity and regeneration of Spain; but his vulgar mind, in conjunction with his cold heart, had not sufficient courage to cope with his naturally unworthy propensities, even when the glorious prize of national renown glittered in perspective. In his first treachery against his father—his desertion of the Spanish people—his almost incredible baseness to Napoleon—his cruel ingratitude to the defenders of his throne—his constant duplicity to the Cortes—what reflections are offered to the attentive reader! But we will not enlarge on this humiliating subject—enough that Ferdinand, as if the calamities of his reign were not sufficient misery to Spain, bequeaths to that country at his death all the horrors of a civil war!

It was generally supposed—nay, confidently asserted, previous to the death of Ferdinand, that with him would expire the odious system of government in which he delighted—that his ministers would be displaced, and make room for the friends of the Queen, who were the avowed friends of social and political ameliorations. The Liberals were made to harbour the most sanguine hopes, and their cause became identified in anticipation with that of the Queen, whilst the banner of Don Carlos was to represent the power of pure despotism and religious intolerance. But the King dies, and the Queen Regent loses no time in putting forth a *manifesto*, evidently framed by Zea Bermudez, as it is a close transcript of his famous declaration

of faith when he assumed the reins of government. We proceed to analyze this document, and refute its fallacy.

The object of the *manifesto* is to conciliate not only the Holy Alliance, but to calm the fears of those partizans of Carlism, whose adherence to the cause rests more on its principle, than on the person of the chief. The document courts the friendship and submission of the clergy by a conclusive declaration that religion, or, what is equivalent in Spain, monkism, intolerance, and ecclesiastical abuse, are to remain in their full vigour. It then proceeds to declare, that no "innovations whatsoever will be admitted into the country." This is equivalent to a declaration of war against the Liberals: it places the matter at issue in the light of a simple family question, and the struggle is to be merely between two persons, and the reward of the victor a crown; the nation has nothing to do with the affair further than receiving the blows, and enduring the calamities attendant on the contest. But the *manifesto* is a precious document, as it throws a most extraordinary mystery over the views of the party called *Christinos*, and brings to light the pretended tendency to *liberalism* attributed to the Queen Regent. Now, we candidly ask, what is the meaning of the party called *Christinos?* what their views, their political creed? We can very well comprehend what a *Carlist* means, and what a *Constitutionalist* wants. Perhaps the *Christino* is a *juste-milieu:* no—the *manifesto* contradicts this supposition. Don Carlos himself, had he been on the throne, could not have put forth a more ample exposition of *his* system of government. The only satisfactory conclusion to which we can arrive, is, that the Regent's party are in views and wishes much the same as *Carlists*, only that they have not the virtues of honesty and moral courage of the latter; and that they prefer to achieve by intrigue, and truckling, and sophistry, the object which their adversaries have the manliness openly to avow, and boldly to maintain. The struggle, therefore, as it now stands, is one merely of personal ambition; the delusion which fondly coupled this contest with more sacred and enlarged views, must, by this time, be dispelled. Those Liberals, who are worthy of the name, have now the line which they are to pursue clearly traced out. They can only support a *person*, as far as in that person they behold the representative of a principle. From the moment that this person clearly and distinctly disavows and repudiates this principle, they of course, having lost the stake which they had in the game, must look on the contest with indifference and preserve neutrality.

Perhaps succeeding events may teach the present arbiters of the destinies of Spain, that ignorant, and fanatic, and corrupt as the Spaniards may be, they are not yet so imbecile as to be twisted and turned like puppets, at the mercy of designing and anti-national men—that an enthusiasm and self-devotion are not to be created and called forth from *nothing*—for really we are as yet at a loss to conceive the titles of a babe three years old to the affection and blind submission of a whole people. To bring forward the will of Ferdinand amounts almost to a joke, and surely, no one will be stupid enough to allude to the sanction of the mock Cortes, which assembled to swear the young

Infanta, and whose convocation, it would appear, was meant not so much to invest the ceremony of the *jura* with a sacred and national character, as to exhibit the utter contempt in which the rulers of Spain held every thing bearing the remotest affinity to popular representation. Thus we find, that the Queen Regent's party, or the *Christinos*, is composed of those who derive immediate emolument, power, or protection, from the existing government. The great portion of the army is also in their ranks, although it is problematical how long they will remain faithful. Apparently, too, though the *Christinos* seem the national party, it is the most *unnational* of the three. It possesses no characteristic feature of its own, nor are the men who play the principal parts likely to inspire much confidence —no, not even to themselves. They are all playing a deep game, how each one may overreach his fellow in intrigue: their ambition being merely personal, falls universally below not only that of the *Constitutionalists*, but even of the *Carlists*, who have a definite object in view, and who, although misguided and fanatic, are yet *sincere* in their folly and fanaticism.

Those who mingle together the *Christinos* with the *real* Liberals, labour under a strange and mischievous error—mischievous, inasmuch as they tend to spread wrong impressions, and excite sympathy and interest under false pretences, if we may so express ourselves. Whatever might have been the relative situation of the *Christinos* and the Liberals towards each other, previous to Ferdinand's dissolution, it is clear that they had no one interest in common from the moment that the Queen's manifesto was proclaimed. Succeeding events may perhaps approximate these two parties; but let it be with an admission of the principle—a concession—a pledge—a conviction that the *Liberals* do not forget themselves so far as to retrace their steps three centuries back, and work merely to answer the purpose of individual ambition and family interests, in which the country at large has no share.

The party of Don Carlos has already begun its work; the Basque provinces are in a state of revolt, and it is justly anticipated that the flame will spread through the various other portions of the Peninsula. Still, some persons are surprised at the little progress made by Don Carlos; we are not, nor will any one else, who is aware of the vast resources held by a government *de facto*. It possesses a power which must be wrenched from its grasp: then the thousands and thousands who derive their importance or subsistence from that power, naturally enough cling to it for the time being, whatever may be their hidden views and partialities. But some persons will pronounce themselves more strongly, as their interest or their safety may require. We have no doubt that many of them are *Carlists* at heart, whilst the great majority have no fixed principle to guide them, further than the "powers that be." Thus, as far as a spirit of party is concerned, we conceive that of the Queen the weakest; it can only derive an accession of real strength from its junction with the *Carlist* or the *Liberal*.

The attempt to conciliate the *Carlists* by the promise made in the *manifesto*, is a clumsy, no less than a despicable attempt to impose on the nation. Does the framer of that precious document suppose that the sincere *Carlist* will be trepanned into the net? No. Why

should he desert a chief whose principles are fixed, stern, uncompromising, to join a more vague, truckling, and untried standard? Can any one suppose for a moment, that a little infant, exposed to the thousand chances consequent on a long minority, offers to the party the same security, as a vigorous, adult, and immediate ruler? Why should the *Carlists* abandon a chief in whom they confide, whose person they love, and whose interests are intimately interwoven with their wishes, merely to try a hazardous experiment, from which, in case of success, they have nothing to expect but a diminution of influence and importance? We conceive this *ruse* totally in vain. It does not gain a single *sincere* adherent to the cause from the *Carlist* party, whilst it alienates the whole of the Constitutionalist or Liberal. Thus, the *Christinos* are reduced to the military and civilian armies, who prey on the state—the mass of the nation, as it is called, is actuated by a most comfortable indifference, and will follow the leader who appears the most powerful for the time being.

We have advanced that the Queen's party, as it is at present constituted, is the least national of the three, and we are now prepared to bear out our assertion. The intrigues and movements of the French government are not secret: it is clear that an unjustifiable intervention will take place, should the occasion require—that is to say, if the Queen of Spain is repudiated by her people, why then she must be supported by foreign power, and the Spaniards must swallow a ruler *despotically* imposed on them by *constitutional* France. Nothing can be imagined more unjustifiable, atrocious, and base, than this intended intervention. Let the Spaniards fight their own battles, and settle their quarrels as they best may; then it will be easy to arrive at a true conclusion as to the wishes of the nation; the strongest will prevail, and the Spaniards, after the various vicissitudes of civil war, will at length settle into that *form* of government which they really wish. If they are anxious for liberty, they will have a fair opportunity to exhibit that predilection. If, on the contrary, they are enamoured with despotism and religious intolerance, let them enjoy those blessings by all means, and leave them to decide from which person they prefer those benefits to flow. Do not oblige them to receive the favour from the little Queen Isabella, if they prefer the castigation from the more vigorous arm of Don Carlos. It will be hard, indeed, if the Spaniards are not even allowed to choose their own executioner, and be flagellated according to their own fancy and predilection.

Among the various causes assigned for the wretchedness and moral prostration of Spain, and among the obstacles put forward against the welfare and prosperity of that unfortunate country, the principal reason, as well as the most serious obstacle, is generally overlooked or omitted. We have heard much concerning the supine ignorance and humiliating superstition of the Spaniard—much concerning the ascendancy of the clergy—the total corruption of men in power—the demoralized state of the army—the lamentable apathy of the mass, and so forth; but we seldom hear, among this enumeration of evils, the most dangerous one put forward, viz. the vicinity to France, and the constant exhibition of French influence in the affairs of the Penin-

sula. Whether from a despotic ruler, or a *soi-disant* constitutional king, Spain is equally doomed to suffer in her independence. It would seem, that the wretched nation is under the tuition, not to say subjection, of France, that it cannot arrange its own affairs without French interference. The deep and ambitious designs of Louis Philippe ought to arouse every sincere lover of his country, whether Carlist or Liberal—the latter especially, we caution to beware of the machinations of that most bitter, most hypocritical, and despotic enemy of real liberty.

With regard to the incidents of the drama now performing in Spain, little is known with certainty. The most contradictory rumours are spread to serve stock-jobbing purposes, or temporarily to amuse the imagination of the reader. At this moment, little is ascertained beyond the fact that a portion of the Basque provinces is in a state of open revolt. Bilboa, Vittoria, and Logroño are the principal places in the possession of the Carlists: how long they will remain so, or how much further, or with what degree of celerity, the insurrection may spread, we do not pretend to foretell. The plans, the proceedings, nay, the very fate of Don Carlos, are, at the moment we write, involved in mystery. Most of the public journals represent his cause as completely lost; but we apprehend they are premature in their conclusions. We really cannot reconcile a tame surrender of the crown, with the explicit protest issued by Don Carlos against the recognition of his niece as the future sovereign of Spain. Nor can we be blind to the great power of the clergy, and to the deep-rooted hatred and uncompromising tenacity which marks all their proceedings in defence of their supposed rights: these rights they fancy now immediately threatened, and it will be a marvel indeed, that they should tamely submit to the rule of men whom they erroneously conceive tainted with the poison of liberalism. Besides, the English journals receive their impressions from the French, which are now deeply interested in representing the cause of the young Queen in the most favourable colours.

The invitation to the constitutional chief, Jauregin, (El Pastor,) to join the cause of the Queen, and his prompt acceptance of the offer, has produced considerable surprise and speculation. The Liberals, who are, generally speaking, endowed with most sanguine temperaments, on whom all the lessons of experience seem lost, and whom all the blows of adversity cannot render more cautious—the Liberals already see in this demonstration a good foundation to erect a structure of towering hopes. They have commenced building *chateaux en Epagne* with all possible alacrity: and, in the very face of the plain-spoken *manifesto*, they hug themselves in the idea that the Queen's party are secretly working in their behalf, but, that from prudential motives, the said party refrains from avowing openly their alliance with the Constitutionalists. We consider this one of the most fanciful delusions that can well be imagined, as we do not clearly see the necessity for this *secret marriage*. Is it to deceive the Holy Alliance? —monstrous absurdity! We know who are the real dupes at this present moment—certainly they are not the *Christinos* nor the *Carlists*.

Will this *soi-disant* system of the *juste-milieu*, or more properly speaking, this *pure absolutism* in disguise, be able to obtain permanently in Spain? We think not; the mask must be put aside some time or other. Jesuitism must cease, and things will then be called by their real names. The Queen Regent will govern them with all the despotic sway of her predecessor, or with the avowed admission of liberal institutions. The *Christinos*, we apprehend, have some definite opinion—some views—some design in contemplation; what these opinions, views, and designs may be, we are totally unable to decipher. But if the letter of the *manifesto* is to be their standard, we humbly submit to our readers, that the said *Christinos* present a distinction without a difference, and that they are Carlists to all intents and purposes except the name. If, on the contrary, they have other prospects in view, we are puzzled to determine why they should take the longest way to arrive at a certain point, when the same journey may be performed by a much shorter road.

We are obliged for the present to stop; we will recur to the subject, as we apprehend that the affairs of Spain will afford ample matter to justify our task.*

* We are compelled also to postpone our remarks on a most curious and interesting work relating to Spanish affairs within the last ten years. We allude to *Espana bajo el poder Arbitrario*, &c. 1 vol. Paris, Baudry; London, Boosey and Co.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.[1]

A TRUE STORY.

The general tenor of the conversation, as in all ignorant societies, was that of politics, and settling the affairs of the nation, for there are always wiser heads out of the Cabinet than in it. This conversation was kept up with a degree of warmth that did great credit to the patriots and champions of civil liberty. Here ministers were dismissed, and generals appointed; the finances of the country placed on a more respectable footing, and the national debt put in a better train of liquidation; and all this was done by men who had not in their pockets the price of a second pint of porter!

These political discussions, which were more noisy than profound, were occasionally diversified by songs and duets, some of which were neither destitute of taste nor science, and the lover of harmony might exclaim with Othello,

> "If after every storm come such calms,
> May the winds blow Olympus high."

About ten o'clock, the hilarity of the club was stopped, and its enjoyments suspended, by the appearance of the officer "who holds the office opposite to St. Peter, and keeps the keys of hell," vulgarly denominated a turnkey, who came at that hour, attended by a group of myrmidons, howling like Cerberus, and frowning like Michael Angelo's Neptune, to tell us our hour was come, and to lock us up in our dungeons. The severity of this fellow's muscles were somewhat softened by a sop, in taking *toll* out of every man's mug of beer, for a prison is the very hotbed of bribery and corruption. Having finished his draught, he brandished the tremendous *insignia* of his office, (a bunch of immense keys,) on which signal the *house rose* simultaneously, and its members immediately disappeared, "melting like ghosts before the new-born day."

This interruption was most *mal-apropos*, and, indeed, ungrateful on the part of government, as the company were then singing, in full chorus, "Britons never shall be slaves." Till after the dissolution of the club, when he found himself again in the yard, it never once occurred to Tomaso, that he had not yet provided himself with a lodging for the night; for though he had the range of the Grand Hotel, he had no room assigned him in which he was to sleep. This was a grievous oversight; and as no person was so *ill-bred* as to trouble himself with what did not immediately concern him, this trifling inattention on his part, left him somewhat in the situation of the babes in the wood—the melancholy resource of wandering about all night in an unknown region. The whole population of the prison were gone, or were going, to rest, and poor Tomaso had not where to lay his head; and he discovered, when too late, that he was as yet a novice in prison discipline. Being now *solus*, he had ample scope for contemplating the starry heavens, or ruminating on the "various turns of chance below," in which dilemma he remained, sauntering about the yard, till after midnight; making in his *tour* of the prison suitable dissertations on a state of eternity! At this critical juncture the door of the tap, or coffee-room, flew open, (behold, how romantic!) and out bounced two gentlemen, who, having made their *entrée* to the prison while the club was sitting, remained *tête-à-tête* till their beverage was exhausted; when, like the hero of La Mancha, they sallied forth in search

[1] Continued from p. 207.

of adventures, forgetting the limited confines of their peregrinations. Finding one solitary person perambulating the *play*-ground, and being soon roused to a sense of their situation, (for they were more than half seas over,) they, with Tomaso, like some of the heroes of the Iliad, resolved to "maintain the watch of night," and take care that no ragged ruffians should break *into* the prison, and disturb the midnight sleepers. But having laid *in* too much of that potion which "steals away men's brains," and being powerfully importuned by the suggestions of Somnus, it was resolved *nem. con.* that they should change their plan of operations, and retire to the coffee-room till morning. Here the three *outcasts* took their stations, (for though confined within the walls of a prison, they came under *that* denomination.) One of these gentlemen was a Scotch merchant, and the other was a dancing-master from Richmond, in Surrey. They were perfect strangers to each other, but having met at the same spunging house, they fraternised and came to prison together, where their slight acquaintance was, by their mutual misfortune, cemented into friendship.

The Scotch merchant took possession of a long table, on which he extended himself at full length; the dancing-master stretched himself out on a form, and Tomaso took possession of the great chair; on which the president was wont to sit on *state* occasions; exclaiming as he sat down, (in the words of Richard, on the eve of the battle of Bosworth Field) "Here shall I rest my head to-night, but where to-morrow?" In this *fauteuil*, or great chair, like some other presidents, or *judges*, he was soon caught *napping*.

Fortunately for the *trio* who now occupied the *Rose*, the weather was then uncommonly warm, else they must have suffered severely, as that apartment, or appendage, was merely an excrescence stuck on the general building, and composed on three sides of thin deal boards, so badly caulked, that it was only calculated for a summer's retreat, resembling more an Oriental retiro, than an English structure. After a most restless night, filled up principally by such conversation as two tipsy and one sober man may be supposed to have sustained, the company one after another slumbered into silence. When a man is tipsy, his real character is said to come out, as, if he has a particle of vanity, it is sure to manifest itself when he is sitting for his picture.

The Scotchman, like most of his countrymen, was a man of education, and great civility of manners; and might have been an agreeable companion, had he not been unintelligibly inebriated. As for the dancing-master, he was as destitute of intellect, and as empty, as his own violin, though not quite so agreeable a companion.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," had scarcely taken possession of the company in the *Rose*, the name of the room, when the infernal bawling of the prison watchman roused them from their slumbers, and utterly destroyed their repose. This fellow, whose duty it was to guard the place and preserve tranquillity, *slept* all night, and rose early in the morning to get drunk and disturb those who stood in need of rest. He entered the room, to which every person who paced the yard had free access, and vociferating the words, "Rise and fight," which in the vulgar language of the place, means, get up and give something to drink, and this he bellowed in a voice "that would have awakened death." This beast, who had a face red as Beelzebub, had also, like a true infernal, an inexhaustible and burning thirst, which nothing could slake or satisfy, and to whom a glass of gin would be like pouring a kettle of water on a lime-kiln, which would have no other effect than that of setting it hissing for more. Of this miscreant, in whom was combined every property that constitutes a brute, more shall be said hereafter; as he was too *great a character* in the place to be lightly passed over.

The sun being now high, shed a genial warmth over the atmosphere, and rendered it pleasant for walking, even in the confined district of a prison yard. Between six and seven o'clock the whole of the population were on the alert; even the ladies came out of their hiding places, to taste the freshness of the morn. Among the rest, Mrs. L—— left her shade, or rather her shed, to join the gay throng on the promenade; and coming up to Tomaso, and giving him a gentle squeeze of the hand, hoped she would have the pleasure of his company to breakfast in her *hut;* to which he readily assented, provided she would allow him to bring his own *materiel,* and that she would have the kindness to keep him in *hot water,* for in a prison, it requires very little sagacity to discover that a meal of any sort is a thing of too much importance to expect for nothing. After replying, with a line from Goldsmith's Retaliation,

"Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish,"

she cheerfully assented to the proposition. Having therefore freighted his pockets with tea and sugar, (which may be purchased in the place,) and waiting the coming of the baker with hot rolls, who punctually arrives at eight o'clock, Tomaso hastened with his provender to the *Muse's bower,* and not wishing to be outdone in quotation, (for which the reader may perceive he had a sort of itch,) he entered with a line from the ballad,

"Hot rolls and butter break the Briton's fast,"

he then sat down with keen zest to a cheerful and abundant repast.

The conversation commenced by inquiries on the part of the lady, how he (Tomaso) liked the club, and his new society; to which he answered, that *such* society was indeed new to him, and as such, had the usual recommendations of novelty. On receiving this somewhat equivocal answer, Mrs. L—— opened to her guest a door of information, at which he was at once shocked and astonished; and which exhibited to his "mind's eye" as many frightful images as that of opening the door of the chamber in Blue Beard, or the last scene in the phantasmagoria. This was a brief account of those who composed the members of the free and easy, and was as follows.

Lieutenant G—t—n, of the R—— N——, was what is called a state prisoner. The crime for which he was then confined was, she said, of so dark and diabolical a nature, that she dared not even hint at it; so enveloped in mystery was the whole transaction. The lieutenant was an uncommonly fine young man, of pleasing and genteel manners; but he always appeared with such an air of melancholy, as showed he felt his situation. He seldom appeared in public, but was frequently visited by his mother and two sisters, who seemed to be persons of great respectability, and who afforded him every comfort and consolation of which his situation was susceptible; but they also appeared in a state of great dejection. Whatever may have been the ultimate fate of this unfortunate young man, whether corporal punishment, degradation of rank, or long confinement, has never reached the ears of the author of this brief biographical notice; he having left the lieutenant behind him in prison, and never having heard of him after.

Andrew Tho—p—n, the little hunchback tailor before mentioned, was a great character, and a consummate schemer, and since that time has turned out a notorious swindler and incorrigible villain. This fellow, who certainly was not deficient in talent, arrogated to himself the merit of being the original projector of the Naval Asylum, and complained bitterly of the neglect of his merit, and the ingratitude of his country, on the score of the latter; however, he has been made some amends, his country having paid the expense of his voyage to New South Wales,

where, if he has an inclination, he may have an opportunity of becoming as great a botanist as Linnæus.

Mr. Pur—se was the master of a ship of war, which having, by some mismanagement or want of skill, been lost on the enemy's (France) coast, lost also his professional reputation. He was tried by a court-martial, who awarded him, for an indefinite period, a situation in the Marshalsea prison, where he might ruminate at leisure on his former greatness and present degradation. One consolation was yet remaining, of which no power on earth could deprive him, unless with his life; this was the resource he found in hearing himself sing. Such was the predominance of this propensity in *him*, that it might be considered a species of insanity. He was a quiet, decent man, till called on for a song; but "then you roused the lion in his den," and, like the vulture, which, having once tasted of human blood, becomes maddened with a thirst for more, so it was with *Master* Pur—se; let him but once begin to sing, then stop him who could; and though he had neither voice, taste, nor science, he made up by his eagerness for all these deficiencies, and though shut up in a cage he made the welkin roar with his warbling.

As for the other prisoners incarcerated in this vile receptacle, they were either vulgar boobies, stupid knaves, or fellows of no character. The original debt for which poor Mrs. L—— lost her liberty for several months, was only six pounds; but was by law and other expenses swelled up to a formidable sum. She was, however, so much of a philosopher as to turn this occurrence to advantage, as it gave her an opportunity of pushing on her great work, without interruptions from friends or followers; and though her body was confined, her genius soared aloft, and had ample time for building castles in the air.

Although her great work has been now longer on the stocks than any first rate in the navy, it has not yet been launched into the vast ocean of the world, but has been for more than twenty years laid up in ordinary, where it is much to be feared it will at length perish of the dry rot.

It is recorded of that great unknown, Swift's Stella, that she said "the dean could write fine verses on a broom stick;" and who can tell what Mrs. L—— may do for the Isle of Man? Jemmy Boswell tramped over the same ground before her, though he seems never to have come to his journey's end. When he communicated to Edmund Burke his intention of writing a history of the Isle of Man, the latter replied, "Well, sir, the proper study of mankind is man;" and Doctor Johnson always scouted the idea, by saying it was "mighty foolish."

After finishing his breakfast with Mrs.L——, and again feasting in imagination on the luxuries of her native isle, Tomaso walked into the yard in expectation of a visitor; he had not been there more than ten minutes, when a most interesting young female was brought *captive*, and pushed in with as little ceremony as a beast into a pound. This daughter of misfortune turned out to be a Paphian nymph, in whom Tomaso soon recognized *Sal*, that he had left behind him the preceding day at the spunging house, and to him she flew with all the confidence of an old acquaintance—for in situations of distress or embarrassment, we are all apt to cling to each other for succour or consolation—though, on their first interview, he was rather an object of contempt for his aversion to gin, and his apparent want of gallantry. But such was now the warmth with which she approached him, that it rather disconcerted than pleased him; however, they were now partners in distress, and mutually sympathised with each other. Like all debtors, she began to communicate to her fellow prisoner the history of her afflictions, from her first deviation from virtue, through all the gradations of vice, till she arrived at its consequent infamy. As the details, however, would be more revolting than instructive or

amusing, they shall be passed over, from the consummation of her ruin, to that time when chance threw them together in the house of Donaty.

The *master*, she said, who supplied her with her paraphernalia, seeing no immediate chance of remuneration, resorted to the desperate resource of arresting his fair customer, and throwing her into prison, with the delusive hope that some *inamorato* would extricate her from her difficulties; but in this he soon found himself disappointed.

Having all hope of indulgence or accommodation cut off, and having no means of raising the supplies to support herself at the sponging house, she was reduced to the painful necessity of surrendering herself to a prison. Being now sober and collected, and inclined to be communicative, and, besides, having the appearance of one rather unhacknied in the ways of vice, though now placed in the ranks of the destitute and abandoned, Tomaso felt an interest in her affairs, and a curiosity to learn her history. Having intimated thus much, she gratified him without difficulty or hesitation with the following narrative.

The Story of Sally Langly.

In what he will have to state of the story of this unhappy young woman, Tomaso will give what he collected from her own narrative, rather than the narrative itself.

She was, she said, a native of Lancaster, and one of those charming girls who have conferred on them the appellation of "Lancashire witches." Her father, she said, was a farmer, of the more humble class, but in comfortable and easy circumstances; of seven children, she was the only one that survived, and consequently was an object of great endearment to her aged parents, who were still living. Here a flood of tears deprived her for some moments of the power of utterance. She was brought up with great tenderness, and received such an education as fitted her for her future destinies in life. She was intended by her parents to become the wife of an honest yeoman, a distant and rich relation, but somewhat "descended into the vale of years." But, unfortunately for her own piece of mind, and that of her relations, she had formed an attachment of so romantic a character, that though the object of her regard had neither fortune nor profession, no human power or influence could eradicate the impression he had made on her heart. Pressed by her parents to marry the man she disliked, and commanded to reject and discard him whom she adored, in an agony of the most heart-rending anguish she fled from her home and from the bosom of her family, to throw herself on an unpitying world, and brave the storms of adversity. Her retreat was the metropolis, in whose vastness and mazes all trace of her was lost to her friends and relatives. Bills were posted up in the different provincial towns, and rewards offered to any person who could give the least account of her route or residence; but all to no purpose. She remained for several weeks undisturbed (save by the perturbations of her own mind) in the obscurity of a mean lodging, and when the *hue and cry* had a little subsided, and the vigilance of her pursuers had somewhat relaxed, she ventured out from her hiding place, to contemplate at leisure the wonders of London.

It happened one evening during her peregrinations at the west end of the town, that, passing by Charing Cross, she saw one of the long coaches drive out from under the gateway of the Golden Cross, on the roof of which, in the midst of a group of recruits, she recognized Henry Stanton, that object of her tenderest affections. She instantly shrieked aloud, and fainted. On recovering from her swoon, she found herself in one of the neighbouring lottery offices, surrounded by a crowd of spectators, who seemed greatly to sympathize in her distress; and having told the place of her abode,

she was put into a hackney-coach, and conveyed home. The conclusion to be drawn from what she had just seen, was too obvious to require any knowledge of the occult sciences to develope. Henry had enlisted, and had become a soldier, and was about to take his departure from England, perhaps never to return. This agonizing supposition wrung her heart, and threw her into a state of melancholy from which her recovery was a long time doubtful, and her situation hopeless. Her recovery was however at length brought about by a circumstance which was worse than the disease itself. Her little stock of money became now exhausted, and she fell into arrears with her landlady, whose clamours soon roused her from her torpor. Something must now be done, and what that was she shuddered to think of. Most of her little valuables were already deposited with the pawnbrokers, and she was now literally left without resource. In this deplorable state of her circumstances she one morning left her lodgings with the determination never to return. Having sauntered about a considerable part of the morning, not knowing which way to turn her face, she at length strolled towards St. James's Park, in the narrow passage leading to which, through Spring Gardens, she accidentally met a young woman, who had once lived as servant with her mother in the country, and who had just then got into the service of a gentleman in one of the streets in Westminster. This female friend abruptly informed her of the situation of Henry Stanton, (for our best friends sometimes seem to take pleasure in giving us pain.) He enlisted as a soldier, and embarked in the unfortunate expedition to the Helder, and was one of the first victims on that disastrous occasion. A comrade of his from the same part of the country had written home to his relations, giving a full account of what had transpired a few days previous to his departure for London.

Although poor Sally Langly was most sensibly affected on hearing the fate of her beloved Henry, yet knowing, as she did, that by entering the army he encountered the danger of losing his life, she may be supposed to have been prepared in some degree for the shock, which in some sort lessened its force ; and recovering a little from the effect which this dismal communication had upon her, she made a confidant of her new friend, by describing the wretchedness of her then situation, and her determination not to return to her lodging. Her friend suggested the expediency of returning to her parents, who she was assured would receive her with open arms, and look over what had happened ; but no—the clandestine manner in which she had left her home, the remembrance of her *Henry*, whose image every object and occurrence would recall to her memory ; the sneers and exultations of her pretended friends, and, above all, the certainty of being forced into a marriage with a person she could not endure, operated so powerfully on her mind as to render her resolution irrevocable. Besides, she could never again visit the place of her nativity, once to her the seat of innocence and repose, but now the region of gloomy reflections and painful associations.

Her friend being thus made acquainted with the desperate state of her circumstances, and her determination not to return to her native home, invited Sally for the present to take refuge in her master's house, into which she could first smuggle, and afterwards conceal her, till something better could be done, and where she would share with her her bed and board. As a shipwrecked mariner eagerly clings to the last plank for the preservation of his life, with equal avidity did poor Sally avail herself of the kindness of her friend.

Your latch-key is a powerful instrument in the hands of servants, with which to carry on their illicit transactions, and is sometimes used to introduce the assassin whom you unconsciously shelter under your roof, and who "in the dead waste, and middle of the night," rises and de-

stroys you. On the present occasion, however, the privilege can hardly be said to have been even abused, as it was used on the side of benevolence, and to give shelter to the forlorn and destitute.

Sally was now introduced by her friend into one of those houses in Great George Street, which have since been erased from the map of London to make room for the projected improvements in Westminster. The master of the house being a bachelor, and frequently from home, was a circumstance favourable for the arrangements made between the two friends. As servants often have *sisters* and *cousins*, whom they wish to see in the houses of their masters and mistresses, the latter appellation was adopted in case of detection, in order to aid the deception, and Sally now found herself in a comfortable home, free from expense or other inconvenience. But this seasonable kindness shown to an unhappy and destitute female, ultimately caused her destruction, and plunged her into irretrievable misery.

"The gates of hell are open night and day,
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way."

Although the previous habits of Sally's life did not wholly preclude the knowledge of domestic affairs, yet she was by no means qualified to undertake the business of a London servant. Notwithstanding, however, her consciousness of this deficiency, she turned her thoughts to servitude as her only resource. The place of nursery-maid she thought she might sustain, and therefore determined to make the regular application for that situation. An unforeseen event, however, marred her prospects and frustrated her hopes; and by a natural chain of circumstances led her onward to destruction.

The gentleman at whose house she then resided, happened accidentally one morning to see her go out; and being very much struck with her appearance, and he himself being prepared to go out also, followed her at a distance, and saw her enter the park by Storey's Gate. It was at that hour of the morning, when the troops are drawn out on the parade at the Horse Guards, in order to march to St. James's Palace to mount the different guards. The morning was fine, and as this spectacle is always attractive, poor Sally stopped to enjoy it, and to hear a grand march which was then playing by the band; which having finished, they next played that pleasing pathetic air in the entertainment of "The Camp," composed by Linley, set to those words, "When war's alarms enticed my Willie from me," &c., which, substituting the name of Henry for that of William, came immediately home to her "own business and bosom," that she gave way to her feelings, and burst into a flood of tears.

By this time, the gentleman, who had never lost sight of his object, stood close behind her among the spectators. "And what is it that makes you weep, my pretty girl?" said he. "Does the tune bring to your mind some tender recollections?"

Sally turned round and looked up in his face, but made no reply.

"Nay, my dear," added he, "I would not offend you for the world."

Sally, who had been tolerably well educated, and was a girl of some reading, replied in the words, and somewhat in the tone of Calista, that "her sorrows were her own;" and then shifted her situation, leaving the inquisitor to brook the reproof.

The guard now began to move off the ground, and the spectators to disperse in different directions; and in this general movement, chance again brought these strangers in contact, when the gentleman again addressed Sally, nearly in the following strain:—"I beg your pardon, young woman; but it is not merely the gratification of an idle or impertinent curiosity that impels me to question you thus; but you may credit my sincerity when I assure you that I feel an interest in your affairs. Did you not just now come out of the house, No. — in Great George Street?'

Sally answered in the affirmative.

"That is my house, from which I followed you."

This piece of intelligence overwhelmed her with confusion and apprehension, more on account of her friend than herself, whose kindness afforded her a shelter, which she feared might operate to her ruin. The gentleman, perceiving her embarrassment, and guessing the cause, gave her a message to his servant, to say that he would not that day dine at home; and also to tell her to make herself and her *friend* as comfortable as she could, adding, "You may tell her what has happened, and that she need not make herself uneasy, for I have known for some days of your having been in the house." On giving her this message, he immediately separated from her, leaving poor Sally bewildered in a maze of conjecture, and filled with the most frightful apprehensions.

This gentleman, who held a public situation of some importance, used every morning to leave instructions for the day with his servant; but the eccentricity of his present movement, and the suddenness of his departure on the morning of this day, put it quite out of his mind.

Sally and her friend followed his advice in one respect, by making themselves as happy as they could under existing circumstances, though their enjoyment was somewhat embittered by the discovery that had been made, and the apprehension of its termination. The next day, however, cleared up their doubts, and gave them some reason to suppose that the event was rather fortunate than otherwise.

The next morning, at breakfast, the master learnt from his servant all the particulars respecting his new inmate; and as there was much in her story to excite commiseration, he seemed considerably affected by the recital, and finding that her immediate object was to get a place as a servant, he thought, he said, he could procure her one. But—

"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

This *man* (for we must now drop the honourable epithet of gentleman) was one of the school of old Q——,* *i. e.* one of those callous wretches who are ever on the watch to entrap and debauch unsuspecting innocence; who can easily lay a plan of deliberate ruin, and carry it into execution without ever being disturbed by "compunctious visitings of nature." Yet this man sustained a respectable rank in society: he paid the debts he contracted, he "would not cut a throat," yet he "was a villain," a most consummate villain. He had a small house a short distance from town, to which he occasionally retired from the fatigues of office; the care of this house he consigned to Sally, and, by an obvious chain of circumstances, effected the ruin of his *protegée*, and then abandoned her to more complete destruction.

It was in vain that Tomaso used all his powers of persuasion to induce this unfortunate girl even then to turn her thoughts towards home, assuring her that she would yet be received, like another prodigal, by those who would pour balm into her wounds, and administer consolation to her broken heart; but no—she could never, she said, face her father and mother, nor return to that dwelling once the seat of innocence and peace, to endure the scoffs and taunts of an unpitying world, which seems to take a malicious delight in trampling on a broken reed. The destinies had marked her out as another of those unhappy victims whom the first false step leads on to ruin; and the early impressions of virtue imperceptibly gave place to the irresistible influence of vicious habits, and abandoned associates.

* The late Duke of Qu—ns—ry, who was well known in the metropolis for his irregular gallantries.

"Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
And pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown."

Goldsmith.

An awkward circumstance, which excited the commiseration of the whole prison, took place the next day after Tomaso's incarceration; for really such places are fertile in interesting incidents, which, if selected with taste or judgment, might fill volumes. It must be acknowledged, however, that to the votaries of mere fashion, or of fashionable life, they hold out but little attraction, as the frivolity of such pursuits is incompatible with those circumstances which touch the heart, and call forth the best sympathies of our nature.

A respectable young man, who had been, and was still carrying on the business of a linendraper, was on that day locked up for a debt of considerable amount. He was, like the other prisoners, frequently visited by his wife, a decent and interesting young woman; who, wishing to afford her husband every comfort in her power during his confinement, was induced to break through one of the standing orders of the prison, by bringing him a bottle of brandy concealed under her clothes. She could not plead ignorance of the laws, or rules of the place, for they were painted and placed up in a conspicuous part of the yard, where all who entered the place could see them; she also knew that all persons who had come to the prison of late, (particularly females,) had been searched before they were admitted, so that it was almost impossible to escape detection. The punishment incurred for this offence was terrific; being for the first, a month's solitary confinement in the county jail in Horsemonger Lane; for the second, two months; and for the third offence, three months. The jailor is invested with full powers to carry the above sentence into execution, and it is generally inflicted without relaxation or power of appeal. Notwithstanding all this, the poor woman, in order to comfort her husband, had the hardiness to risk every thing; and she was caught in the fact, and was about to be consigned to prison for a month without the accommodation of a bed, and with no other sustenance than bread and water.

When word was brought in to the unhappy husband of what had occurred in the lobby, and of the punishment which was preparing for his wife, the result of her solicitude to soften the horrors of his present situation, it is not in the power of language to describe his emotions; they may be said to have wholly unmanned him, and could only spring from the most poignant anguish, and the tenderest regard for a beloved object. He wept like an infant, and tore his hair like a distracted female. He rushed towards the place where the beloved partner of his heart was held in the iron grasp of the myrmidons of the law, the most unfeeling class of mankind—fellows who would tear your life out to pocket a shilling—the lowest and vilest ministers of executive *justice*. All his efforts to gain admittance to the lobby were repulsed, and he was not suffered even to remonstrate. His wife, too, was then far advanced in pregnancy, which increased the horrors of his apprehensions. She was lost to *him*, he said, for ever. At length, overwhelmed by conflicting emotions of rage, terror, and despair, he sunk exhausted on a bench, where he remained motionless and insensible for more than three quarters of an hour. During this state of his insensibility, a general and spontaneous feeling ran around the prison, like an electric influence, to rescue, if possible, this interesting young woman from her impending fate. It was not, however, an ebullition of violence, but a strong and lively feel-

ing of humanity and commiseration. It was suggested that a petition, drawn up in language at once pathetic and respectful, and signed by every individual in the place, and presented by a deputation to Mr. Jenkins, the keeper, entreating of him a relaxation, for *once*, of the severity of that law which empowered him to inflict so severe a punishment; a compliance with which request would be gratefully acknowledged and never forgotten by the undersigned, &c. &c.

This appeal succeeded, and poor B——. was roused from his torpor by the shouts of success, and the restoration of his wife.

At the dinner-table in the tap, Tomaso, on the second day of his incarceration, had an opportunity of collecting the genuine particulars of the escape of J—n—n, the smuggler, which took place some two or three years before, and which has in it so much of the marvellous, (though strictly true,) that he thinks it worthy a place in this narrative. J—n—n was certainly a hero in *his* way, and were his exploits performed in a better cause, he would deserve to have statues raised to his memory.

This affair, which was equally singular and desperate, produced a great sensation at the time it occurred, and was detailed (though rather inaccurately) in the different publications of the day. There is no occasion to tell the reader what a smuggler is confined for. Great characters are only called forth by great occasions; and this man, who had the heart of a Hannibal, the courage of a Cato, and the perseverance of a Penelope, and who was capable of conducting navies, or leading armies to victory, confined his exploits to skirmishing at a distance in his little way, to the great annoyance of the preventive service, and the terror of the coast blockade. To intercept revenue officers in the discharge of their duty is a capital offence, and of this J—n—n was too often guilty to leave a hope that he would now escape punishment; and as death was sometimes the consequence of these rencontres, his punishment would probably have been the loss of life. He, too, was a state prisoner, and known to be so desperate a character, that he was looked after with uncommon vigilance and attention. He lived away, however, in high style, and was full of money; a circumstance which produced some little relaxation on the part of his keepers.

Having one day ordered a splendid dinner, and invited a number of friends to partake of his hospitality, he chose that occasion to carry into execution his desperate determination. He laid his plan well, for he had a fine head for business. The tables were laid, the company arrived, and dinner ordered to be served up. The arrival of the guests, and the preparations for dinner, caused some little confusion, of which J—n—n took care to avail himself; and stepping into the lobby, he drew a pistol from his pocket, which he held up to the face of the turnkey, vociferating at the same time, "Let me pass, else you are a dead man." The turnkey was terrified into compliance, and J—n—n cleared the gate. Horses were in readiness outside, which he and two friends instantly mounted, and galloped off at full speed. The persons who kept the different toll-gates were previously prepared, by being told that three gentlemen were *running for a wager*, and would start at four o'clock precisely; and being paid the toll for three horses, the gates were thrown open, and the *jockies* allowed to pass, by which well-contrived manœuvre all interruption or impediment was effectually prevented, and the runaways made good their retreat. Even the shout which was set up after them was favourable to their escape; and the smugglers, with a degree of velocity seldom witnessed even on the turf, left their followers so far behind as to distance all competition.

Having completely scoured the Borough Road, and passed Vauxhall turnpike, the fugitives took the road to Battersea, where, like other runaways, they had a relay of horses in waiting on the common, or rather

the turnip fields, with which that neighbourhood abounds. Here, unobserved, (save only by those in the plot,) they not only changed their horses but their dresses also, and sending the return horses back to the Borough by a faithful equerry, they passed leisurely over Battersea Bridge, and taking the road to Kensington, they entered Hyde Park at the side of Rotten Row, where they immediately mingled with the crowd of equestrians who frequent that fashionable ride; and being genteelly dressed, they passed unnoticed in the gay and motley throng. After taking a sufficient *airing*, and getting an appetite for dinner, like other fashionables who frequent the parks, they rode quietly through Piccadilly and other frequented streets at the west end of the town, and finally retired to some safe retreat in the fastnesses of the metropolis, where, over a good dinner, and a cheerful bottle, they exulted in their achievement, laughing at their pursuers, and drinking success to smuggling.

In this retirement, while the borough of Southwark and its vicinity were all confusion and uproar, did those daring fellows remain undisturbed till they thought it prudent or found it convenient to shift their quarters. During some weeks, instead of keeping close in their retreat, they frequented the theatres and other public places, (for J—n—n was a perfect master of the art of disguising *himself*, and as for his travelling companions, they were wholly unknown, and in truth had nothing to fear,) the whole group finding perfect security among the crowds of London.

During this interval, messengers and police officers were despatched in every direction, particularly to the sea coast; placards and proclamations were posted up at the corners of the streets, offering rewards for the detection of the delinquent, but all to no purpose, he was not to be found either for *love* or money. At length, however, when the *hue and cry* and the *nine* days' wonder had wholly subsided, he took his departure from London, and embarked from the nearest port for Holland, and took up his residence at Flushing, where, being possessed of some property, he commenced a successful business, married a Dutch *lady* with a fortune, and ultimately became a burgomaster of Holland.

He remained quiet and inoffensive in this situation for some years, till an event, as unexpected on his part as unfortunate in its result, drew him from his hiding-place, called forth his desperate valour, and restored him once more to his native country: this was the ill-fated expedition to the Helder—under the command of Frederick, Duke of York. From his local knowledge of the coast, J—n—n was enabled to render essential assistance to his countrymen on landing; a service he performed with such zeal, address, and true feelings of patriotism, as won the hearts of all who witnessed his exertions, but above all, the commander-in-chief, who, on inquiring who that spirited fine fellow was, was told that he was J—n—n the smuggler, then an outlaw, and an exile from his country. The duke, as a reward for his services, made his peace with England, and J—n—n once more visited the chalky cliffs of Albion, where (as no man forgets his original trade) he recommenced the desperate avocation of a smuggler.

Thus ended his first adventure, where he shall be left for the present, with a promise to resume the subject in the natural course of events.

Having taken the *chair* a second night under the *rose*, with his two *electing* partners, Tomaso found his *accommodation* less intolerable than on the first; besides, his companions being *sober*, the *trio* kept up rather an animated conversation till sleep terminated the conference. About two o'clock in the morning they were roused from their slumbers by the terrific shrieks of a female in distress, vociferating "Help! murder!" &c. In a few minutes the whole garrison was on the alert, and rushing to the spot whence the voice issued, the *watchman* was detected breaking into the apartment allotted to poor Sally Langly! He was no sooner recognized, than a young midshipman of the name of Manning, (then a pri-

soner in the place,) assailed him with so much gallantry and *effect*, that this *faithful* guardian of the night was soon left sprawling on his back on the very spot which was the scene of his outrage, to the great gratification of a band of spectators. This detestable miscreant was immediately consigned to the strong-room for the remainder of the night, during which time the Marshalsea prison remained tranquil, though deprived of its nocturnal *protector*.

It was twelve o'clock the next day when the delinquent was dragged forth from his cell, bound, not in

"Love's soft silken fetters,"

but well secured in irons, and exposed on the parade to the gaze of the multitude, with his face so *altered* by the drubbing he had received, that his *dearest* friends could not recognize his features. A council of war was immediately summoned, when it was decided (sanctioned by the keeper of the prison) that this unworthy officer should forthwith be suspended from all his functions, and rendered incapable of ever again serving in any *civil* capacity.

A Friend in Need!

On the morning of the third day after his coming into the prison, Tomaso was called into the lobby, where he found two very respectable looking young men, who came to execute the following commission—a circumstance which can never be erased from his memory, though to this hour he does not know whence it originated. The messengers had the appearance of bankers' clerks, who on asking if he (Tomaso) was Mr. ——, and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Sir, we have been sent here to give you twenty pounds, which a friend of yours has sent you." Amazement! who can be that friend who would thus considerately think of a man locked up in a prison? a situation in which our best friends are too apt to turn their faces against us. Tomaso demanded the name of his benefactor, but this, they said, they were bound not to reveal—at the same time presenting him with two ten pound bank notes, and also with a receipt for that amount for himself to sign. On reiterating his wish to know the name of that friend who had sent him such a seasonable supply, which they again begged leave to decline to answer, he requested of them to make his most grateful acknowledgments to whomsoever it was, when the messengers made their bow and withdrew.

Although he could not, like the hare in the fable, boast of *many* friends, Tomaso consoled himself that he had at least *one* who deserved that endearing appellation; but who that was he could not possibly devise. He first thought of his friend Sharon Turner, but that gentleman declared himself *innocent* of any part or knowledge in the transaction; and though twenty years have since elapsed, he has never yet been able to discover this concealed friend, and he now fears he shall sink into the grave without knowing whom to thank—like Frederick the Second, of Prussia, who departed this life, uncertain of the fate of the tall regiment.

When Tomaso communicated this agreeable intelligence to his wife, her joy and gratitude to their hidden benefactors were equal to his own, and as it was needless to torment themselves about who that person could be, their first thought was to consider how far this sum might be applied to effect his emancipation. But though it was not sufficient to extricate him from all his difficulties, it would, at least, more than serve to pay the expenses of his removal from the loathsome prison of the Marshalsea, (at that time little better than a rat-warren,) to that of the Fleet, which was, from its central situation, its accommodations, and its affording him more opportunities of seeing his friends, and even its *inhabitants*, infinitely more desirable. He therefore forthwith made the transition from one place of confinement to another, and now became incarcerated

in the far-famed prison of the Fleet. In his removal with his *guide*, they *touched* at the Old Bailey, where the court was then sitting, in order to have a judge's signature to his *Habeas Corpus*, the usual passport on such occasions.

The interior of such a prison as the Fleet, is an epitome of the great world, where you find all the gradations of society, from the proud aristocracy, of the top or *swell* galaxy, to the humble inhabitants of the regions below. In one respect, the distinctions of society are here inverted, as they are in the inns of court; for in both places the great personages occupy the *attics*, (whence we hear so much of *attic* wit,) in order to overlook their inferiors below; whereas, out of doors, the garreteers are generally the *lowest* persons in the community.

On entering within the walls of this extensive place of confinement, every thing presented a new and imposing aspect; instead of the squalid wretchedness and hideous poverty which pervaded the Marshalsea prison, the Fleet appeared, to a superficial observer, a gorgeous palace; and its inhabitants, compared with those which Tomaso had left behind, looked some like ladies and gentlemen, and all like respectable and humanised beings. The building itself has an air of magnificence, and a superiority of style is manifest throughout the whole establishment. Tomaso first visited the *Caffee*, as it is *here* called; but why this French appellation should be continued within the walls of the Fleet prison he never could ascertain. Here, having taken some refreshment, he afterwards sauntered through the different corridors or galleries, in order to make himself acquainted with the ways and customs of his new habitation.

Tomaso having been many years in London before he ever saw the inside of any prison, and trusting there are many thousands of his readers in the same predicament, imagines a brief topographical description of the interior of the Fleet may not be unacceptable.

The Fleet prison is a building of very considerable extent, situated nearly in the centre of the metropolis: it stands in the middle of a capacious area, surrounded by a wall so high as to conceal it from public observation; this wall is *fringed* or *ornamented* at the top by an iron *chevaux-de-frise*. Between the wall and the building there is ample space, at the west side, for an extensive parade and promenade, and on the east side for a racket-court, a play-ground, and other gymnastic exercises; in each of which, when the weather is fine, are to be seen a gay throng in the promenade, and numbers of sporting groups in the *arena*. The building, which runs north and south, comprehends five floors, or galleries, including the ground, or rather *under*-ground floor, called the Fair. Each floor is divided in the centre by a broad passage, or gallery, which in wet or unfavourable weather serves as a parade, on which occasions they are greatly crowded, and at all times exhibit no want of population. At either side of these gallaries there is a range of rooms of equal size, for the accommodation of the debtors; and on each floor the number of these apartments amounts either to thirty-four or thirty-six, each of which is assigned to two persons, except when there is a *press* of company, in which case they must make room for more. This, in term time, is generally the case; as then there always is a great influx of prisoners. Should any of the inmates have a wife, or small family, (which is too frequently the case,) they too may find room, but this must depend on the mutual consent of the prisoners, as they are the *bona fide* proprietors of the rooms, for which they pay a weekly stipend, by way of rent. But should any contention or discontent arise between the parties, then the poor families are sent adrift, as the law allows of none but the legitimate occupants. Should a prisoner find his *chum* disagreeable, and wish to have the room all to himself, he may *pay him out*, provided the other assents to such arrangement: which is done by paying him a stipulated sum per week,

and letting him shift for himself as well as he can. The average sum in such cases is about five shillings per week, but the discarded *chum* frequently rises in his demand, if he discovers that his paymaster can find the money, or that he is very solicitous to get rid of him, which is frequently the case, for there is nothing in a prison so galling or hurtful to the feelings of a gentleman, as to be thrown into the same apartment with a person of low or vulgar habits, which is too frequently the case, as any thing like selection in the choice of a companion is quite out of the question. This arrangement of paying out and getting rid of a disagreeable associate, enables many an ingenious artist and artizan to exercise their industry and pursue their professional avocations; and often to procure the means of supporting themselves and families, which they could not do were they encumbered with an idle or dissolute companion.

Sometimes works of art have emanated from the Fleet prison, which would do honour to professors under more auspicious circumstances. Hodges, the great mezzotinto engraver, produced some of his finest plates while he was confined within the walls of the Fleet; and, by a curious coincidence, Stewart, the portrait painter, executed some of those very pictures from which Hodges engraved, while he himself was a prisoner in the Four Courts' Marshalsea in Dublin.

The *Rules* of the Debtors' Prison, as they are called, are certain limited districts granted to those who can afford to pay a per centage on the amount of their debts, and give security that they will *not run away;* in which case many of the debtors and their families can live comfortably outside the walls of the prison. But should any be reported as having been seen outside of the Rules, though they did not intend to run away, that would be considered an *escape*, and they would be immediately incarcerated within the walls, and never again allowed such indulgence. This, however, is a thing of rare occurrence, *i. e.* the discovery, for *rulers* have often been seen, and winked at, in the theatres, on the turf, and at other public places. The late Lord Kenyon once said that the *Rules* of the King's Bench extended to the East Indies. During term time any debtor can get what is called a *day-rule*, on paying half a guinea, when he may visit his friends, and go to any part of the town, attended by an *Alguazil.*

Having said thus much of the interior arrangement and constitution of the Fleet, it will be naturally expected that some account will be given of its inhabitants.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.[1]

England and the English. By Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

In conformity to the intention expressed in our last number, and in deference to the importance and intrinsic excellence of Mr. Bulwer's work, we resume our remarks upon the "English Character." Public opinion often floats over the surface of society in a manner so desultory and languid, that, for want of some oracular vehicle to embody it concisely, and then to express it eloquently, it dies away like the remote ebbings of an echo; and much that would have tended to make mankind wiser and happier is thus lost for ever. Political excitement produces energetic thinking. Men examine, each in their own sphere, events as they press on, and around them; and, could the individual sentiments this examination produces be embodied into one voice, its tone would be so loud, and its accent so commanding, that senates must listen in awe, and rulers bow down in homage before it. We think that, in some degree, Mr. Bulwer has done this. His book has been created, as much by the times, as by himself; and thus he speaks an aggregate, though not quite an universal, language. An author, who gave words only to the feelings, the passions, and the wants of a nation, would perhaps inflict more harm than he would confer benefit; for present evils, present desires, and present wishes for reform, too much prevent a cool and long-sighted examination into those measures, in which consist the ultimate and the greatest improvement. Great praise is therefore due to our author, inasmuch, that he blends the voice of reason with the *vox populi;* and this sacred union, which certainly it cannot be impious to call *vox Dei,* if it can but procure for itself a fair opportunity to be heard, must inevitably, in the first place, command attention, and finally ensure obedience.

In our former paper, we considered the English Character under its moral and social, we now proceed to view it under its intellectual, influences. Mr. Bulwer's second volume treats principally upon this subject; and we must premise that, though it is more deep, more searching, and more philosophical, than the first, it will prove, to the general reader, much less amusing. We think, in the first place, that Mr. Bulwer generalizes too much. Cultivated intellect—and intellect hardly deserves its name, if it be not cultivated in some degree—we may almost assert, is denied to a great portion of this "most thinking people." In the lowest herdsman, in the most secluded peasant, or in the over-worked mechanic, there is just sufficient mind, and no more, to enable him to make the best of his unhappy situation, and it is but little of good he can make of it; for immediately above him, there is some one with a mind a little more cultivated, that presses hard upon him, and extracts from him as much

[1] Continued from p. 156.

labour, and gives him as little time for the improvement of thought, as his superior ingenuity will enable him to do. To these classes the influence of the press has not yet reached. No portion of it expresses their opinion; for, after all, the penny publications do not circulate beyond the population of the large towns. Mr. Bulwer lays it down as an axiom, that the public press does not create, does not rule, does not even regulate, public opinion; but it discovers, flatters, echoes, and lives by it; and, thus emasculated by a venal subserviency, it is the voice of every ephemeral passion, and is just a personified double of the public, and distinguished from it, only by having a louder voice. Though these are not his avowed words, yet are they an abridgment of his sentiments. This is hardly a fair view of the case. The public press, we think, is at present no more than so many organs of sets, classes, and combinations. At the same time, whole classes of the nation, and those very valuable ones, possess none of those organs. We should say, that each of these organs directed, if it did not lead, the class to which it belongs. They are instructors for good or for evil, and those that instruct must always influence, if they do not command.

In Mr. Bulwer's philippic against the anonymous, we perceive a taint of that aristocratic feeling that is so pernicious to all improvement, substantial, social, or political, and against which he, in general, wars so powerfully. He wishes to add the weight of a name to the weight of the composition—to place a stamp of worship upon the metal, whether it be gold or pinchbeck. The world is already too much influenced by names, and the gorgeous accidents of life. Let us keep the literary enclosure as free from the baleful shadow that they cast as possible. As far as the public only are concerned, it would be well that no author, until six months after publication, were allowed to place his name to his works. Impartial then would be the jury that sat upon his literary efforts. What are the fascinations of a name, the weight of a title, the glory of some great achievement, but so many bribes laid at the feet of the reader; or so much glittering dust thrown into the eyes of the public? We should not reward the author of a good work, by showing a forbearance towards a bad one. Against anonymous criticism Mr. Bulwer also launches much virtuous horror. It is certainly annoying to a great name, that a writer altogether nameless, should dare to detect an error, or show up an absurdity; and when such is the case, he calls loudly for the exposure to the world of the daring individual who has committed so great an indecorum, as if the person uttering could make any alteration as to the truth uttered. Whether good sense were delivered through the trumpet of an angel of beauty, or arose spontaneously from the ground we tread upon, can make no possible difference to those who listen and benefit by it. But let Mr. Bulwer speak for himself.

"A variety of similar, private feelings, which it may be easy to censure, and which the critic himself will laughingly allow you to blame, colour the tone of the great mass of reviews. This veil, so complete to the world, is no veil to the book writing friends of the person who uses it. *They* know the hand which deals the blow, or lends the help; and the critic willingly does a kind thing by his friend, because it is never known that in so doing, he has done an unjust one by the public. The anonymous, to effect the object which it pretends, must be thoroughly sus-

tained. But in how few cases is this possible! We have but one Junius in the world. At the present day there is not a journal existing in which, while the contributors are concealed indeed from the world at large, they are not known to a tolerably wide circle of publishing friends. Thus, then, in a critical point of view, the advantages supposed to spring from the anonymous vanish into smoke. The mask is worn, not to protect from the petitions of private partialities, but *to deceive the public as to the extent to which partiality is carried*; and the very evils which secrecy was to prevent, it not only produces, but conceals, and *by* concealment defrauds of a remedy. It is clear, on more than a superficial consideration, that the bias of private feelings would be far less strong upon the tenor of criticism, if the name of the critic were known; in the first place, because the check of public opinion would operate as a preventive to any reviewer of acknowledged reputation from tampering with his own honesty; in the second place, because there are many persons in the literary world, who would at once detect and make known to the public the chain of undue motives that binds the praise or censure of the critic to the book. Thus you would indeed, by the publication of the reviewer's name, obtain either that freedom from private bias, or that counterbalance to its exercise, of which, by withholding the name, the public have been so grossly defrauded. Were a sudden revelation of the mysteries of the craft now to be made, what—O what would be the rage, the astonishment, of the public! What men of straw in the rostra, pronouncing fiats on the immortal writings of the age; what guessers at the difference between a straight line and a curve, deciding upon the highest questions of art; what stop-watch gazers lecturing on the drama; what disappointed novelists, writhing poets, saleless historians, senseless essayists, wreaking their wrath on a lucky rival; what Damons heaping impartial eulogia on their scribbling Pythias; what presumption, what falsehood, what ignorance, what deceit! what malice in censure, what dishonesty in praise! Such a revelation would be worthy a Quevedo to describe!

"But this would not be the sole benefit the public would derive from the authority of divulged names. They would not only know the motives of reviewers, but their capacities also; they would see if the critic were able to judge honestly, as well as willing. And this upon many intricate matters; some relating to the arts, others to the sciences; on which the public in general cannot judge for themselves, but may be easily misled by superficial notions, and think that the unknown author must be a great authority;—this, I say, in such cases would be an incalculable advantage, and would take the public at once out of the hands of a thousand invisible pretenders and impostors."

We agree that the anonymous has much to answer for; it enables a petty and malignant fellow to throw dirt upon his betters; but still to *oblige* every party to put his name to what he writes, is really an infringement of the few real liberties we possess in this country. With all its disadvantages, we therefore say, let people write with, or without name, as they please. If a work is really good, can it be written down?—Never. Much dirt has been thrown upon Mr. Bulwer; but has it hurt him? We answer—No! In these remarks Mr. Bulwer shows that very sensitive feeling he has to abuse—a fault as an author not to be courted, but one that will interfere much with his happiness. He should look upon it in a different light. Next to praise, which is the most agreeable, abuse is infinitely preferable to contemptuous silence. Now-a-days, it's a feather in a man's cap to be worth abusing.

Mr. B. has, in the paragraph quoted above, stated the argument as strongly as possible; but even in the very first instance, by Mr. Bulwer's own showing, the anonymous is not the secret. If the critique be unjust, illiberal, or slanderous, the writer is not sheltered either from public indignation, or from private punishment. We think, that all through this quotation Mr. Bulwer is begging the question, by supposing that the world cannot as easily select and repudiate a bad criticism as it

can a bad work; and that persons who can only *guess* the difference between a "straight line and a curve," can, by any possibility, criticise so plausibly, that the most obtuse of all fog-surrounded publics should listen to him for a moment. Alas! we fear that, on this subject, Mr. Bulwer is too much inclined to join the cry that pervades, at this moment, every class of society—"There are too many of us!" He wishes that the Temple of the Muses should be more select; and, that none should gain admittance, but those who previously send up their name on an embossed and gilt-edged card, and whose entrance should be made to depend upon the sufferance of those persons who have already established themselves in that enviable location.

We maintain, that all authors should be allowed the privilege of the anonymous, because it is convenient, because it is just, and because it is beneficial to the public. That it is convenient, we need no other proof than the very general practice that it obtains. Its justice is founded upon that liberty of speech and action, that all institutions should secure to its members, the abuse of which liberty is, with us, too amply provided against by our law of libel; and it is beneficial to the public, because now, under the sanction of its practice, every man, who has the necessary talents, can enter into the literary circle without having on a "wedding garment," and have a fair chance of being heard upon his own merits. In a word, the privilege should be preserved, because its principle is eminently anti-aristocratical.

After Mr. Bulwer has discussed this subject very fully, and though he has taken the *ad captandum* side of the question, we think very unsatisfactorily, he then proceeds to give some very elaborate criticisms on the writers of the present and recent day. That these writers have conjointly a commanding influence on our intellectual character, it would be idle to insist upon. That they have had a beneficial one, is another question. Modern authors are now almost universally read nearly to the exclusion of the productions of the mighty dead. We insensibly take the tone of our thoughts from those with whom, and with which, we habitually converse. Whether we derive such conversations from books or from the breathing man—whether our present silent admonitors—and the silent will always give a colouring to our vocal ones—be now as useful, as elevating, or as replete with sound morality, as those that were popular in the time of Queen Anne, it would take up too much of our limits to examine. It is however certain, that in all the exact sciences, we have made vast discoveries; and we are now looking anxiously about us, to see in what quarter we may be enabled to extend the utility of refinement, and accumulate a greater mass of sensual enjoyment, instead of cultivating the lofty dreams of poetry, the exquisite graces of language, or the all-commanding and god-like power of oratory.

We were always of the opinion, that Lord Byron's plays were the best of his works; and, we think that the day is not far distant when they will take that commanding station on the stage, that they now hold in the opinions of most reflecting men. As yet, they cannot be said to have had much influence upon the public taste. We maintain Byron to be the legitimate successor to Shakespeare. In his early and more meretricious performances, he was but schooling himself: he

was but learning his art when he produced what the world hailed as master-pieces; and, when he really produced master-pieces, the misjudging of the world fancied that his genius was verging towards a second childhood.

All that succeeds these strictures, up to the point where the book that is under our notice treats of the drama, is finely written, and eminently instructive. On the theatrical question, we think that our author is pointed, yet vague; he flashes upon our paths instantaneous lights, but they intermit; they do not assist us on our way; they dazzle us for a moment, and then, leaving us, make the succeeding darkness the more profound. He sets out with what we think to be a fallacy—that the public will not purchase their own amusements. All of the public who are just beyond panting for the very necessaries of life, will purchase their amusements, provided that they be made sufficiently amusing. All connected with the dramatic art in this country, have sought for too great a remuneration; and the public could not buy one expensive amusement that they love, by sacrificing ten less prized, but perhaps more durable, though certainly less intense, in enjoyment. Lure the public by low prices into the habit of visiting the theatres, and it will not be long before the theatres again flourish, and the public will become again dramatic.

The moral philosophy that is now most prevalent in England, though its prevalence extends the least in the world, in practice, is that founded upon the utilitarian system, upon which Mr. Bulwer is very witty, and against which he is very severe. He is thus sarcastic upon the greatest happiness principle.

"'The greatest happiness of the greatest number' is to be our invariable guide! Is it so?—the greatest happiness of the greatest number of men living, I suppose, not of men to come; for if of all posterity, what legislator can be our guide? who can prejudice the future? Of men living, then?—well—how often would *their* greatest happiness consist in concession to their greatest errors!

"In the dark ages, (said once to me very happily the wittiest writer of the day, and one who has perhaps done more to familiarize Bentham's general doctrines to the public than any other individual,) in the dark ages, it would have been for the greatest happiness of the greatest number to burn the witches; it must have made the greatest number (all credulous of wizardry) very uncomfortable to refuse their request for so reasonable a conflagration; they would have been given up to fear and disquietude—they would have imagined their safety disregarded and their cattle despised—if witches were to live with impunity, riding on broomsticks, and sailing in oyster-shells;—*their happiness* demanded a bonfire of old women. To grant such a bonfire would have been really to consult the greatest happiness of the greatest number, yet ought it to have been the principle of wise, nay, of perfect, (for so the dogma states,) of unimpugnable legislation? In fact, the greatest happiness principle, is an excellent general rule, but it is not an undeniable axiom."

Now this is very pleasant reading, but very bad argument; the *permanent* happiness of no man, or of no body of men, can consist in a concession to their greatest errors. Mr. Bulwer leaves duration of enjoyment out of the question. A person may make a present pleasure so intense as to ruin his future health, nay, even to hasten his dissolution; but, by so doing, he is not seeking his *greatest* happiness. And when he says that the happiness of the witch-burning bigots consisted in the making a bonfire of an old woman, he forgets what a greater happiness it would have been to the bigots, and to the old

women too, had their ferocity been changed into the glow of benevolence, and the fagots only have been used to warm the poor creatures that they were so industriously piling up to destroy. In spite of all that Mr. Bulwer has said, we think not only that it is "an excellent general rule," but also an "undeniable axiom."

To all the various systems that moral philosophers have promulgated for the regulation of our conduct, we have shown a most sublime impartiality of indifference. From the cottager to the crowned head, we are only just as moral as circumstances will permit; and often as immoral as a deference to the word "respectable" will allow us to dare to be. From what we have seen in men, in books, and in Mr. Bulwer's own treatise, we find, that in England every thing is regulated by a shabby rule of expediency. The individual life of each citizen, (and we use the word in its general sense,) is a bundle of expedients. A continual trimming of principles, a shifting of position, and an insincerity in action, is the generic mark of our present money-loving, distinction-hunting population. It is only when we rise in vast masses, and are actuated by some universal and generous sentiment, that we seem to have any notion of a regulating and virtuous principle. Even religion herself is made subservient to a pitiful expediency. We feel almost assured, that were the question asked of a hundred persons, "Upon what general moral principle do you act?" ninety of them would reply, that "He did the best he could for *himself*," and yet consider that he was a very moral man. In the place of such an utter want of some universal regulating motive, would it not be well, until some better were discovered, to adopt the "greatest happiness principle?" Religion, and we say it reverently, cannot afford us a better. That holy sentiment purifies the heart of the individual, and prepares him for the consummation of an everlasting bliss; but its mysteries and the misinterpretations that have been fixed upon them, have been the everlasting sources of civil disunion. The precepts of religion are for the individual, those of moral philosophy for the community.

Mr. Bulwer complains bitterly, and his bitterness is eloquence, of the want of due rewards, honorary and pecuniary, to stimulate the exertions and ensure the success of our scientific men. He shows us a striking and a painful contrast between the two nations—how the French honour their *sçavans*, and how we do all but dishonour ours. All our author's suggestions on the subject are good, with the slight drawback, that with us they are impracticable. We have never yet been able to afford to be just; generosity is therefore out of the question. Scientific men must, therefore, for some time, be left to the reward their labours will create for them. If they make their discoveries worth purchasing, self-interest will not be slow to strike a bargain with them for its own advantage. Even Mr. Babbage's astonishing inventions will, we think, gain him eventually a handsome, though not a commensurate, reward. Mr. Bulwer has, however, done an exceedingly good thing, in drawing the attention and awakening the cupidity of our mercantile and manufacturing enterprize to the great advantage derivable from the employment of science, in the perfecting those articles that enter largely into commerce.

On the state of the arts, as it regards painting and sculpture, the author of "England and the English" is lucid, brilliant, and English. The Royal Academy has done a great deal for the respectability, and but little for the elevation, of that art, which it was established to nurture, and afterwards, as much as possible, to perfect. Seeing how little that this institution has done—and than Mr. Bulwer no one sees it more clearly—for the benefit of that for which it was instituted, we are a little surprised that he should be so urgent in his demands for electoral professorships, to reward literary and scientific characters. Privileged societies become always exclusive—sooner or later, get imbued with a miserable and arrogant *esprit du corps*, and, as they separate from the great family of their fellow-subjects, become intolerant, useless, and offensive. Behold the degenerate offspring of a privileged society. It is Mr. Bulwer's hand that draws the picture, and all who see it must acknowledge its fidelity to the original.

"'And how, sir, do you like this engraving of Martin's?' Go, my dear reader, put that question to yon gentleman with the powdered head—that gentleman is a Royal Academician. I never met with an Academician who did not seem to think you insulted him by an eulogy on Martin. Mr. Gloss Crimson is one of those who measure all art by the Somerset-house Exhibition. He ekes out his talk from Sir Joshua Reynolds' discourses—he is very fond of insisting on the necessity of study and labour, and of copying the antique. 'Sir,' quoth he to me, one day, 'painting is the synonym of perseverance.' He likes not the company of young artists; he is angry if invited to meet them; he calls them indiscriminately 'shallow coxcombs.' He is a great worshipper of Dr. Johnson, and tells you that Dr. Johnson extolled the project of the Academy. Alas, he little knows that the good doctor somewhere wonders what people can be thinking of to talk of such trifles as an Academy for Painting! He is intensely jealous, and more exclusive than a second-rate Countess; he laments the decay of patronage in this country; he believes every thing in art depends upon lords; he bows to the ground when he sees an earl; and thinks of Pericles and Leo X. His colours are bright and gaudy as a Dutchman's flower-garden, for they are put on with an eye to the Exhibition, in which every thing goes by glare. He has a great notion of the dignity of portrait-painting. He would like to say to you, 'Sir, I have painted four Earls this year, and a Marchioness, and if that's not a high school of painting, tell me what is!' He has a great contempt for Haydon, and is sure 'the nobility won't employ him.' He thinks the National Gallery a necessary perquisite of the Royal Academicians. 'Lord, sir,' saith he, 'if *we* did not manage the matter, there would be no discrimination, and you might see Mr. Howard's pictures in no better a situation than'—

"'Mr. Martin's—that *would* be a shame!'

"And so much, dear Sir, for characters that may serve to illustrate a few of the intellectual influences of the time."

When a body of men, like the Society of British Artists, combine for their own advantage, and can expect no advantage from anything but what their individual merits must command, the case is widely different. The public is, with these, always the first thought—the actuating principle. They dare not be careless; for they are not above the shafts of criticism; nor idle, for they must feed; nor arrogant, for they would be ridiculed—they are emphatically the people's artists, and the people will reward them. We have often uttered the same sentiments on the genius of Mr. Martin, that are so vividly promulgated in this work. We also coincide with Mr. Bulwer in the great talent, and the still greater promise, that marks the career of Stanfield. We do not think that even the Royal Academy will be able to spoil the latter gentleman. There can be no doubt

that, with all the defects of the English school of painting, the painters are refining and ennobling the taste of the age, equally as much as their literary brethren. We have only to leave them to themselves, and to that patronage which must accrue to them from their increasing excellence, and we shall shortly be as proud of them and of their works, as we are of many much more dazzling but far less worthy characters and achievements.

We have now given a rapid, but altogether inadequate view of the influences which act upon the intellectual character of the English. The national character is far from being a subject of triumph, but full of hope: the people are in a state of transition, mental as well as constitutional; they feel that they are not what they ought to be, yet hardly know what they are capable of being: every class is pressed upon by that immediately behind it, and the general shout is, *En avant!* except in the highest Tory quarters, and there we see pride with defiance, boldness with rashness, and trembling with hesitation, the foot lifted to spurn, yet ultimately used but to recede—a wish for all, daring much, yet doing nothing. They are not even now powerless, they may soon be more powerful. They have talent, they have a definite object to pursue, and they have a loud voice in their own devoted press—therefore are they to be feared. The Whigs have acquired power by a yielding to reform: let them preserve and consolidate it, by a firm resolution to be henceforward conservative of those institutions which they have renovated; and which we believe, if properly administered, are sufficient to the welfare and happiness of the people. It is the aristocratical spirit of our own democracy that we have most to fear. The sovereignty is our friend, the peerage is not our enemy. Let us pause ere we ask for too much innovation, at least upon great constitutional points. Let us be moderate, and we shall not only do well, but gloriously; and let it be to us a proud boast, that no other nation under the sun could have borne such a revolution as we have lately undergone, so temperately, so wisely, and so peaceably. There was something magnificent, if not heroic, in that great national act.

Mr. Bulwer, after stating what the influences are that sway our intellectual character, has given us a few of what he calls supplementary portraits of some who compose the influencing body. Take one—

"Lord Plume is one of those writers of the old school of whom so few are at present existing—writers who have a great notion of care in composition—who polish, who elaborate, who are hours over a sentence, which, after all, is, nine times out of ten, either a fallacy or a truism. He writes a stiff, upright hand, and values himself upon being a witty correspondent. He has established an unfortunate target in every court in Europe, at which he shoots a monthly despatch. He is deep read in memoirs, and has Grammont at his fingers'-ends: he swears by Horace Walpole, who would have made a capital butt of him. He reads the Latin poets, and styles himself F.R.S. He asks you how you would translate '*simplex munditiis*' and *copia narium*'—takes out his handkerchief while you consider the novel question, sighs, and owns the phrases are indeed untranslatable. He is full of anecdotes and the by-gone scandal of our grandmothers: he will give you the history of every crim. con. which took place between a wig and a farthingale. He passes for a man of most elegant mind—sets up for a Mæcenas, and has a new portrait of himself painted every year, out of a tender mindfulness, I suppose, for the convenience of some future Grammont. Lord Plume has dabbled greatly in reviews—not a friend of his ever wrote a book that he did not write *to* him a letter of compliment, and *against*

him an article of satire: he thinks he has the Voltaire turn, and can say a sharp thing or two. He looks out for every new book written by a friend with the alacrity of a wit looking out for a repartee. Of late years, indeed, he has not, however, written much in the Quarterlies, for he was found out in a squib on his uncle, and lost a legacy in consequence: besides, he is editing memoirs of his own ancestors. Lord Plume thinks it elegant to write, but low to confess it; the anonymous, therefore, has great charms for him; he throws off his jealousy and his wit at the same time, and bathes in the Castalian stream with as much secrecy as if he were one of its nymphs. He believes, indeed, that it would be too great a condescension in his genius to appear in the glare of day—it would create too great a sensation—he thinks men would stop each other in the street to exclaim, 'Good God! have you heard the news?—Plume has turned author!' Delightedly, then, in his younger day, crept he, nameless and secret, into the literary world. He is suspected of having written politics as well as criticism, and retailed all the tattle of the court by way of enlightening the people. Plume is a great man."

This is certainly the head of a set, but of a very small, and certainly not a very powerful one. The character that follows possesses infinitely more power, and is greater in the distinction of infamy.

"Sneak 'keeps a Sunday newspaper' as a reservoir for the filth of the week; he lets out a *cabinet d'aisance* for any man who wishes to be delivered of a lie. No trader of the kind can be more obliging or more ill-savoured: his soul stinks of his profession, and you spit when you hear his name. Sneak has run through all the circle of scoundrelism. whatever is most base, dastardly, and contemptible, Sneak has committed. Is a lie to be told of any man? Sneak tells it. Is a Countess to be slandered? Sneak slanders her. Is theft to be committed? Sneak writes to you—'Sir, I have received some anecdotes about you, which I would not publish for the world if you will give me ten pounds for them.' Sneak would declare his own mother a drab, and his father a hangman, for sixpence-halfpenny. Sneak sets up for a sort of Beau Sneak—crawls behind the scenes, and chats with the candle-snuffer: when he gets drunk, Sneak forgets himself, and speaks to a gentleman; the gentleman knocks him down. No man has been so often kicked as Sneak—no man so often horsewhipped; his whole carcase is branded with the contumely of castigation:—methinks there is, nevertheless, another chastisement in reserve for him at the first convenient opportunity. It is a pity to beat one so often beaten—to break bones that have been so often broken; but why deny oneself a luxury at so trifling an expense?—it will be some honour to beat him worse than he has been beaten yet! Sneak is at heart the most miserable of men; he is poisoned by the stench of his own disgrace: he knows that every man loathes him; he strives to buoy himself from 'the graveolent abyss' of his infamy by grasping at some scamp of a lord. One lord, with one shred of character left to his back, promised to dine with him, and has been stark naked of character ever since. Sneak has stuck up a wooden box in a nursery garden between Richmond and London, exactly of that description of architecture you would suppose him to favour: it is for all the world like the temple which a Cit erects to the Roman Goddess of Sewers; here 'his soul still sits at squat.' The little house stares you in the face, and reminds you at once of the nightman its owner. In vain would ingenuity dissociate the name of Sneak from the thought of the scavenger. This beautiful effect of the anonymous system I have thus honoured with mention, in order that posterity may learn to what degree of rottenness rascality can be corrupted."

This is drawn with a masterly, Fuseli-kind of hand, but it is overcoloured. Sneak is forced to slip on the robes of a transparent decency. His vileness is not so utterly stercoraceous: he flings his dirt about most viciously, but sometimes so skilfully, that some of it sticks; but wherever it does so, there was a previous aptitude to receive it. Sneak is not the effect of the anonymous system, for his paper is notoriously not anonymous. Anger against him is as much misdirected, as it would be against a parrot who calls every passenger promiscuously hard names.

Let us here remark, how completely Mr. Bulwer has sheltered himself under the very anonymous which he deprecates. There are two descriptions of the anonymous; the one, where the names of the parties are given at length, and the name of the author concealed; the other, where the name of the author is given, and the party attacked under a fictitious name. Every one knows who Mr. B. means by Sneak; but why does not Mr. B. put his real name? Because it would constitute a libel, and the anonymous is therefore convenient to Mr. Bulwer.

The following contains a good caution to those unfortunates, who are smitten with a love of verse.

"Observe that pale and discontented countenance, that air at once shy and proud. St. Malo is a poet of considerable genius; he gives himself altogether up to the Muse—he is consumed with the desire of fame; the loud celebrity of Byron yet rings in his ears: he asketh himself, why he should not be equally famous: he has no pleasure in the social world: he feels himself not sufficiently made of: he thinketh 'by and by they will run after my genius:' he is awkward and gloomy; for he lives not in the present: he plunges into an imaginary future never to be realized. He goes into the world thinking the world must admire him, and ask 'Who is that interesting young man?' He has no sympathy with other men's amusements, unless they either write poetry themselves or read *his* own: he expects all men to have sympathy with *him*; his ear and taste were formed early in the school of Byron; he has now advanced to the schools of Wordsworth and Shelley. He imitates the two last unconsciously, and then wonders why his books do not sell: if the original did not sell, why should the copy? He never read philosophy, yet he affects to write metaphysics, and gives with considerable enthusiasm into the Unintelligible. Verse-writing is the serious occupation of his life; he publishes his poems, and expects them in his heart to have an enormous sale. He cannot believe that the world has gone round: that every time has its genius; that the genius of *this* time is wholly antipoetic. He throws away thought and energy, and indomitable perseverance, and the enviable faculty of concentrating ambition upon a barren and unprofitable pursuit. His talents whisper him 'success,'—their direction ensures him 'disappointment.' How many St. Malos have I known;—but half of them, poor fellows, have married their first cousins, gone into the church, and are now cultivating a flower-garden!"

How few of these unfortunate youths who are so like finely-toned, yet jarring instruments, are thus happily and elegantly provided for, when, at the end of their toils, they find some of their best strings are broken! Too often, the St. Malos turn sots and decline to the workhouse, or infuriate, and howl in the madhouse. The world can afford to acknowledge but about a dozen poets in a generation, and to reward, perhaps two. We cannot always be quaffing liqueurs. Even the admiration of a fine poem is a task; to understand it, is often actually a labour—a labour certainly that brings its own glorious reward, but which we do not like to be undergoing diurnally. There will not be, in our opinion, for ten years to come, room for a poem—a good, sterling, original poem. We are now all for political economy, cheap government, and the principle of utility. In the midst of this quaker sort of feeling, our very thoughts assume an ascetic austerity of dress. The cloudy, gorgeous, and flowing robes of the muse, are now almost offensive to our severely-trained minds. We advise all men, at this present juncture, most earnestly to eschew poetry. A little verse or so we can trifle with; but just now poetry would be as misplaced as the burst of a choral catholic hymn, in the meeting-house of a society of Mumpers.

The concluding chapters of this work are excellent. The call to rally round the throne, and not utterly desert the altar, though those whose duty it is to uphold its sanctity are doing their worst to desecrate it, are fine specimens both of reasoning and of eloquence. All who observe in the least, must be conscious of the tendency in men's minds to make the hazard of a republic; but few are aware of the mischievous tendency that republican institutions must have in this country. It is now groaning under an iron, yet circumscribed and fettered, aristocratical influence. Make this glorious monarchy a republic, and that aristocracy, *uncircumscribed* and *unfettered*, would be at its head. You would but multiply an imperious oligarchy. No republic, in which the law of primogeniture exists, or where it has existed and produced its effects, can be anything but a tyrannical and widely ramified aristocracy. Property in England lies in masses too large not to give the possessors of it, under a republican form of government, a tyrant to each district, and a band of tyrants in the metropolis. The solution of the question is certainly both ready and easy; but, thank God, through all our privations, through all our miseries of war, and our wretchedness of peace, we are not yet sunk so low as to become robbers. No, let us keep our king, and let our neighbours keep their property. We cannot, we dare not,—for we are honest,—commence a general regeneration by a general act of plunder.

The king, and our own vigilance, are our best safeguards against the encroachments of the aristocracy. And the church—what is demanded of it by the clamour of its enemies? Have *they* anything to ask of it, but its property? Will they dare to ask it? Its friends ask much; and we feel well assured that much as it is, the good sense of the clergy themselves will be the first to grant it. No, we repeat, that the property of the church is inalienable from it. They possessed it, antecedent to many of our laws that secure their property to other interests. Make the collecting of it as little obnoxious as it is possible to be, let the nation award its distribution, cut down the pampered, and raise up the humbler curates who work hard for severe task-masters, allow no interference of the clergy in affairs of state, and no inducement to desert the service of their God for that of political parties. Do all this, if you please, but we think that to rob it of a single grain of mustard-seed would be as great a violation of the rights of property as could well be committed. We speak not as religionists. We speak merely as friends to social order. It is on this point that we differ so much from the ablest writer of our weekly press, Mr. Fonblanque. He tells us of primitive Christians, and sons of poverty, and the camel and the eye of the needle: all this is a question between the clergyman and his God, not between the holder of ecclesiastical property and his surrounding secular fellow citizens. Had the religion of the clergy been Mahomedan, or of any persuasion, however absurd, still their rights to what man, and long prescription gave, and the laws secured to them, ought to be inviolate. Let us preserve the rights of the church, and by so doing, we shall preserve one more barrier against the invasion of our own. Let us honour its members for the sake of Him in whose name they address us; and whatever

may be our particular creed, such conduct will do honour to ourselves. We repeat, that its enemies have nothing to ask from it—its friends much. We shall not conclude, by iterating our commendations of Mr. Bulwer as an author, and, what is a still more sacred title, as a patriot; but, by quoting a great part of his last chapter, which he calls the author's apology—the title being as needless as the adieu is pleasing and acceptable.

"And now, my dear friends, but little remains for me to say. Your welfare has ever been to me that object, which above all others has excited my ambition, and linked itself with my desires. From my boyhood to this hour, it is to the condition of great masses of men that my interest and my studies have been directed; it is for their amelioration and enlightenment that I have been a labourer and an enthusiast. Yes, I say, enthusiast!—for when a man is sincere, enthusiasm warms him; when useful, enthusiasm directs.

"If I have, in certain broad and determined opinions, separated myself from many of your false and many of your real friends; if I have not followed the more popular leaders of the day against our ecclesiastical establishment, or against a monarchical constitution of government, it is not because I believe that any minor interests should be consulted before your own; it is not because I see a sanctity in hereditary delusions, or in the solemn austerities of power; it is not because I deny that in some conditions of society a republic may be the wisest government, or because I maintain that where certain standards of moral opinion be created, an endowed establishment is necessary to the public virtue; but it is, because I consider both Institutions subordinate to your welfare; it is because I put aside the false mists and authorities of the past, and regard diligently the aspect of the present; it is because on the one hand I feel persuaded, viewing the tendencies which belong to our time, and the moral bias of the general feeling, which while often seeming to oppose an aristocracy, inclines equally (in its opposition) to aristocratic fallacies whether of wealth or of station, that your republic would *not* be a true and sound democracy, but the perpetuator of the worst influences which have operated on your character and your laws;—and because on the other hand, I dread, that the effects of abolishing an endowed church would be less visible in the reform of superstitions, than in the gloomy advances of fanaticism. If I err in these opinions, it is for your sake that I err; if I am right, let us look with somewhat of prudent jealousy at the declamations and sarcasms which spring from a partial and limited survey of the large principles of practical polity; a survey which confounds every unpopular action of a king with the question of a monarchy; every failing of a priest, with the consideration of an establishment; which to-day insinuates a republic, because the king dines with a Tory, and to-morrow denounces an establishment, because a bishop votes against the Whigs. These are the cries of party, and have no right to response from the more deep and thoughtful sympathies of a nation. Believe me, once more, and once for all, if there be a pretender of whom the People should beware, it is that stage mummer—the Public!

"Farewell, my dear friends. We part upon the crisis of unconjecturable events.

> "'From this shoal and sand of Time
> We leap the life to come.'

"Gladly indeed would I pass from dealings with the policy of the present, to the more tempting speculations upon the future; but the sky is uncertain and overcast; and as, my friends, you may observe on a clouded night, that the earth gathers no dew, even so it is not in these dim and unlighted hours that the prophetic thirst of Philosophy may attain to those heavenlier influences which result from a serener sky, and enable her to promise health and freshness to the aspect of the morrow."

THE DRAMA.—No. I.

THIS subject has almost become "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Every periodical publication, from the dogmatical altitudes of the "Quarterly," down to the humble level of the penny critics, have had something to say on the subject of the national drama; a subject which, from a combination of circumstances, has acquired of late, an extraordinary degree of importance. A dramatic controversy has been established and pursued, with all the tenacity and fanatic zeal of the religious contests of olden times—nay, a sort of theatrical civil war appears to rage in the literary world; two distinct factions rush to the combat, animated with equal courage and activity. Both labour to impress the public with the justice of their cause, and the awful dangers which threaten the dramatic art. One cries, that the said art will be entirely ruined if a *conservative* system be not adhered to—if the partizans of innovation be suffered to lay their destructive hands on the histrionic glories of the country. Majors and minors fight with great determination, and the words "legitimate monopoly," "fair competition," &c. &c., have been paraded through the public prints of all ranks and denominations, *usque ad nauseam*, by the adherents of either party.

The "dramatic question," like every other question where popular are made use of, to serve individual, interests, is now become a positive "bore"—a bore too, the more ludicrous, from the fictitious importance with which some persons have thought proper to invest it. At a time when the whole of Europe is labouring under the strongest political excitement—and at a time when the gigantic interests of nations are discussed and threatened—when affairs both at home and abroad have assumed a threatening aspect, and when the most inveterate principles and the strongest passions are brought into collision, it is really farcical to behold the mock solemnity with which the children of Thespis treat the matter now under consideration.

However, since the subject has thus highly obtained, it is our duty, in conformity with our avowed principle of consulting the public taste, to enter fully into the theatrical question, and, in the course of our labours, we shall, we trust, not only exhibit the faults of the system of English theatricals, but give a fair and candid view of its present state and future prospects, and we will, moreover, expose the singular instances of "humbug" which we find connected with the subject. Our motto is, truth and impartiality, and the acting up to it is the more indispensable when we have to discuss so knotty a subject, and one too, so full of prejudices and redolent of private interest, as the debate, or rather contest going forward between the patent theatres and the minors. We will first offer some general remarks on the most cardinal points connected with the subject, before we attempt to discuss its particulars.

The stage offers at present, perhaps, as good a company of performers, as have ever graced the days of theatrical glory. In tragedy there is

perhaps a deficiency, but comedy, farce, and opera, possess many, and very able representatives. Yet, strange to say, we cannot now enjoy a single sterling play, adequately performed; the leading actors are scattered about in half a dozen theatres, and thus far, we really cannot see that a multiplication of those establishments can, in the least, forward the interests of the drama, considered as an art. If the public, however, are content, we have not a word to say in the matter, the amusements of the stage being designed for the public, it is absurd to wish to entertain the said public by certain standard rules. If the public taste is bad, as there is no law extant to bring the delinquents to justice, the only thing to be done by those who consider themselves possessing a good taste, is to shrug their shoulders, screw their mouths, and utter some exclamation of pity or contempt. But certainly, it is foolish, to say the least of it, to force the public to admire a regular play more than the performance of a fiery melo-drama—and to teaze it to fall in ecstasies with the creations of Shakspeare, if it finds a deeper delight in the productions of Mr. Fitzball. In France, the habits of the people, joined to traditional fame, have made the prosperity of the stage a branch of national interest and pride: public offices, public duties, public remunerations, are connected with the stage; thus far, the theatre becomes positively a national question, and any zeal displayed by the persons more nearly connected with the profession, can neither be a matter of surprise nor of censure. But in England, where theatrical performances are reduced to a mere *trade*, a private speculation, like any other—where a man with a fortune or without it, takes a theatre, as he might take a chandler's shop—where the said theatre is disposed of to the highest bidder, without the remotest reference to his capability of conducting the undertaking—where a person of slender talents, of no talents at all, becomes absolute master of the theatre which he has hired—and, where a manager, by the mere assumption of the office, becomes suddenly invested with a competent capacity to judge of actors and authors, even if previously his classical and theatrical attainments went no further than knowing how to read and write, and to peruse a volume of plays:—in England, I repeat, where this strange monstrosity exists in the very head of its dramatic organization, is it not absurd to cavil, and quarrel about the decline of the drama, to devise means for its regeneration, or to visit with anathemas managers and lessees, if they consult their own interests before those of the *friends of the drama?* Why should the lessee, who embarks his capital in a theatrical speculation, as he might in canal shares, public securities, or foreign bonds, trouble himself about the *friends of the drama*, in the regulating and conducting of his establishment? What right have the *friends of the drama* to interfere with a mere *private concern?* If the public does not find the means adopted for its amusement to its liking, it will fast enough testify its disapprobation, by neglecting the theatre, to the detriment of the theatrical speculator; the matter, therefore, rests entirely between the managers and the public. If the latter is more amused by the exhibition of a bear dancing on the tight-rope, than by the performance of Macbeth, the manager would be a great goose for his pains, in not procuring a Russian bear with all

possible expedition. The *friends of the drama* would cry out, sacrilege! profanation! and so they might, but the real delinquent would not be the persecuted manager, but the approving *public*, for whose entertainment the bears were ordered from the North. Let us, therefore, hear no more about the insults to the public. If the public really felt themselves insulted, they would certainly resent the affront; if they do not, it is a clear proof that they do not consider themselves outraged. The friends of the drama, ought not to be taken into consideration—it is enough for them that they frequent the theatres *gratis*, and then enjoy the privilege of abusing every thing they have seen or heard!

Connected with this portion of the subject, is the tremendous outcry made concerning the calamities of genius—the check of dramatic abilities—the persecutions—the horrors which men of talent endure in their laudable exertions for the good of the drama, &c. This is pure cant—nay, one of the most colossal *humbugs* of the age. It is really childish nonsense to suppose, much more to assert, that one manager, or a combination of one hundred managers, can form a conspiracy to smother real talent and genius—that they, from a mere perversity of disposition, would endanger their interests by producing bad plays in preference to good ones—they simply produce what is most liked by the public. It is true, that many bad pieces have been lately produced, but it is not less so, that bad pieces have been produced in what is called the golden days of the drama; nay, we are pretty certain, that many of the successful pieces of that extolled epoch are positively bad, and would not be suffered on the stage were they now brought forward for the first time, instead of laying claim to the public favour, or rather *endurance*, by a kind of traditional fame.

Genius and real talent of any kind, though it may be checked by unfavourable circumstances, or temporarily oppressed by individual exertion, can never be annihilated, and sooner or later their claims will be recognized by the public. We appeal to the impartial reader to point out a single instance in modern times, to militate against our assertion. Have not the plays of Mr. Sheridan Knowles been more than fully appreciated—have they not been remunerated on a handsome scale, according to the standard of the present dramatic value? Has Mr. Jerrold any reason to complain of the favour of the public, or of the *oppression* of managers, when he has been solicited to write? Can Mr. Knowles conscientiously complain against the illiberality of lessees, when *five hundred pounds* have been offered to him for a play, before he has written a line of it? We repeat again, that the "Hunchback," and the "Housekeeper," were sooner or later sure to receive the remuneration to which they were justly entitled. We may be allowed to say a few words on Mr. Jerrold, whose dramatic talents we hold in high estimation. He began his career certainly under obvious disadvantages. He adopted writing for the stage as a profession, and his first productions appeared at the minor theatres. Although most of his compositions belonged to a school which is little favourable to the production of sterling plays, nevertheless, the glimpses of genuine

talent which shone in those compositions, held out a fair promise of future success in the drama.

Mr. Jerrold worked his way gradually, and, at length, by the production of two or three good pieces, has attained an enviable station in the dramatic ladder. He is yet a young man—has he then any reason to complain? No. How many persons of talent equal to his, in other professions, have experienced the chill of neglect, and have arrived at the end of the autumn of their life, without enjoying the fruits which Mr. Jerrold enjoys at the beginning of his summer? We must be candid: may not success intoxicate men, and lead them, in the exaltation of their spirits, to form a wrong estimate of their claims? Are not the fumes of public praise, when most lavishly bestowed, likely to lead to the formation of extravagant views and conclusions? Are not men, in the wild intoxication of success, apt to consider any prudent advice as downright injustice—any salutary check as intolerable persecution? Certainly, we generally find these effects attendant on great success in the other walks of life, and we cannot suppose that the *dramatic* is exempt from this usual infirmity of human nature.

But probably, the greater part of the outcry against the "majors" arises from a set of mediocre actors and disappointed men, who, fancying themselves neglected geniuses, rush to the arena, and "talk big" concerning their zeal for the national drama, when, in sooth, they have nothing in view but their personal interest. Thus, we find half a dozen totally obscure men coming forward in the late dramatic debate and agitation, and who, by dint of obtrusiveness have acquired not a reputation for talent, but a sort of notoriety, which serves their purposes as well with the public. We have now a set of minor actors, who, not content with their first offence, of bad acting, aggravate the offence by worse writing. Yet these men, whilst they infect some theatres with their pieces, cry out vociferously concerning the detestable monopoly. This is all fudge. Every minor theatre has its set of writers, who labour as zealously and as indefatigably at the task of exclusion as their more lordly rivals. Meantime, the severest reproaches are hurled against the *trash* of the majors; and certainly, these strictures are but too often well founded. Yet, in what way are the minors more deserving of praise. We have no wish to be severe, but candid justice will oblige us to say a word concerning their often-praised productions.

We saw a piece called "His First Champagne," a piece utterly worthless in plot and dialogue, which has recently succeeded in obtaining praise from several of the journals. Lest we should be thought partial, we will only mention the principal point of the piece. A bashful young man drinks champagne—gets intoxicated, and, in this interesting state, makes love to a young modest lady. He hiccups in her face—reels, looks disgusting—talks nonsense, and, in fact, behaves somewhat after the manner that a drunkard would court the good graces of a cyprian, from the purlieus of Drury Lane. What is the consequence? that the said bashful young man is kicked out of doors? No; he captivates the modest young lady by this extra-

ordinary display of a still more strange love. Now, we candidly put it to our fair readers, if their hearts could ever be touched by the process here pointed out? And we also candidly ask the author, in what society he picked out the characters which he describes? from what modern lady did he take the hint of such curious love-making and wooing? And we put it to our readers at large, whether a drunken sot, that sets fire to a house in a spree, is at all a hero to command our sympathies? Yet we perceived several of the audience relish the brutality of the drunken man—God help their taste! And here let us observe, *en passant*, that all those vices and follies which tend to debase human nature, by affording filthy displays, ought to be carefully considered before they are introduced on the stage. Charles Kemble was alone the only endurable drunken gentleman; but then he did not make the exhibition purely physical; moreover, the exhibition was not protracted, and certainly he would never have been guilty of *hiccupping* in a modest lady's face, in his attempts to win her affections.

But observe what follows: this piece, which would probably have been completely damned at the large theatres, has been pronounced by some critics as being "exhilarating and racy;" and the author, moreover, has been represented, by some injudicious friend, as checked in his glorious career in the path of genius, probably because he is not allowed to lead at Drury Lane, both in tragedy and comedy, and to write, moreover, as many pieces as he pleases. As an instance of hardship and ill-usage, a paper very seriously announces, that the managers of the Victoria Theatre have been guilty of the high misdemeanour of refusing to give this author 30*l.* for a piece! Moreover, the said critic accuses the said managers of the still deeper offence of accepting and acting better pieces, that cost him nothing! What next? So a lessee shall be compelled to pay for a bad piece 30*l.*, when he can have a better one for nothing! This is free trade, and tolerance, and impartiality, with a vengeance!

Of the author here alluded to, whom we have been told is a Mr. Leman Rede, we know nothing further than, that he has acted at the minor theatres a few seasons past, and certainly, judging from what we have seen, we must say, that far from being an ill-used man, he has met with success much beyond his deserts; for the rest, he may be assured, that should he in future be able to write a play approaching in merit to the "Hunchback," or any other sterling drama of our day —not all the fancied persecution of managers will be able to deprive him of the just reward of his labours. We have now allowed more space to this division of our subject than it deserves, but we consider ourselves bound to speak thus much; for when we mention Mr. Leman Rede, we merely take him as the representative of a class who are unfortunately, not only infected with an extravagant idea of their own talents, but moreover, consider themselves the victims of persecution and envy, which most decidedly they have not sufficient merit to excite.

Another considerable "humbug" is the constant outcry about adaptations and translations. We are continually told that they have totally destroyed original talent: this is nonsense; all the translations

in the world, will not prevent a really good play from finding its way to the public. Let any one point out a single original drama, even of moderate pretensions, that has been crushed or despotically withheld from the public. We speak on the knowledge of the fact: the managers must naturally wish to please the audience, and the circumstance of a play being *original* will not prevent them from accepting it. Nay, within the three last seasons, several plays in the various ranks of the drama have been produced, which, with few exceptions, have proved either total failures, or have met with unprofitable receptions. The principal recommendation of those pieces, we suppose, must have been their originality. Yet they failed, and, we surmise, that they were the best that could be had, for no manager would be foolish enough to select the worst. In the mean time, if the public are amused, and the lessee find his account in producing a clever translation, by Mr. Poole or Mr. Planche, we certainly do not see that he is to blame.

But we shall bring now an argument forward, that will justify our strictures on the supposed impartiality and advantages of the minors. We have been continually told of the despotic tendency and bad faith of the managers belonging to the large theatres, and by way of contrast, is offered the impartiality, good judgment, and philanthropic views of those belonging to the minors. Yet, Mr. Jerrold's two most successful dramas, "The Rent Day," and "Nell Gwynn," were, in the first instance, offered to the "Adelphi," in the second to the "Olympic." On the other hand, we have not heard of any sterling play, which, having been refused at the patent theatres, has afterwards found its way to the public through the instrumentality of the minors, and acquired real success. No, we should rather suspect that the circumstance of its having been *refused* at the large theatres, would act as a most uncomfortable sort of recommendation to the impartiality of the said minors.

From what we have here advanced, it would appear, that we are the champions of the patent theatres, and the declared foes to the minors. Such a conclusion is totally unfounded. We wish every one to prosper, but above all, we are anxious to put things in their proper light. That folly and imbecility have but too strongly characterized the management of the patent theatres, cannot be denied—that individual cases of petty jealousy and favouritism may have happened, we will also admit—and this unfortunately will be the case in all human affairs; but we contend, that the minors are contaminated by the same spirit, and exhibit the same faults which they so loudly denounce in their rivals. Moreover, we know, that no sooner does a man become the lessee of a theatre, and thereby become invested with that "brief authority" of management, than he will also become more consequential, just in proportion as the establishment over which he presides presents more slender claims to attention. We have been assured by well informed persons, that the managers of the minors are quite as fond of the display and exercise of power—quite as ready to act according to caprice—quite as dilatory, &c. &c., as the most despotic sovereigns that ever ruled the destinies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Nor do we disbelieve this; they are all men ac-

tuated by the same motives, and speculating on the same views—they are all struggling to get money, and the question of "art" and "patronage of talent," are to them empty words. They will all alike follow the course which they conceive most likely to respond to their projects—they will be guilty of the same follies—act with the same want of judgment, and afford the same amusing specimens of self-conceit, or petty authority, as an occasion may offer to call their exhibition into play.

The assertion, therefore, that the minors are a sort of nursery for rising talent—that they will repair the blunders and correct the injustices of the majors—is either a delusion, or conceals a most consummate piece of knavery. What possible interest can a mere speculator, (a speculator, too, many a time without sufficient capital to carry him through two or three months, and trusting to the receipts,) feel in the progress and splendour of the "dramatic art?" The only "art" to which he will be alive is, that of filling his own coffers in the shortest possible time, and by all possible means. Without meaning any disrespect to, or in the least criminating the characters of any of the managers at the head of the minor establishments, let us candidly inquire, "Are they persons whose stations in life, independent fortune, literary attainments, and rank in society, befit them for so responsible a part as that of 'fostering and protecting' the drama as a liberal art?" Certainly not.

Let it not be supposed by this, that we advocate monopoly—a monopoly, by the bye, of ruin, if we are to judge from the preceding seasons. We only contend, that when popular sympathy is endeavoured to be excited, it ought to be for men or things, which possess real and just title to such claims. Above all, it is folly to wish to judge of English dramatic matters by the standard of French theatricals, and to point out measures and remedies which cannot be followed, on account of the totally different system adopted in such affairs by the English and French nations. The prosperity of the national drama is, in France, a national question—an *item* in the glories of the country—a subject to interest the public at large, and to deserve the protection of the government. In England, on the contrary, it is a mere speculation—a speculation, too, of a vague and most contradictory nature. For, whereas, in every other branch of human industry, the title and capabilities of the speculators are considered and well weighed, nothing is required of the theatrical adventurer but to give fair security for the payment of rent: literary talent, experience on the subject, and command of capital, or high character in society, are lesser considerations; for, by the mere transformation of a man into a manager, he becomes, as if by miraculous process, suddenly invested with all the requisites for the discharge of the task. A mediocre actor, a discontented underling, a broken-down tradesman, or a woman, provided she possess, a good voice or a pretty pair of legs, are fully competent to speak *absolutely* on theatrical matters, to judge of the merit of performers, and to decide on the productions of literary men.

The patent theatres are now under the guidance and direction of one individual. It would be unfair to begin the task of censure be-

fore we have time to see how the system works. Success will characterize, whether praise or condemnation is to be dealt. This, certainly, will appear a most unphilosophical decision; and it would be so indeed, in any other human matter except—the theatre! If the patent theatres succeed in amusing the public, their object will be fully answered. The question of the "*legitimate drama*" is a mere word; for, if the government and the public appear indifferent to its success, it will be an exuberance of Quixotic folly in a knot of particular persons to contend against such fearful odds. The said indifference will amount to a concession, that in the eyes of the government and the public, the "*national drama*" is no subject of glory to the country—a thing unworthy of exciting interest or preferring claims to the sympathy of the nation. This point being once established, let the *real* friends of the drama, instead of levelling their shafts against lessees, and managers, and authors, direct the whole artillery of their indignation against the government and the public. Let them, as their tempers may dispose them, either deplore the disgraceful apathy of Englishmen to so important and brilliant a branch of the literature of the country, or laugh in derision at their want of taste and their excess of stupidity.

We have now taken a survey of the dramatic question at large, and we have pointed out the grand, the vital obstacles that militate against its progress and success. In a future number, we will enter into a more detailed view of the question.

PERTINAX.

JACOB FAITHFUL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

"JACOB FAITHFUL, draw near," were the first words which struck upon my tympanum the next morning, when I had taken my seat at the farther end of the school-room. I rose and threaded my way through two lines of boys, who put out their legs to trip me up, in my passage through their ranks, and surmounting all difficulties, found myself within three feet of the master's high desk, or pulpit, from which he looked down upon me like the Olympian Jupiter upon mortals, in ancient time.

"Jacob Faithful, canst thou read?"

"No, I can't," replied I; "I wish I could."

"A well-disposed answer, Jacob; thy wishes shall be gratified. Knowest thou thine alphabet?"

"I don't know what that is."

"Then thou knowest it not. Mr. Knapps shall forthwith instruct thee. Thou shalt forthwith go to Mr. Knapps, who inculcateth the rudiments. *Levius Puer*, lighter-boy, thou hast a *crafty* look." And then I heard a noise in his thorax that resembled the "cluck, cluck," when my poor mother poured her gin out of the great stone bottle.

"My little naviculator," continued he, "thou art a weed washed on shore, one of Father Thames' cast up wrecks. '*Fluviorum rex Eridanus.*' (Cluck, cluck.) To thy studies; be thyself—that is, be Faithful. Mr. Knapps, let the Cadmean art proceed forthwith." So saying, Domine Dobiensis thrust his large hand into his right coat pocket, in which he kept his snuff loose, and taking a large pinch, (the major part of which, the stock being low, was composed of hairs and cotton abrasions, which had collected in the corner of his pocket,) he called up the first class, while Mr. Knapps called me to my first lesson.

Mr. Knapps was a thin, hectic-looking young man, apparently nineteen or twenty years of age, very small in all his proportions, red ferret eyes, and, without the least sign of incipient manhood; but he was very savage nevertheless. Not being permitted to pummel the boys when the Domine was in the school-room, he played the tyrant most effectually when he was left commanding officer. The noise and hubbub certainly warranted his interference—the respect paid to him was positively *nil*. His practice was, to select the most glaring delinquent, and let fly his ruler at him, with immediate orders to bring it back. These orders were complied with for more than one reason; in the first place, was the offender hit, he was glad that another

[1] Continued from p. 141.

should have his turn; in the second, Mr. Knapps being a very bad shot, (never having drove a Kamschatsdale team of dogs,) he generally missed the one he aimed at, and hit some other, who, if he did not exactly deserve it at that moment, certainly did for previous, or would for subsequent, delinquencies. In the latter case, the ruler was brought back to him because there was no injury inflicted, although intended. However, were it as it may, the ruler was always returned to him, and thus did Mr. Knapps pelt the boys as if they were cocks on Shrove Tuesday, to the great risk of their heads and limbs. I have little further to say of Mr. Knapps, except that he wore a black shalloon loose coat; on the left sleeve of which he wiped his pen, and upon the right, but too often, his ever snivelling nose.

"What is that, boy?" said Mr. Knapps, pointing to the letter A.

I looked attentively, and recognizing, as I thought, one of my father's hieroglyphics, replied, "That's half a bushel;" and I was certainly warranted in my supposition.

"Half a bushel. You're more than half a fool. That's the letter *A*."

"No; it's half a bushel; father told me so."

"Then your father was as big a fool as yourself."

"Father knew what half a bushel was, and so do I: that's half a bushel."

"I tell you it's the letter A," cried Mr. Knapps, in a rage.

"It's half a bushel," replied I doggedly. I persisted in my assertion, and Mr. Knapps, who dared not punish me while the Domine was present, descended his throne of one step, and led me up to the master.

"I can do nothing with this boy, sir," said he, as red as fire, "he denies the first letter in the alphabet, and insists upon it that the letter A is not A, but half a bushel."

"Dost thou, in thine ignorance, pretend to teach when thou comest here to learn, Jacob Faithful?"

"Father always told me that that thing there meant half a bushel."

"Thy father might, perhaps, have used that letter to signify the measure which thou speakest of, in the same way as I, in my mathematics, use divers letters for known and unknown quantities; but thou must forget that which thy father taught thee, and commence *de novo*. Dost thou understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Then, little Jacob, that represents the letter A, and whatever else Mr. Knapps may tell thee, thou wilt believe. Return, Jacob, and be docile."

I did not quit Mr. Knapps until I had run through the alphabet, and then returned to my form, that I might con it over at my leisure, puzzling myself with the strange complexity of forms, of which the alphabet was composed. I felt heated and annoyed by the constraint of my shoes, always an object of aversion from the time I had put them on. I drew my foot out of one, then out of the other, and thought no more of them for some time. In the meanwhile the boys next me had passed them on with their feet to the others, and thus were they shuffled along until they were right up to the master's

desk. I missed them, and perceiving that there was mirth at my expense, I narrowly and quietly watched up and down, until I perceived one of the head boys of the school, who sat nearest to the Domine, catch up one of my shoes, and, the Domine being then in an absent fit, drop it into his coat pocket. A short time afterwards he got up, went to Mr. Knapps, put a question to him, and while it was being answered he dropped the other into the pocket of the usher, and tittering to the other boys, returned to his seat. I said nothing, but when the hours of school were over, the Domine looked at his watch, blew his nose, which made the whole of the boys pop up their heads like the clansmen of Rhoderick Dhu, when summoned by his horn, folded up his large pocket handkerchief slowly and reverently, as if it were a banner, put it into his pocket, and uttered in a solemn tone, "*Tempus est ludendi.*" As this Latin phrase was used every day, at the same hour, every boy in the school understood so much Latin. A rush from all the desks ensued, and amidst shouting, yelling, and leaping, every soul disappeared except myself, who remained fixed to my form. The Domine rose from his pulpit and descended, the usher did the same, and both approached me on their way to their respective apartments.

"Jacob Faithful, why still porest thou over thy book—didst thou not understand that the hours of recreation had arrived? Why risest thou not upon thy feet like the others?"

"'Cause I've got no shoes."

"And where are thy shoes, Jacob?"

"One's in your pocket," replied I, "and t'other's in his'n."

Each party placed their hands behind, and felt the truth of the assertion.

"Expound, Jacob," said the Domine, "who hath done this?"

"The big boy with the red hair, and a face picked all over with holes like the strainers in master's kitchen," replied I.

"Mr. Knapps, it would be *infra dig.* on my part, and also on yours, to suffer this disrespect to pass unnoticed. Ring in the boys."

The boys were rung in, and I was desired to point out the offender, which I immediately did, and who as stoutly denied the offence; but he had abstracted my shoe-strings, and put them into his own shoes. I recognized them, and it was sufficient.

"Barnaby Bracegirdle," said the Domine, "thou art convicted not only of disrespect towards me and Mr. Knapps, but further of the grievous sin of lying. Simon Swapps, let him be hoisted."

He was hoisted; his nether garments descended, and then the birch descended with all the vigour of the Domine's muscular arm. Barnaby Bracegirdle showed every symptom of his disapproval of the measures taken; but Simon Swapps held fast, and the Domine flogged fast. After a minute's flagellation, Barnaby was let down, his yellow tights pulled up, and the boys dismissed. Barnaby's face was red, but the antipodes were redder. The Domine departed, leaving us together, he adjusting his inexpressibles, I putting in my shoe-strings. By the time Barnaby had buttoned up and wiped his eyes, I had succeeded in standing in my shoes. There we were *tête-à-tête.*

"Now, then," said Barnaby, holding one fist to my face, while, with the other open hand he rubbed behind, "come out in the play-ground, Mr. *Cinderella*, and see if I won't drub you within an inch of your life,"

"It's no use crying," said I, soothingly, for I had not wished him to be flogged. "What's done can't be helped. Did it hurt you much?" This intended consolation was taken for sarcasm. Barnaby stormed. "Take it coolly," observed I. Barnaby waxed even more wrath. "Better luck next time," continued I, trying to soothe him. Barnaby was outrageous—he shook his fist and ran into the play-ground, daring me to follow him. His threats had no weight with me; not wishing to remain in-doors, I followed him in a minute or two, when I found him surrounded by the other boys, to whom he was in loud and vehement harangue.

"Cinderella, where's your glass slippers?" cried the boys, as I made my appearance.

"Come out, you water-rat," cried Barnaby, "you son of a cinder."

"Come out and fight him, or else you're a coward," exclaimed the whole host from No. 1 to No 66, inclusive.

"He's had beating enough already, to my mind," replied I, "but he'd better not touch me—I can use my arms." A ring was formed, in the centre of which I found Barnaby and myself. He took off his clothes, and I did the same. He was much older and stronger than I, and knew something about fighting. One boy came forward as my second. Barnaby advanced and held out his hand, which I shook heartily, thinking it was all over; but immediately received a right and left on the face, which sent me reeling backwards. This was a complete mystery, but it raised my bile, and I returned it with interest. I was very strong in my arms, as may be supposed, and I threw them about like the sails of a windmill, never hitting straight out, but with semi-circular blows, which descended on or about his ears. On the contrary, his blows were all received straight forward, and my nose and face were soon covered with blood. As I warmed with pain and rage, I flung about my arms at random, and Barnaby gave me a knock-down blow. I was picked up, and sat upon my second's knee, who whispered to me as I spit the blood out of my mouth—"Take it coolly, and make sure when you hit." My own—my father's maxim—coming from another it struck with double force, and I never forgot it during the remainder of the fight. Again we were standing up face to face; again I received it right and left, and returned it upon his right and left ear. Barnaby rushed in—I was down again. "Better luck next time," said I to my second, as cool as a cucumber. A third and a fourth round succeeded, all apparently in Barnaby's favour, but really in mine. My face was beat to a mummy, but he was what is termed groggy, from the constant return of blows on the side of the head. Again we stood up, panting and exhausted. Barnaby rushed at me, and I avoided him: before he could return to the attack, I had again planted two severe blows upon his ears, and he reeled. He shook his head, and, with his fists in the attitude of defence, asked me whether I had had enough. "*He* has," said my second; "stick to him now, Jacob, and you'll

beat him." I did stick to him; three or four more blows applied to the same part, finished him, and he fell senseless on the ground.

"You've settled him," cried my second.

"What's done can't be helped," replied I. "Is he dead?"

"What's all this?" cried Mr. Knapps, pressing his way through the crowd, followed by the matron.

"Barnaby and Cinderella having it out, sir," said one of the elder boys.

The matron, who had already a liking for me because I was good looking, and because I had been recommended to her care by Mrs. Drummond, ran to me,—"Well," says she, "if the Domine don't punish that big brute for this, I'll see whether I'm any body or not;" and taking me by the hand, she led me away. In the mean time Mr. Knapps surveyed Barnaby, who was still senseless, and desired the other boys to bring him in, and lay him on his bed. He breathed hard, but still remained senseless, and a surgeon was sent for, who found it necessary to bleed him copiously. He then, at the request of the matron, came to me; my features were undistinguishable, but elsewhere I was all right. As I stripped he examined my arms.

"It seemed strange," observed he, "that the bigger boy should be so severely punished; but this boy's arms are like little *sledge-hammers*. I recommend you," said he to the other boys, "not to fight with him, for some day or another he'll kill one of you."

This piece of advice was not forgotten by the other boys, and from that day I was the cock of the school. The name of Cinderella, given me by Barnaby, in ridicule of my mother's death, was immediately abandoned, and I suffered no more persecution. It was the custom of the Domine, whenever two boys fought, to flog them both, but in this instance it was not followed up, because I was not the aggressor, and my adversary narrowly escaped with his life. I was under the matron's care for a week, and Barnaby under the surgeon's hands for about the same time.

Neither was I less successful in my studies. I learnt rapidly after I had conquered the first rudiments; but I had another difficulty to conquer, which was my habit of construing every thing according to my confined ideas; the force of association had become so strong that I could not overcome it for a considerable length of time. Mr. Knapps continually complained of my being obstinate, when, in fact, I was anxious to please as well as to learn. For instance, in spelling, the first syllable always produced the association with something connected with my former way of life. I recollect the Domine once, and only once, gave me a caning, about a fortnight after I went to the school. I had been brought up by Mr. Knapps as contumelious.

"Jacob Faithful, how is this? thine head is good, yet wilt thou refuse learning. Tell me now, what does *c-a-t* spell." It was the pitch-pipe to *cat-head*, and I answered accordingly. "Nay, Jacob, it spells *cat*, take care of thine head on thy next reply. Understand me, head is not understood. Jacob, thine head is in jeopardy. Now Jacob, what does *m-a-t* spell?"

"*Chafing mat*," replied I.

"It spells mat only, silly boy; the chafing will be on my part directly. Now, Jacob, what does *d-o-g* spell?"

"Dog-kennel."

"Dog, Jacob, without the kennel. Thou art very contumelious, and deservest to be rolled in the kennel. Now, Jacob, this is the last time that thou triflest with me, what doth *h-a-t* spell?"

"Fur-cap," replied I, after some hesitation.

"Jacob, I feel the wrath rising within me, yet would I fain spare thee; if *h-a-t* spell fur-cap, pray advise me, what doth *c-a-p* spell then!"

"*Capstern.*"

"Indeed, Jacob, thy stern as well as thy head are in danger, and I suppose then *w-i-n-d* spells windlass, does it not?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, pleased to find that he agreed with me.

"Upon the same principle, what does *r-a-t* spell?"

"*Rat*, sir," replied I.

"Nay, Jacob, *r-a-t* must spell *rattan*, and as thou hast missed thine own mode of spelling, thou shalt not miss the cane." The Domine then applied it to my shoulders with considerable unction, much to the delight of Mr. Knapps, who thought the punishment was much too small for the offence. But I soon extricated myself from these associations, as my ideas extended, and was considered by the Domine as the cleverest boy in the school. Whether it were from natural intellect, or from my brain having laid fallow, as it were, for so many years, or probably from the two causes combined, I certainly learnt almost by instinct. I read my lesson once over, and threw my book aside, for I knew it all. I had not been six months at the school, before I discovered that, in a thousand instances, the affection of a father appeared towards me under the rough crust of the Domine. I think it was on the third day of the seventh month, that I afforded him a day of triumph and warming of his heart, when he took me for the first time into his little study, and put the Latin Accidence in my hands. I learnt my first lesson in a quarter of an hour; and I remember well how that unsmiling, grave man, looked into my smiling eyes, parting the chesnut curls, which the matron would not cut off, from my brows, and saying, *Bene fecisti, Jacobus.* Many times afterwards, when the lesson was over, he would fix his eyes upon me, fall back on his chair, and make me recount all I could remember of my former life, which was really nothing but a record of perceptions and feelings. He *could* attend to *me*, and as I related some early and singular impression, some conjecture of what I saw yet could not comprehend, on the shore which I had never touched, he would rub his hands with enthusiasm, and exclaim, "I have found a new book—an album, whereon I may write the deeds of heroes and the words of sages. *Carissime* Jacobus! how happy shall we be when we get into Virgil!" I hardly need say that I loved him—I did so from my heart, and learnt with avidity to please him. I felt that I was of consequence—my confidence in myself was unbounded. I walked proudly, yet I was not vain. My school-fellows hated me, but they feared me as much for my own prowess as for my interest with the master; but still many were the bitter gibes and inuendoes which I was obliged to hear as I sat down with them to

our meals. At other times I held communion with the Domine, the worthy old matron, and my books. We walked out every day, at first attended by Mr. Knapps the usher. The boys would not walk with me without they were ordered, and if ordered, most unwillingly. Yet I had given no cause of offence. The matron found it out, told the Domine, and ever after that, the Domine attended the boys, and led me by the hand.

This was of the greatest advantage to me, as he answered all my questions, which were not few, and each day I advanced in every variety of knowledge. Before I had been eighteen months at school, the Domine was unhappy without my company, and I was equally anxious for his presence. He was a father to me, and I loved him as a son should love a father, and as it will hereafter prove, he was my guide through life.

But although the victory over Barnaby Bracegirdle, and the idea of my prowess, procured me an enforced respect, still the Domine's good-will towards me was the occasion of a settled hostility. Affront me, or attack me openly, they dare not; but supported as the boys were by Mr. Knapps, the usher, who was equally jealous of my favour, and equally mean in spirit, they caballed to ruin me, if possible, in the good opinion of my master. Barnaby Bracegirdle had a talent for caricature, which was well known to all but the Domine. His first attempt against me was a caricature of my mother's death, in which she was represented as a lamp supplied from a gin-bottle, and giving flame out of her mouth. This was told to me, but I did not see it. It was given by Barnaby to Mr. Knapps, who highly commended it, and put it into his desk. After which, Barnaby made an oft-repeated caricature of the Domine with a vast nose, which he showed to the usher as *my* performance. The usher understood what Barnaby was at, and put it into his desk without comment. Several other ludicrous caricatures were made of the Domine, and of the matron, all of which were consigned to Mr. Knapps by the boys, as being the production of my pencil; but this was not sufficient—it was necessary I should be more clearly identified. It so happened, that one evening, when sitting with the Domine at my Latin, the matron and Mr. Knapps being in the adjoining room, the light, which had burnt close down, fell in the socket and went out. The Domine rose to get another; the matron also got up to fetch away the candlestick with the same intent. They met in the dark, and ran their heads together pretty hard. As this event was only known to Mr. Knapps and myself, he communicated it to Barnaby, wondering whether I should not make it a subject of one of my caricatures. Barnaby took the hint; in the course of a few hours, this caricature was added to the others. Mr. Knapps, to further his views, took an opportunity to mention with encomium my talent for drawing, adding that he had seen several of my performances. "The boy hath talent," replied the Domine; "he is a rich mine, from which much precious metal is to be obtained."

"I hear that thou hast the talent of drawing, Jacob," said he to me, a day or two afterwards.

"I never had in my life, sir," replied I.

"Nay, Jacob; I like modesty, but modesty should never lead to a denial of the truth. Remember, Jacob, that thou dost not repeat the fault."

I made no answer, as I felt convinced that I was not in fault; but that evening I requested the Domine to lend me a pencil, as I wished to try and draw. For some days, various scraps of my performance were produced, and received commendation. "The boy draweth well," observed the Domine to Mr. Knapps, as he examined my performance through his spectacles.

"Why should he have denied his being able to draw?" observed the usher.

"It was a fault arising from want of confidence, or modesty—even a virtue, carried to excess, may lead us into error."

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Ignorant of what had passed, I slept soundly; and the next morning found the matron very grave with me, which I could not comprehend. The Domine also took no notice of my morning salute; but supposing him to be rapt in Euclid at the time, I thought little of it. The breakfast passed over, and the bell rang for school. We were all assembled; the Domine walked in with a very magisterial air, followed by Mr. Knapps, who, instead of parting company when he arrived at his own desk, continued his course with the Domine to his pulpit. We all knew that there was something in the wind; but of all, perhaps, I was the least alarmed. The Domine unfolded his large handkerchief, waved it, blew his nose and the school into profound silence. "Jacob Faithful, draw near," said he, in a tone which proved that the affair was serious. I drew near, wondering. "Thou hast been accused by Mr. Knapps of caricaturing, and holding up to the ridicule of the school, me—thy master. Upon any other boy, such disrespect should be visited severely; but from thee, Jacob, I must add, in the words of Cæsar, '*et tu, Brute,*' I expected, I had a right to expect, otherwise. *Omnia vitia ingratitudo in se complectitur.* Thou understandest me, Jacob—guilty, or not guilty?"

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"He pleadeth not guilty, Mr. Knapps: proceed, then, to prove thy charge."

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"That I acknowledge," said the Domine; "and all reflect upon my nose. It is true that my nose is of large dimensions, but it was the will of heaven that I should be so endowed; yet are the noses of these figures even larger than mine own could warrant, if the limner were correct, and not malicious. Still have they merit," continued the Domine, looking at some of them; and I heard a gentle *cluck, cluck*, in his throat, as he laughed at his own *mis*-representations. "*Artes adumbratæ meruit ceu sedula laudem*, as Prudentius hath it. I have no time to finish the quotation."

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"I perceive," replied the Domine, looking at it through his spectacles, when put into his hand. "The arcana of the study have been violated."

"But, sir," continued Mr. Knapps, "here is a more convincing proof. You observe this caricature of yourself, with his own name put to it—his own hand-writing. I recognized it immediately; and happening to turn over his Cornelius Nepos, observed the first blank leaf torn out. Here it is, sir; and you will observe that it fits on to the remainder of the leaf in the book exactly."

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"Nay, that were an injustice," replied the Domine; "but what defence canst thou offer? *Oh puer infelix et sceleratus!*"

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The Domine handed them to me in silence. I looked them all over, and immediately knew them to be drawn by Barnaby Bracegirdle. The last particularly struck me. I had felt confounded and frightened with the strong evidence brought against me; but this re-assured me, and I spoke boldly. "These drawings are by Barnaby Bracegirdle, sir, and not by me. I never drew a caricature in my life."

"So didst thou assert that thou couldst not draw, and afterwards proved by thy pencil to the contrary, Jacob Faithful."

"I knew not that I was able to draw when I said so; but I wished to draw when you supposed I was able—I did not like that you

"Nay, Jacob; I like modesty, but modesty should never lead to a denial of the truth. Remember, Jacob, that thou dost not repeat the fault."

I made no answer, as I felt convinced that I was not in fault; but that evening I requested the Domine to lend me a pencil, as I wished to try and draw. For some days, various scraps of my performance were produced, and received commendation. "The boy draweth well," observed the Domine to Mr. Knapps, as he examined my performance through his spectacles.

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should give me credit for what I could not do. It was to please you, sir, that I asked for the pencil."

"I wish it were as thou statest, Jacob—I wish from my inmost soul that thou wert not guilty."

"Will you ask Mr. Knapps from whom he had these drawings, and at what time? There are a great many of them."

"Answer, Mr. Knapps, to the question of Jacob Faithful."

"They have been given to me by the boys at different times, during this last month."

"Well, Mr. Knapps, point out the boys who gave them."

Mr. Knapps called out eight or ten boys, who came forward.

"Did Barnaby Bracegirdle give you none of them, Mr. Knapps?" said I, perceiving that Barnaby was not summoned.

"No," replied Mr. Knapps.

"If you please, sir," said I, to the Domine, "with respect to the leaf out of my Nepos, the Jacob Faithful was written on it by me, on the day that you gave it to me; but the *fecit*, and the caricature of yourself, is not mine. How it came there I don't know."

"Thou hast disproved nothing, Jacob," replied the Domine.

"But I have proved something, sir. On what day was it that I asked you for the pencil to draw with? Was it not on a Saturday?"

"Last Saturday week, I think it was."

"Well, then, sir, Mr. Knapps told you the day before, that I could draw?"

"He did; and thou deniedst it."

"How, then, does Mr. Knapps account for not producing the caricatures of mine, which he says that he has collected for a whole month? Why didn't he give them to you before?"

"Thou puttest it shrewdly," replied the Domine. "Answer, Mr. Knapps, why didst thou, for a fortnight at the least, conceal thy knowledge of his offence?"

"I wished to have more proofs," replied the usher.

"Thou hearest, Jacob Faithful."

"Pray, sir, did you ever hear me speak of my poor mother but with kindness?"

"Never, Jacob; thou hast ever appeared dutiful."

"Please, sir, to call up John Williams."

"John Williams, No. 37, draw near."

"Williams," said I, "did not you tell me that Barnaby Bracegirdle had drawn my mother flaming at the mouth?"

"Yes, I did."

My indignation now found vent in a torrent of tears. "Now, sir," cried I, "if you believe that I drew the caricatures of you and Mrs. Bately—did I draw this, which is by the same person?" And I handed up to the Domine the caricature of my mother, which Mr. Knapps had inadvertently produced at the bottom of the rest. Mr. Knapps turned white as a sheet. The Domine looked at the caricature, and was silent for some time. At last he turned to the usher, "From whom didst thou obtain this, Mr. Knapps?"

Mr. Knapps replied, in his confusion, "From Barnaby Bracegirdle."

"It was but this moment, thou didst state that thou hadst received none from Barnaby Bracegirdle. Thou hast contradicted thyself, Mr. Knapps. Jacob did not draw his mother; and the pencil is the same as that which drew the rest—*ergo*, he did not, I really believe, draw one of them. *Ite procul fraudes.* God, I thank thee, that the innocent have been protected. Narrowly hast thou escaped these toils, O Jacob—*Cum populo et* duce *fraudulento.* And now for punishment. Barnaby Bracegirdle, thou gavest this caricature to Mr. Knapps; from whence hadst thou it? Lie not."

Barnaby turned red and white, and then acknowledged that the drawing was his own.

"You, boys," cried the Domine, waving his rod, which he had seized, "you who gave these drawings to Mr. Knapps, tell me from whom they came."

The boys, frightened at the Domine's looks, immediately replied in a breath, "From Barnaby Bracegirdle."

"Then, Barnaby Bracegirdle, from whom didst thou receive them?" inquired the Domine. Barnaby was dumb-founded. "Tell the truth; didst not thou draw them thyself, since thou didst not receive them from other people?"

Barnaby fell upon his knees, and related the whole circumstances, particularly the way in which the Cornelius Nepos had been obtained, through the medium of Mr. Knapps. The indignation of the Domine was now beyond all bounds. I never had seen him so moved before. He appeared to rise at least a foot more in stature: his eyes sparkled, his great nose turned red, his nostrils dilated, and his mouth was more than half open, to give vent to the ponderous breathing from his chest. His whole appearance was withering to the culprits.

"For thee, thou base, degraded, empty-headed, and venomous little abortion of a man, I have no words to signify my contempt. By the governors of this charity I leave thy conduct to be judged; but until they meet, thou shalt not pollute and contaminate the air of this school by thy presence. If thou hast one spark of good feeling in thy petty frame, beg pardon of this poor boy, whom thou wouldst have ruined by thy treachery. If not, hasten to depart, lest in my wrath I apply to the teacher the punishment intended for the scholar, but of which thou art more deserving than even Barnaby Bracegirdle."

Mr. Knapps said nothing, hastened out of the school, and that evening quitted his domicile. When the governors met he was expelled with ignominy. "Simon Swapps, hoist up Barnaby Bracegirdle." Most strenuously and most indefatigably was the birch applied to Barnaby, a second time through me. Barnaby howled and kicked, howled and kicked, and kicked again. At last the Domine was tired. "*Consonat omne nemus strepitu,* (for *nemus* read school-room,)" exclaimed the Domine, laying down the rod, and pulling out his handkerchief to wipe his face. "*Calcitrat, ardescunt germani cæde bimembres,* that last quotation is happy," (cluck, cluck.) He then blew his nose, addressed the boys in a long oration—paid me a handsome compliment upon my able defence—proved to all those who chose to listen to him, that innocence would always confound guilt—intimated to Barnaby that he must leave the school, and then finding himself worn

out with exhaustion, gave the boys a holiday, that they might reflect upon what had passed, and which they duly profited by, in playing at marbles, and peg in the ring. He then dismissed the school, took me by the hand, and led me into his study, where he gave vent to his strong and affectionate feelings towards me, until the matron came to tell us that dinner was ready.

After this, every thing went on well. The Domine's kindness and attention were unremitting, and no one ever thought of caballing against me. My progress became most rapid; I had conquered Virgil, taken Tacitus by storm, and was reading the odes of Horace. I had passed triumphantly through decimals, and was busily employed in mensuration of solids, when one evening I was seized with a giddiness in my head. I complained to the matron; she felt my hands, pronounced me feverish, and ordered me to bed. I passed a restless night; the next morning I attempted to rise, but a heavy burning ball rolled as it were in my head, and I fell back on my pillow. The matron came, was alarmed at my state, and sent for the surgeon, who pronounced that I had caught the typhus fever, then raging through the vicinity. This was the first time in my life that I had known a day's sickness—it was a lesson I had yet to learn. The surgeon bled me, and giving directions to the matron, promised to call again. In a few hours I was quite delirious—my senses ran wild. One moment I thought I was with little Sarah Drummond, walking in green fields, holding her by the hand. I turned round, and she was no longer there, but I was in the lighter, and my hand grasped the cinders of my mother; my father stood before me, again jumped overboard and disappeared; again the dark black column ascended from the cabin, and I was prostrate on the deck. Then I was once more alone on the placid and noble Thames, the moon shining bright, and the sweep in my hand, tiding up the reach, and admiring the foliage, which hung in dark shadows over the banks. I saw the slopes of green, so pure and so fresh by that sweet light, and in the distance counted the numerous spires of the great monster city, and beheld the various bridges spanning over the water. The faint ripple of the tide was harmony, the reflection of the moon, beauty; I felt happiness in my heart; I was no longer the charity boy, but the pilot of the barge. Then, as I would survey the scene, there was something that invariably presented itself between my eyes and the object of my scrutiny; whichever way I looked it stood in my way, and I could not remove it. It was like a cloud, yet transparent, and with a certain undefined shape. I tried for some time, but in vain, to decypher it, but could not. At last it appeared to cohese into a form—it was the Domine's great nose, magnified into that of the Scripture, "which looketh towards Damascus." My temples throbbed with agony—I burned all over. I had no exact notions of death in bed, except that of my poor mother, and I thought that I was to die like her; the horrible fear seized me that all this burning was but prefatory to bursting out into flame and consuming to ashes. The dread hung about my young heart and turned that to ice, while the rest of my body was on fire. This was my last recollection, and then all was blank. For many days I lay unconscious of either pain or existence, when I awoke from

my stupor, my wandering senses gradually returning. I opened my eyes, and dimly perceived something before me that cut across my vision in a diagonal line. As the mist cleared away, and I recovered myself, I made out that it was the nose of Domine Dobiensis, who was kneeling at the bed-side, his nose adumbrating the coverlid of my bed, his spectacles dimmed with tears, and his grey wig pulled over his brow, and shadowing his eyes. He was all wig and nose. I was not frightened, but I was too weak to stir or speak. His prayer-book was in his hand, and he still remained on his knees. He had been praying for me. Supposing me still insensible, he broke out in the following soliloquy.

"*Naviculator parvus pallidus*—how beautiful even in death! My poor lighter-boy, that hath mastered the rudiments, and triumphed over the Accidence—but to die! *Levius puer*, a puerile conceit, yet I love it, as I do thee. How my heart bleeds for thee! The icy breath of death hath whitened thee, as the hoar frost whitens the autumnal rose. Why wert thou transplanted from thine own element? Young prince of the stream—lord of the lighter—'*Enaviganda sive reges*'—heir apparent to the tiller—betrothed to the sweep—wedded to the deck—how art thou laid low! Where is the blooming cheek, ruddy with the browning air? where the bright and swimming eye? Alas! where? '*Tum brevitur diræ mortis aperta via est*,' as sweet Tibullus hath it;" and the Domine sobbed anew. "Had this stroke fallen upon me, the aged, the ridiculed, the little regarded, the ripe one for the sickle, it would have been well,—(yet fain would I have instructed thee still more before I quitted the scene—fain have left thee the mantle of learning.) Thou knowest, Lord, that I walk wearily, as in a desert, that I am heavily burdened, and that my infirmities are many. Must I then mourn over thee, thou promising one—must I say with the epigrammatist—

'Hic jacet in tumulo, raptus in puerilibus annis,
'Jacob Faithful domini cura dolorque sui.'

True, most true. Hast thou quitted the element thou so joyously controlled, and come upon the terra firma for thy grave?

'Si licet inde sibi tellus placata levique,
'Artificis non levior non potes esse manu.'

Earth, lay light upon the lighter-boy—the lotus, the water lily, that hath been cast on shore to die. Had'st thou lived, Jacob, I would have taught thee the Humanities; we would have conferred pleasantly together. I would have poured out my learning to thee, my Absalom, my son!"

He rose, and stood over me; the tears coursed down his long nose from both his eyes, and from the point of it poured out like a little rain gutter upon the coverlid. I understood not all his words, but I understood the spirit of them—it was love. I feebly stretched forth my arms, and articulated "Domine." The old man clasped his hands, looked upwards, and said, "O God, I thank thee—he will live. Hush, hush, my sweet one, thou must not prate;" and he retired on tiptoe, and I heard him mutter triumphantly, as he walked away, "He called me 'Domine.'"

From that hour I rapidly recovered, and in three weeks was again at my studies. I was now within six months of being fourteen years old, and Mr. Drummond, who had occasionally called to ascertain my progress, came to confer with the Domine upon my future prospects. "All that I can do for him, Mr. Dobbs," said my former master, "is to bind him apprentice to serve his time on the River Thames, and that cannot be done until he is fourteen. Will the rules of the school permit his remaining?"

"The regulations do not exactly, but I will," replied the Domine; "I have asked nothing for my long services, and the governors will not refuse me such a slight favour; should they, I will charge myself with him, that he may not lose his precious time. What sayest thou, Jacob, dost thou feel inclined to return to thy father Thames?"

I replied in the affirmative, for the recollections of my former life were those of independence and activity.

"Thou hast decided well, Jacob—the tailor at his needle, the shoemaker at his last, the serving-boy to an exacting mistress, and all those apprenticed to the various trades, have no time for improvement, but afloat there are moments of quiet and of peace—the still night for reflection, the watch for meditation; and even the adverse wind or tide leaves moments of leisure, which may be employed to advantage. Then wilt thou call to mind the stores of learning which I have laid up in thy garner, and wilt add to them by perseverance and industry. Thou hast yet six months to profit by, and, with the blessing of God, those six months shall not be thrown away."

Mr. Drummond having received my consent to be bound apprentice, wished me farewell, and departed. During the six months, the Domine pressed me hard, almost too hard, but I worked for *love*, and to please him, I was most diligent. At last—the time had flown away, the six months were more than expired, and Mr. Drummond made his appearance, with a sailor, carrying a bundle under his arm. I slipped off my pepper-and-salt, my yellows, and my badge, dressed myself in a neat blue jacket and trowsers, and, with many exhortations from the Domine, and kind wishes from the matron, I bade farewell to them, and to the charity school, and in an hour was once more under the roof of the kind Mrs. Drummond.

But how different were my sensations to those which oppressed me when I had before entered. I was no longer a little savage, uneducated, and confused in my ideas. On the contrary, I was full of imagination, and confident in myself, and in my own powers, cultivated in mind, and proud of my success. The finer feelings of my nature had been called into play. I felt gratitude, humility, and love, at the same time that I was aware of my own capabilities. In person I had much improved, as well as much increased in stature. I walked confident and elastic, joying in the world, hoping, anticipating, and kindly disposed towards my fellow creatures. I knew, I felt my improvement, my total change of character, and it was with sparkling eyes that I looked up at the window, where I saw Mrs. Drummond and little Sarah watching my return and re-appearance, after an absence of three years.

Mrs. Drummond had been prepared by her husband to find a great

improvement, but still, she looked for a second or two with wonder as I entered the room, with my hat in my hand, and paid my obeisance. She extended her hand to me, which I took respectfully.

"I should not have known you, Jacob. You have grown quite a man," said she, smiling. Sarah held back, looking at me with pleased astonishment; but I went up to her, and she timidly accepted my hand. I had left her as my superior—I returned, and she soon perceived that I had a legitimate right to the command. It was some time before she would converse, and much longer before she would become intimate; but when she did so, it was no longer the little girl encouraging the untutored boy by kindness, or laughing at his absurdities, but looking up to him with respect and affection, and taking his opinion as a guide for her own. I had gained the *power of knowledge.*

By the regulations of the Waterman's Company, it is necessary that every one who wishes to ply on the river on his own account, should serve as an apprentice, from the age of fourteen to twenty-one; at all events, he must serve an apprenticeship for seven years, and be fourteen years old before he signs the articles. This apprenticeship may be served in any description of vessel which sails or works on the river, whether it be barge, lighter, fishing-smack, or a boat of larger dimensions; and it is not until that apprenticeship is served, that he can work on his own account, either in a wherry or any other craft. Mr. Drummond offered to article me on board of one of his own lighters, free of all expense, leaving me at liberty to change into any other vessel that I might think proper. I gratefully accepted the proposal, went with him to Waterman's Hall, signed the bond, and thus was, at the age of fourteen, "*Bound 'prentice to a Waterman.*"

HOW TO WRITE A BOOK OF TRAVELS.—No. I.

Mr. Ansard's Chambers.

Ansard (alone.) Well, I thought it hard enough to write a novel at the dictate of the bibliopolist; but to be condemned to sit down and write my travels—travels that have never extended farther than the Lincoln's Inn Coffee House for my daily food, and a walk to Hampstead on a Sunday. These travels to be swelled into Travels up the Rhine in the year 18—. Why, it's impossible. O that Barnstable were here, for he has proved my guardian angel! Lazy, clever dog!

Enter Barnstable.

B. Pray, my dear Ansard, to whom did you apply that last epithet?

A. My dear Barnstable, I never was more happy to see you. Sit down, I have much to tell you, all about myself and my difficulties.

B. The conversation promises to be interesting to me, at all events.

A. Every thing is interesting to true friendship.

B. Now I perceive that you do want something. Well, before you state your case, tell me, how did the novel go off?

A. Wonderfully well. It was ascribed to Lord Goderich: the bait took, and 750 went off in a first edition, and the remainder of the copies printed, went off in a second.

B. Without being reprinted.

A. Exactly. I was surprised at my success, and told Colburn so; but he answered that he could sell an edition of any trash he pleased.

B. That was not flattering.

A. Not very; but his bill was honoured, and that consoled me. However, to proceed to business—he has given me another order—A Journey up the Rhine, in two vols. large octavo, in the year 18—. Now, Barnstable, what's to be done?

B. Write it, to be sure.

A. But you well know I have never been out of England in my life.

B. Never mind, write it.

A. Yes, it's very well to say write it; but how the devil am I to write it? Write what I have never seen—detail events which never occurred—describe views of that which I have not even an idea—travel post in my old arm-chair. It's all very well to say write it, but tell me, how.

B. I say again, write it, and pocket the money. Ansard, allow me to state that you are a greenhorn. I will make this mountain of difficulties vanish and melt away like snow before the powerful rays of the sun. You are told to write what you have never seen; but if you have not, others have, which will serve your purpose just as well. To detail events which have never occurred—invent them, they will

be more amusing. Describe views, &c. of which you are ignorant—so are most of your readers; but have we not the art of engraving to assist you? To travel post in your arm-chair—a very pleasant and a very profitable way of travelling, as you have not to pay for the horses and postillions, and are not knocked to pieces by continental roads. Depend upon it, the best travels are those written at home, by those who have never put their foot into the Calais packet-boat.

A. To me this is all a mystery. I certainly must be a greenhorn, as you observe.

B. Why, Ansard, my dear fellow, with a book of roads and a gazetteer, I would write a more amusing book of travels than one half which are now foisted on the public. All you have to do is to fill up the chinks.

A. All I want to do is to fill up the chinks in my stomach, Barnstable; for, between you and me, times are rather queer.

B. You shall do it, if you will follow my advice. I taught you how to write a fashionable novel, it will be hard indeed if I cannot send you up the Rhine. One little expense must be incurred—you must subscribe a quarter to a circulating library, for I wish that what you do should be well done.

A. Barnstable, I will subscribe—to any thing.

B. Well, then, since you are so reasonable, I will proceed. You must wade through all the various "Journies on the Rhine," "Two Months on the Rhine," "Autumns on the Rhine," &c. which you can collect. This, you will find the most tiresome part of your task. Select one as your guide, one who has a reputation; follow his course, not exactly—that I will explain afterwards—and agree with him in every thing, generally speaking. Praise his exactitude and fidelity, and occasionally quote him; this is but fair: after you rob a man, (and I intend you shall rifle him most completely,) it is but decent to give him kind words. All others you must abuse, contradict, and depreciate. Now, there is a great advantage in so doing: in the first place, you make the best writer your friend—he forgets your larcenies in your commendation of him, and in your abuse of others. If his work be correct, so must your's be; he praises it every where—perhaps finds you out, and asks you to dine with him.

A. How should I ever look at his injured face?

B. On the contrary, he is the obliged party—your travels are a puff to his own.

A. But, Barnstable, allowing that I follow this part of your advice, which I grant to be very excellent, how can I contradict others, when they may be, and probably are, perfectly correct in their assertions?

B. If they are so, virtue must be its own reward. It is necessary that you write a book of travels, and all travellers contradict each other—*ergo*, you must contradict, or nobody will believe that you have travelled. Not only contradict, but sneer at them.

A. Well, now, do explain how that is to be done.

B. Nothing more simple: for instance, a man measures a certain remarkable piece of antiquity—its length is 747 feet. You must measure it over again, and declare that he is in error, that it is only

727. To be sure of your being correct, measure it *twice* over, and then convict him.

A. But surely, Barnstable, one who has measured it, is more likely to be correct than one who has not.

B. I'll grant you that he is correct to half an inch—that's no matter. The public will, in all probability, believe you, because you are the last writer, and because you have *decreased* the dimensions. Travellers are notorious for amplification, and if the public do not believe you, let them go and measure it themselves.

A. A third traveller may hereafter measure it, and find that I am in the wrong.

B. Ten to one if you are not both in the wrong; but what matter will that be, your book will have been sold.

A. Most true, O king! I perceive now the general outline, and I feel confident, that with your kind assistance, I may accomplish it. But, Barnstable, the beginning is every thing. If I only had the first chapter as a start, I think I could get on. It is the *modus* that I want—the style. A first chapter would be a key-note for the remainder of the tune, with all the variations.

B. Well, then, take up your pen. But before I commence, it may be as well to observe, that there is a certain method required, even in writing travels. In every chapter you should have certain landmarks to guide you. For instance, enumerate the following, and select the works from which they may be obtained, so as to mix up the instructive with the amusing. Travelling—remarks on country passed through—anecdote—arrival at a town—churches—population—historical remarks—another anecdote—eating and drinking—natural curiosities—egotism—remarks on the women (never mind the men)—another anecdote—reflections—an adventure—and go to bed. You understand, Ansard, that in these memoranda you have all that is required; the rule is not to be followed absolutely, but generally. As you observed, such is to be the tune, but your variations may be infinite. When at a loss, or you think you are dull, always call in a grisette, and a little mystery; and, above all, never be afraid of talking too much about yourself.

A. Many, many thanks; but now, my dear Barnstable, for the first chapter.

B. Let your style be flowery—I should say florid—never mind a false epithet or two in a page, they will never be observed. A great deal depends upon the first two pages—you must not limp at starting; we will, therefore, be particular. Take your pen.

[*Barnstable muses for a little while, and then continues.*

" A severe cough, which refused to yield even to the balmy influence of the genial spring of 18—, and threatened a pulmonary complaint, induced me to yield to the reiterated persuasions of my physicians to try a change of air, as most likely to ward off the threatened danger. Where to direct my steps was the difficult point to ascertain. Brighton, Torquay, Cromer, Ilfracombe, had all been visited and revisited. At either of these fashionable resorts I was certain to fall in with a numerous acquaintance, whose persuasions would have induced me to depart from that regularity of diet and of rest, so im-

periously insisted upon by my medical advisers. After much cogitation, I resolved upon a journey up the Rhine, and to escape the ruthless winter of our northern clime in the more genial land of history."

A. Land of history—I presume you mean Italy; but am I to go there?

B. No, you may recover, and come back again to skate upon the Serpentine, if you please. You observe, Ansard, I have not made you a fellow with 50*l.* in his pocket, setting out to turn it into 300*l.* by a book of travels. I have avoided mention of Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and all common watering-places; I have talked of physicians in the plural; in short, no one who reads that paragraph, but will suppose that you are a young man of rank and fortune, to whom money is no object, and who spends hundreds to cure that which might be effected by a little regularity, and a few doses of ipecacuanha.

A. I wish it were so. Nevertheless, I'll travel *en grand seigneur* —that's more agreeable, even in imagination, than being rumbled in a "*diligence.*"

B. And will produce more respect for your work, I can assure you. But to proceed. Always, when you leave England, talk about *hospitality.* The English like it. Have you no relations or friends in whose opinion you wish to stand well? Public mention in print does wonders, especially with a copy handsomely bound "from the author."

A. Really, Barnstable, I do not know any one. My poor mother is in Cumberland, and that is not *en route.* I have a maternal uncle of the name of Forster, who lives on the road—a rich, old, miserly bachelor; but I can't say much for his hospitality. I have called upon him twice, and he has never even asked me to dinner.

B. Never mind. People like being praised for a virtue which they do not possess—it may prove a legacy. Say, then, that you quitted the hospitable roof of your worthy and excellent-hearted relation, Mr. Forster, and felt——

A. Felt how?

B. How—why you felt, as he wrung your hand, that there was a sudden dissolution of the ties of kindred and affection.

A. There always has been in that quarter, so my conscience is so far clear.

B. You arrive at Dovor, (mind you spell it Dovor,)—go to bed tired and reflective—embark early the next morning—a rough passage——

A. And sea-sick, of course?

B. No, Ansard, there I'll give you a proof of my tact—you shan't be sea-sick.

A. But I'm sure I should be.

B. All travellers are, and all fill up a page or two with complaints, *ad nauseam*—for that reason sick you shall not be. Observe—to your astonishment you are not sea-sick: the other passengers suffer dreadfully; one young dandy puffs furiously at a cigar in bravado, until he sends it over the side, like an arrow from the blow-pipe of a

South American Indian. Introduce a husband with a pretty wife—he jealous as a dog, until he is sick as a cat—your attentions—she pillowed on your arms, while he hangs over the lee gunwale—her gratitude—safe arrival at Calais—sweet smiles of the lady—sullen deportment of the gentleman—a few hints—and draw the veil. Do you understand?

A. Perfectly. I can manage all that.

B. Then when you put your foot on shore, you must, for the first time, *feel sea-sick.*

A. On shore?

B. Yes; reel about, not able to stand—every symptom as if on board. Express your surprise at the strange effect, pretend not to explain it, leave that to medical men, it being sufficient for you to state the *fact.*

A. The *fact!* O Barnstable!

B. That will be a great hit for a first chapter. You reverse the order of things.

A. That I do most certainly. Shall I finish the first chapter with that *fact?*

B. No. Travellers always go to bed at the end of each chapter. It is a wise plan, and to a certain degree it must be followed. You must have a baggage adventure—be separated from it—some sharp little urchin has seized upon your valise—it is no where to be found—quite in despair—walk to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and find that you are met by the landlord and garçons, who inform you that your carriage is in the remise, and your rooms ready—ascend to your bedroom—find that your baggage is not only there, but neatly laid out—your portmanteau unstrapped—your trunk uncorded—and the little rascal of a commissaire standing by with his hat in his hand, and a smile *de malice*, having installed *himself* as your *domestique de place*—take him for his impudence—praise the "*Cotelettes* and the *vin de Beaune*"—wish the reader good night, and go to bed. Thus ends the first chapter.

[*Ansard gets up and takes Barnstable's hand, which he shakes warmly, without speaking. Barnstable smiles and walks out. Ansard is left hard at work at his desk.*]

(To be continued.)

THE SPANISH BARBER.[1]

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Seville—Travelling Companions—The strange Society, *del Alba*—Carmona—Its Youth—Cordova, the Mosque, and Zanganillo—Appearance of *La Mancha*—Desert, and stewed Partridges—Arrival at Valdepenas—Good Dinner—*Tio* Carrona and his Daughter—Zanganillo's siesta—Speculation on Pets—The Ram of the Inn—Extraordinary and unexpected Feat performed by the clever Animal—Horror of the Friar—Preparation for Battle—The Inn in Commotion—Arrival of a Capuchin—Remarks on Robbers—Captain Salado—The Dormitory—Penance of the Heat and Fleas—A Spree—A *striking* Scene—Uncomfortable Night—Continuation of our Journey.

"To resume my narrative, Don Felix," said the barber. "We left Seville early in the morning; but before I proceed any further on my journey, it will be as well to say a word concerning our travelling companions. Of these, the most conspicuous was that very extraordinary personage, the reverend Father Zanganillo. He was called to Madrid on urgent business. Some said to get a place for a nephew, some to visit a relative from whom he had expectations, and some merely to see the capital. Then there was a Don Andres del Pinar, a gentleman of good education and great abilities, the very antipodes to my young master. Then came a thin, shrivelled, melancholy looking individual, dressed in a sober suit of sables that had certainly seen better days; nor was the brown *capa*, in which he was enveloped, indicative of better prospects; the name of this lugubrious person was Lesmes Matraca, and he was going to Madrid, *a pretender un empleo.**

"Well, Don Felix, we got into the *coche de colieras*,† and started in excellent spirits. My master in particular enjoyed a high degree of good humour. No wonder: he was about to appear on a new stage, and he had besides disencumbered himself of the love of his aunt Paquita. I was also extremely overjoyed at our journey. My sanguine imagination began actively to work on the world of adventure, knowledge, and enterprise, which was opening, and in which no doubt I was destined by fate to play a principal part. What beautiful dreams I made! Nothing was too high for my ambition. I knew that even favourites of kings and ministers of state had arisen from low origins, and certainly there was no earthly reason why I should not become a favourite or a minister. I supposed Matraca's dreams were quite as absurd as mine, though tinged in very different colours. With regard to Father Zanganillo, he never dreamt awake—he was too practical a man for that; and the same may be said of my young master, to whom mother Nature (among other omissions in his

[1] Continued from p. 187.

* Place-hunting. Lit.—to get a place. † The public conveyance then used.

composition) had totally forgotten to afford him even a glimpse of imagination, unless indeed we choose to bestow the name on a certain propensity to hatch mischief. Don Andres, who was an imaginative as well as an excellently informed man, had many sensible or witty things to say, which were perfect Greek to the rest of the company. Zanganillo, to beguile the time, ensconced himself comfortably in a corner of the rattling machine, and arranged himself for a nap. We arrived at Carmona—the picturesque elevation of this town, and its antiquity, afforded scope to Don Andres; but Don Hilario knew nothing more interesting concerning this place than that it contained the *Partida del Alba.*"*

"*Partida del Alba*—what's that?" said Don Felix. "I never heard of it."

"Never heard of *La Partida del Alba?* Why, sir, it was a society composed of the young gentry of the place, which clearly demonstrated not only the calibre of their brains, but the ingenuity which people sometimes display in their absurdities. The members of this society were bound to perambulate about the streets all night under the most inclement weather, until the break of day, when they retired home. They were each armed with an enormous *emboca,*† loaded, say, with about a dozen bullets, and properly enveloped in a large folding cloak.

"A sort of civic patrol, no doubt."

"Patrol, forsooth! bless the man!—no—they passed the night in this manner for the mere love of the thing; and also a little for the convenience of making love. There you might see, by the twinkling of the stars, that each *reja*, or grated window, was graced by an attendant lover, almost collated to the wall, and in close converse with his dulcinea. Don Hilario, who admired every thing that was absurd, grotesque in taste, or dissipated, would wish to have belonged to this honourable society. It was to him the only interesting point about Carmona; and whilst Don Andres was descanting on the picturesque effect of its site, its Moorish remains, antiquity, &c. my master, no doubt, was thinking on the *Partida del Alba.* As to Father Zanganillo, who happened to awake from his slumbers by the jolting of the vehicle, as they were ascending the craggy eminence, he merely said, 'Ah! this is Carmona, eh?—old place enough—I suppose we shall get very indifferent accommodation at the *posada.*'‡ Lesmes Matraca, the *pretendiente,*§ did not say much, and that little was limited to monosyllables, from which I must conclude that he was a great thinker; for you know, Don Felix, the received opinion, that those who *talk little think a great deal;* a most comfortable arrangement this for every fool or dull owl that has nothing to say for himself.

"When we arrived at Cordova, I thought that the apathy of my travelling companions would be somewhat aroused by the historical associations connected with this celebrated and ancient city. I had heard so much about the Moorish caliphs and kings, that when I approached Cordova, and beheld the picturesque and glorious effect

* The company of the dawn.
† A very large blunderbuss.
‡ Inn.
§ Place-hunter.

which the entrance produces on the eye, my heart beat with a thrill of pleasure and excitement. 'What a beautiful prospect the Cordova presents,' observed I. 'This is a venerable city.'

"'Humph! old city—yes,' muttered Father Zanganillo.

"'The splendour and greatness of the court of——'

"'Ah! yes—humph—very good olives grow about here,' observed Father Zanganillo.

"'I wonder if the women are as pretty as those of Seville,' quoth my exemplary young master.

"When we arrived at the *posada*, Don Andres proposed we should go and see the celebrated Moorish mosque of the three hundred white marble pillars. Zanganillo prudently declined the invitation with the following very sensible remark: 'Why, I should have no objection to accompany you to the old *mezquita;* but consider, that we have no time to lose. I suppose the *mayoral* will scarcely allow us an hour for eating and drinking, and reposing ourselves from the fatigues of the journey.' What the fatigues of a journey might be, in which the reverend personage contrived to pass his time in slumber, I cannot positively determine. The famished *pretendiente* was not a man of much fancy either, and he gave an approving nod to the friar's sensible speech. My master soon picked up an acquaintance with a dark-eyed maid of the *posada*, and Don Andres and myself repaired alone to the mosque, along the narrow, tortuous, winding streets, for which the city of Cordova is so remarkable. What were my sensations on entering the temple! In a mood of wonder I may break out——"

"No, don't, for Heaven's sake! Spare me your beautiful apostrophe, and go on with your journey."

"Well, then, on our return, we found Father Zanganillo devoutly engaged with a couple of fowls—a bottle by his side claimed also a special share in his attentions. Lesmes Matraca sat in a distant corner silently eating his meal with a lugubrious face, and incapable, as it were, of appreciating the full merits of his present occupation. How different was the worthy Zanganillo! Any man might take a lesson from him.

"'We have seen the *mezquita*,' said Don Andres.

"'Ah! well—these fowls are delicious——'

"'The marble pillars are really——'

"'So soft and tender!' interrupted the friar.

* * * * * *

"Nothing remarkable happened in our journey in the way of adventure till now, or indeed till much later; and my narrative might be limited to an enumeration of meals taken by Zanganillo—the oaths of the mayoral when his cattle took their leisure, a propensity in the animals by far too apparent—the remarks of Don Andres—the yes and no of the *pretendiente*—and the monotonous tinkling of the bells of our leaders. When we entered the province of La Mancha, I thought of Don Quixote, and looked with a disappointed stare on the immeasurable, endless, hopeless, unredeemed, undiversified, never-to-be-forgotten eternity of level ground, which in mono-

tonous continuity opened to our sight. The fact is, that you see in the morning, in the distance, the place in which you are to pass the night, and thus you toil on, and on, and on, and the spot remains always in the same place, and you seem to make no progress, although you never stop. O Manzanares! I shall never forget thee! Strange, that whilst people speak so much concerning the deserts of Arabia, and travellers gossip without end concerning the wilds of Africa, no one thinks it worth while to say a word in praise of the deserts of La Mancha—a crying injustice; for these eternal deserts deserve an honourable mention, as well as the most classical wilderness. Father Zanganillo, as if illumined by a sudden bright thought, or probably he had had a dream on the subject in his last slumber—Father Zanganillo exclaimed—'*Vaya!* I recollect that La Mancha is celebrated for——'

"'The achievements of the immortal Don Quixote,' said Don Andres.

"'No, for its *perdices astofadas*,'* answered the friar.

"Father Zanganillo was right. Wherever we went we were assailed by *perdices astofadas*, and we made up our mind to get a surfeit of the dish long before we arrived at Madrid. I might get a surfeit indeed; but Father Zanganillo could never be guilty of such an offence. When we arrived at Valdepeñas, the recollection of its famous wine, to which the place gives name, immediately brightened our eyes; and indeed Father Zanganillo, with ungrateful fickleness, almost forgot the stewed partridges. At the Valdepeñas *posada*, the landlord came to receive us. *Tio*† Carroña was a remarkably fine specimen of a Spanish Boniface—a shrewd, story-telling, quizzical, thieving rascal, with only one useful eye, immense whiskers, dark complexion, face ravaged by the small-pox, and a shuffling, swaggering manner; but fate, which had deprived him of one eye, had afforded him, by way of compensation, an additional feature, which literally grew from one of the corners of his capacious mouth. This additional feature some people would call the stump of a pipe; but as it was a feature, and certainly contributed mainly to the expression of the countenance, it had a right to be considered a feature; nay, a prominent feature.

"'Tio Carroña had a daughter called Mona, of whom he was exceedingly proud, because the neighbours found a striking resemblance between the girl and the holy prior of a convent. Certainly this likeness was a great honour, and the landlord was not a little vain that *his* child should, in the least, resemble so great and pious a personage. Mona was considered the beauty of the place, and as such immediately drew the attention of my young master. Indeed, so much was he stricken, that at dinner he almost forgot the unavoidable stewed partridges. He sat by Zanganillo, and as Mona entered with another dish, he exclaimed, 'What a beautiful head!'

"'Very,' answered Zanganillo, eyeing the coming dish, which happened to be a calf's head—'a beautiful head indeed!'

"'Then the leg! the leg! I like the leg! much, very much.'

* Stewed partridges. † An old fellow—literally, uncle.

"'And so *did* I,' observed Zanganillo, who had just finished with the leg of lamb.

"'And that delicious breast!' exclaimed Don Hilario.

"'Most delicious indeed, stewed,' returned the friar, eyeing a fowl.

"And thus the two lovers continued to express their admiration, both intimately convinced that they were in love with the same object, until the mistake was rectified by my master remarking, 'Then those delicate feet! O delicious!'

"'Delicate feet?' quoth Zanganillo surprised. 'O! you mean the pig's pettitoes.'

"This cleared up the matter, and Don Hilario and Zanganillo perceived that they had no reason to entertain jealousy against each other, as their affections had been bestowed on two different objects. And now to something of more importance.

"You may have remarked, Don Felix, that there is always a *pet* at an inn, or *posada*. In one, the favourite is a loquacious parrot; in another, a large cat: this landlord patronizes a mastiff, and that prefers an ugly cur. Sometimes a thrush occupies the cage on the window, at others a canary or a goldfinch; and a squirrel, too, has been known to enjoy this enviable situation. In fact, there is an infinite variety in the selection of a *posada* favourite. Of course, the landlord of Valdepeñas was also provided with his pet, and this was a curious one—neither dog, cat, or bird, but a big black ram. This immense favourite had the complete freedom of the house, and was suffered to ramble about the premises in the most unlimited manner—the kitchen, or the parlour, the cellar, or the bed-chamber, it was all one to this privileged ram. Sooth to say, he had a very austere and venerable appearance altogether. His horns were of such respectable size, and then his beard of such becoming length! The animal knew fast enough the influence which he exercised over *Tio* Carroña's mind, and he was a positive tyrant of the smaller brutes about the house, and a considerable nuisance to some guests, although, for the most part, his exceedingly domesticated habits rendered him amusing to the majority of travellers, and other sojourners at the *posada*.

"Dinner being ended, the ram took the liberty of walking into the room, where the party, after a copious and tolerable meal, were enjoying a *dolce far niente*, each in his own way. Some were smoking their cigars comfortably by the window, and others were chatting. I was looking on, as was my usual practice, and listening to some marvellous stories recited by the florid and imaginative landlord. But Father Zanganillo was very differently employed. After the hearty dinner which he had made, and probably by the aid of copious potations of the rich Valdepeñas, he felt more inclined to sleep than to talk. He had pushed himself a little from the table, and crossing his hands over his respectable rotundity of diaphragm, and stretching his legs, there he sat at his full ease and comfort, in a kind of soft, dreaming, and calming doze, which no doubt was admirably adapted to assist the powers of digestion. Now and then, an incipient snore gave indication that he was going beyond a gentle doze; but then he would rouse himself abruptly, not to indulge in a downright sleep, which might spoil his

nocturnal slumbering. Well, there he was, his full-blown face radiating with comfort and dinner, and his large capacious head going up and down after the fashion of a Chinese mandarin, affording, as it were, a good specimen of a human pendulum. Now, Don Felix, observe."

"Well, what?"

"Pay attention, and you will perceive what melancholy results a mistake is apt to produce. The favourite ram's notice was attracted by the curious pendular motion of the dozing *padre*'s skull. Zanganillo was now opposite to the observant ram; the animal (here was the mistake) conceived that this movement of the friar's head was a challenge for him to an attack, as he was accustomed to do in a sportive mood with the inmates of the *posada*. Under this erroneous impression, therefore, the sagacious animal drew two or three paces back, the better to take a spring, then lowered his head for a moment, and then with one sudden bound, off he darted headlong against the inviting object. The concussion was awful—tremendous. Zanganillo's dozing mood, as one may suppose, was completely disturbed. The reverend, for a short time, remained totally stunned by the violence of the shock. He knew not whether he were dead or alive: the whole room swung about—glasses, and bottles, and plates, seemed to be dancing on the table. In fine, the whole appeared to him a lurid phantasmagoria—a painful night-mare—so terrific had been the ram's salutation. Indeed, one could easily imagine that the *padre*'s brains had been so rudely shaken, that the wonder would be, whether he would ever recover his right senses.

"The unexpected and ingenious exploit of the ram excited an immense quantity of amusement and applause, among the spectators of the extraordinary scene. Don Hilario's mirth was very boisterous, and *Tio* Carroña patted his favourite on the head in acknowledgment of the agreeable entertainment which he had afforded to the company. By this time, Father Zanganillo had a little recovered from the first overpowering sensation produced by the smart assault. He looked about him in a sort of horrified stupor, to ascertain who was the author of such an unwarrantable and murderous an attack. The recollection of the profound astronomer, Estraza, crossed his afflicted mind; but, alas! the catastrophe occasioned by the sage's problem-solving mania was nothing to the present stultifying assault. The merriment of the bystanders began to illumine Zanganillo's surmises. He perceived the fatal ram; his suspicions fell upon him as being the perpetrator of the nefarious deed. His suspicions were soon confirmed, as, with no less horror than astonishment, he saw the valorous animal, (no doubt encouraged by the approbation he elicited,) preparing to renew the attack. Father Zanganillo started quickly on his legs—this was no moment for revenge, that would come anon—for the present he was obliged to provide for his personal safety. The better to counteract the aggression, he fortified himself on the other side of the table. It was a strong position, and there was plenty of ammunition to carry on the war, in the shape of bottles, glasses, &c. A bottle, which a short time before had been filled with excellent Valdepeñas, was the first missile which the friar, in his abundant rage,

hurled at the approaching foe. He took an unfortunate bad aim, and the bottle flew fiercely on, carried off the landlord's additional feature, and did also considerable damage to the top of his nose.

"This incident gave greater interest to the drama; *Tio* Carroña's merriment was *subito* converted into a volley of most profane oaths and curses. His rage augmented as he perceived that he also was destined to provide his share to the amusement of the company; indeed, in his abundant choler, he could scarcely be restrained from laying violent hands on Father Zanganillo. His daughter, who, attracted by the noise, had entered the room, endeavoured to sooth his irritation; but he vowed, on the honour of the Virgin, he would kill the friar. Zanganillo, however, nothing daunted by such threats, now resolved on a vigorous system of defence. He felt great confidence in the fortified intrenchment he occupied, and gallantly determined to keep the enemy at bay as long as he possessed a single plate, bottle, spoon, knife, jug, picked bone, &c. to fire away with. From these symptoms, it was evident that the battle would be terrific; but Don Andres and Mona interfered as mediating powers, and were fortunate enough to obtain a suspension of hostilities. The loss of his favourite pipe was indeed a sore offence to the innkeeper; but then, on considering the provocation to wrath which the friar had received, and the wrong impression under which he laboured, *Tio* Carroña was soothed into composure. Zanganillo was not so easily appeased, and it was some time before he could be induced to quit his strong position, and to forego an empty bottle which he was brandishing in a most warlike spirit.

"The ram, origin of the fray, was ordered out of the room, and every one of the company now hastened to lend assistance to Zanganillo. It must be confessed that his reverend *os frontis* presented a mournful appearance: a superfluous protuberance, big as a child's closed fist, had been worked on his forehead by the skill of the ram. Mona offered to soften down the swelling, by applying to it a large copper coin, and pressing hard on the part. Zanganillo rejected this remedy: then a cataplasm of vinegar and other cordials was proposed. The father's brow was at last bound with a kerchief, and he looked certainly amazingly grave and ludicrous. Don Hilario was one of those who enjoyed most the *padre*'s disaster; and Zanganillo, who was not insensible of the youngster's feelings to him, repaid them with the most cordial return of hatred.

"It had been resolved that the travellers should pass the night at Valdepeñas, a circumstance which the landlord highly applauded. 'For,' said he, 'the days are getting short, you 'll never be able to reach the next town before late at night; and I don't recommend the road—hem!—*Al buen entendedor pocas palabras*,'* and he winked his solitary eye with an excessive peculiarity of meaning.

"The landlord's demeanour and solemn proverb clearly indicated the presence of *independent* strollers about those parts of the world, and we had none of us any particular inclination to become acquainted with such gentry. Indeed, Don Felix, in those days the profession of

* Spanish proverb—few words to a sharp-witted listener.

appropriating to one's own use and convenience our neighbour's goods was attended with much more brutal force than at present. We have certainly grown more civilized in this respect; and a respectable thief, when he empties your purse, does not consider it indispensable to knock out your brains also. In insinuating our fingers into a neighbour's pocket, we do not wish to soil them with his blood; but formerly, a robber who was hanged, without having committed at least a half-dozen murders to meet that reward, was considered by the fathers of the profession as a very pitiful fellow indeed!

"A brisk shower of rain began to fall, and *Tio* Carroña informed us that a poor capuchin friar had come to take shelter from the weather, and was now in the kitchen drying himself by the fire. The new-comer was soon introduced to the company. He looked a venerable man of about fifty. His beard was of enormous length, and his face was almost hidden by his cowl; nevertheless, the fire of two brilliant black eyes could be detected despite his humble garb and meek deportment. The capuchin was a model for an artist; his whole figure was impressive, and I looked upon him with a feeling of deep respect, almost approaching to awe. What a contrast between him and Father Zanganillo! between the humble, yet collected and imposing christian tone of the former, and the profane, vulgar, bouncing, obtrusive manner of the latter!

"The capuchin informed us, that he had been just told of an atrocious robbery lately committed in the Sierra Morena, by the band of Captain Salado, a famous highwayman, the scourge and terror of all those parts. Don Hilario, who to his other virtues added that of not being particularly brave, listened with much attention to his recital; for although he had been engaged in broils and quarrels without number, yet an encounter with the gentlemen of the road was an affair which filled him with strange misgivings. With regard to Father Zanganillo, he, good soul! never attempted to disguise his feelings, and he had invariably exhibited himself by word and conduct one of the most complete and barefaced cowards that ever amused the world by their pusillanimity. If *Tio* Carroña's advice, therefore, had not been enough to induce the travellers to remain, the news brought by the capuchin would determine the question. Besides, every one felt disposed to spend a comfortable night, and the landlord swore we should not find such capital beds before we reached Madrid. Father Zanganillo admired a capital bed as much—no—not quite—but almost as much, as a capital dinner; and then the lamentable state of his head required also some consideration.

"'And so this Salado is a fearful man,' inquired Don Hilario.

"'Very so,' answered the capuchin, mildly. 'You may thank Providence if you arrive at Madrid without paying the usual contribution. No one escapes the tribute of the Sierra Morena.'

"'My good father,' returned Don Hilario, with a sneer, 'believe me, that robbers are so terrible because they always meet with greater cowards than themselves.'

"'*Holy Santiago!*' quoth the friar, 'may Heaven protect you! courage would avail little with such a man as Salado, for he possesses as much intrepidity and valour as any man alive.'

"'I don't believe it; he finds security in his name and his comrades, and therefore enacts the *maton*.* With equal weapons I should not much dread to meet this formidable captain.'

"The conversation on robbers proceeded, until *Tio* Carroña hinted at the rationality of taking a mouthful of something before we went to bed.

"'*Santa palabra!*' exclaimed Father Zanganillo, starting from a reverie, and forgetting at the moment the pain in his forehead. Indeed, he seemed also to forget that he had dined, for he set to in such good earnest, that in a short time he gave an excellent account of a couple of the stewed partridges, and other things spread on the table.

"I cannot say that the sleeping accommodation at Valdepeñas was such as would have suited a bishop or prior, or indeed a simple friar. We (the travellers) were all to sleep in a long comfortless room. What *Tio* Carroña chose to call excellent beds, were some wretched mattresses, on still more wretched apologies for bedsteads, and they most efficiently invited our repugnance. But there was no use making grimaces about it. So having merely half undressed, we dropt into the not over proper substitutes for sleeping receptacles. But our beds were not the most dismal part of the affair. My fears were soon confirmed. I perceived that I was not (by one hundred) the sole occupant of my bed. This certainly filled me with horror. My hungry and barbarous bed-fellows soon began to work. Father Zanganillo, who lay next to me, exclaimed,

"'*Jesus me valga.* This infamous bed is literally covered with fleas.'

"''Tis impossible to sleep,' quoth my young master, 'I feel a host of lazy bugs coursing along my limbs—ouff!'

"A litany of lamentations succeeded. But besides the formidable mob of fleas and bugs, and other adventurers, the heat was so intolerable, that we found all clothing a torment.

"'I am raving with thirst,' said father Zanganillo.

"'And so am I,' responded Don Hilario. 'Let us call for water.'

"And he did bawl out in a lusty voice. Presently the door opened, and Mona made her appearance with a light. As it was impossible to sleep, my master thought he might beguile the time in any other way; so up he started from his bed of torture, and ran to the damsel with the kind intention of bestowing a kiss. Don Andres and I followed his example—a great impertinence in a valet certainly, but it was nothing but a harmless spree. The girl, however, did not take the affair in this light, but began to vociferate most determinately, endeavouring all the while to extricate herself from the arms of Don Hilario; the light of course went out, and the confusion redoubled. Father Zanganillo, who had incorporated himself in his bed, began to remonstrate, but something more efficacious than the friar's sermons brought us now to our senses—the gruff voice of *Tio* Carroña, cursing and swearing in a most vigorous manner, was heard—his advancing footsteps sounded a terrible alarm. We magnanimously quitted the prisoner, and sought refuge in a hasty retreat to our beds.

* Bully.

"Now see my misfortune. As it was completely dark, I mistook my bed, and in my hurry to avoid being taken *in flagiente* by the choleric landlord, I took a most active spring, and jumped headlong into the bed. Alas! that bed belonged to father Zanganillo, who, as I have said, being seated upright, was just in the best posture to receive on his forehead an unexpected visitation from my own head. Don Felix, it was a tremendous shock: only imagine two such substances coming in close and determined contact. The violence was such that I rebounded backwards, and fell on my back upon a certain utensil, which shall be nameless. I was stunned by the concussion; I conceived at first, that I had pitched head foremost against the wall, but the dismal groans of father Zanganillo, and the entrance of *Tio* Carroña with a light, explained fully the catastrophe.

"And is it possible that some unfortunate skulls are doomed to encounter such repeated disasters? Alas! Zanganillo, no doubt, had flattered himself that the attack of the ram——but I will not pursue the subject. I myself was in a miserable plight, nor did *Tio* Carroña, comport himself in a manner to alleviate my sorrows, for instead of extending a helping hand to me, he merely put forth an unfriendly foot. The *posadero* was savage at our usage of his daughter. I perceived too that the capuchin friar, who had entered the room, shortly after the *Tio* Carroña, flashed from his dark eyes the lightning of terrible anger. Mona, seeing such efficient assistance at hand, did not forego this opportunity of displaying her powers, and immediately poured forth a torrent of feminine eloquence that completely drowned the voice of every other speaker.

"Well, Don Felix, after some time lost in most explanatory confusion, or confused explanation, things resumed their former state—that is, we were again surrendered up to the *surveillance* of our dormitory police. Sir, the patroles of fleas resumed their pursuits with great activity, and sooth to say, neither father Zanganillo nor myself needed this addition of torture to have our slumbers completely scared away. The father groaned in pain, and I kept him company. My young master bestowed a thousand hearty curses on the beds and the *posada*. The *pretendiente* now and then favoured the company with a peevish exclamation. We composed, indeed, a tolerable concert of groaning, complaining, swearing. O! what a night—but let me skip the night and come to the morning.

"Day broke—I jumped from my bed of torture, took a stroll in the court-yard, and the first thing that attracted my notice was the capuchin in close converse with Mona—were they at confession? perhaps so; but then that tender embrace—that snatched kiss—surely these were tokens of more than a ghostly fatherly affection. But there are friars and priors who evince a wondrous tenderness for the fair portion of their flocks. I was puzzled then—I should not be so *now*. The man of God seemed so deeply abstracted from all sublunary matters! At this moment the other man of God made his appearance, with an addition to the unsightly protuberance which the ram had bestowed on his forehead. Poor Zanganillo! but I myself had reason to grieve for coming in contact with that formidable substance, the

friar's skull. Every one displayed a woe-begone countenance—every one grumbled and cursed the night's accommodation.

"'*Valgame san Juan*,' cried *Tio* Carroña, 'what would the men have? Surely they cannot object to the beds, they are fit for archbishops; and as for the fleas—how can I help that—*they are just in season*.'

"Holloa! there's the *mayoral*, thank Heaven! the horses are put to the clumsy vehicle. Zanganillo, in the midst of his distresses, leaves his breakfast almost untasted. We all long to get away from Valdepeñas, for neither the wine nor the orthodox stewed partridges could reconcile us to the penance of the night; and then that awful addition to our foreheads. We got into the *coche*, the bells begin to tinkle—*arre!* off we go—thank Heaven!

(*To be continued.*)

DIRGE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

He's gone from the halls that resounded with mirth,—
The light is gone out from the once blazing hearth,
And the bard of the bright lay lies coldly in earth.

Oh! never again shall we look on his face:
The glory of Scotland, the pride of his race,
Is gone, and there's none that can fill up his place.

Bring garlands as bright as his fancy could twine,
Bring odours, bring gems of the far distant mine,—
Bring all that is costly to heep on his shrine.

And O! bring his own harp, all bosoms to move;
Let truth do him homage, and friendship, and love—
The wreath he won here shall still grace him above.

AN INCURSION INTO TURKEY.

[All who consider the signs of the times, must feel assured, that a once mighty empire is upon the point of breaking up; and, as grandeur in decay is always an interesting, and generally a most instructive contemplation, we do not think that we can more profitably occupy a few of our pages, than by giving the accurate description of an intelligent eye-witness of the inhabitants and manners of a country, once the vanquisher and spoiler among nations, now already twice vanquished; and, though yet but partially spoiled, its final destruction is only reserved for the first plea that ambition and power can find for appropriating that which imperial cupidity makes so desirable to attain, and which Mahommedan weakness and indecision make it so impossible to withhold.]

After remaining four days at Pest, an important city of feudal Hungary, we set off in the steam-boat to descend the Danube to Semlin. Upon embarking, we were not a little disgusted to find the boat crowded in a manner beyond description. Piles of boxes and bales of merchandize covered the deck, and blocked up all passage, while crowds of greasy pedlars filled up every other unoccupied spot. The scene below was wild and disagreeably picturesque: Jews, Greeks, Turks, and Europeans from every department of the empire, were mixed in many-coloured confusion, each shrieking his own language, quarrelling with his neighbour, amid eating, smoking, and drinking. The excessive heat and stench of their fur dresses were insupportable, while the windows, hermetically closed by the chilly Easterns, increased our misery. As there was not sufficient room in the fore cabin, the second-price passengers forced themselves into the state room, and made the confusion worse confounded. We were all obliged to lie down together, as the pouring rain prevented our going on deck, had the merchandize allowed us space there for the use of our limbs. The floor, tables, and benches, were covered with bodies, and the heat, evil odour, and snoring, prevented all sleep. Two Hungarian ladies, who occupied the small female cabin, and who had admitted us during the day to their society, fortunately left on the second day. Immediately, upon their departure, we took possession of their cabin, and refused admittance to all others. This rendered some of the party very furious; a cabal, headed by a fat little Greek, was formed against us, and the captain called for to dislodge us; but, being a fellow-countryman, he took our part, and declined interfering. Debates then rose high; through the closed doors, we heard spirited harangues: a council of war was assembled, and a storm on our position decided upon. Fortunately, however, for us, in this, as in many other such ill-advised insurrections, no leader volunteered for the forlorn hope, and, as the captain assured them, that his countrymen were more free of hard blows than of high words, and, that it would be dangerous to beard lions in their den, the meeting broke up without coming to actual violence. We heard, however, through the door, long and numerous speeches which we did not understand, though we doubted not that the "rights of man" was the theme, and that an address of thanks was voted to the chief agitator for his spirited behaviour on the occasion. Thus we kept unmolested possession of our conquest during the remainder of the voyage, though the lowering countenances of the enemy scowled on us as we passed through their cabin; but we regarded them with the placid smile of conquerors.

We remained for some hours to unload stores and disembark passengers at Peterwardein, a strong fort, united by a bridge of boats with Neustadt, the capital of Lower Hungary. The general aspect of this town is very eastern; and the fishermen here become wilder in appearance, and differ totally in their costume from the peasants of the western districts. Wide white trousers replace the tight pantaloon; a huge broad-brimmed hat, the small fur cap; and a loose surtout of white frieze, the comfortable boudah of the Presburg and Pest departments. The shores of the Danube are very unpicturesque; and, from our departure from Pest till arriving at Semlin, we saw little to admire, save the ancient castle of Urdäd, and the pretty village of Carlowitz, celebrated for its battle between the Turks and Venetians, and the richness of its vintage. Low banks covered with reeds, and stretching in marshy plains till lost in the distance, are the general features of the scenery. Occasionally, large flights of wild fowl start from their retreats in the sedgy islands, in which the Danube abounds, at the approach of the steam-boat, and the eagle is seen perched on the withered trees which grow on the savage-looking shore. The villages are small and few: the fishermen, their sole inhabitants, are a fine race of men, but wild and uncivilized as is the country they inhabit. During the whole voyage the weather had been execrable, and we were glad to exchange such accommodations as Semlin could afford, for the confinement of the steam-boat. The town, prettily situated on the opposite shore to Belgrade, is the quarantine station for all returning from Turkey. The period is ten days; and a small village, surrounded with palisades, on the top of the hill adjoining the town, is the place appointed for the reception of the arrivers.

The day, being Sunday, the women were dressed in their holiday suits, which partook of the eastern character. Short pelisses of gaily-coloured velvets, lined with furs, set off their persons to advantage, and wreaths of artificial flowers entwined in their dark hair, gave a piquancy to their handsome countenances, which might well tempt over the marauding squadrons from the opposite shore. Upon arriving, we presented our respects to the governor, a civil old gentleman, who ordered the dragoman to take us over on the morrow to the pasha of Belgrade, where we might make our necessary arrangements for the journey to Constantinople. The following morning, the dragoman arrived, and, after passing our things through the custom-house, conducted us to the river, where his boat awaited us. The Austrian bank is watched by sentries placed in small guard-houses commanding the river, who fire on all boats attempting to pass without authority.

Belgrade is situated on a rocky promontory, at the junction of the Save and Danube, and rises high above the surrounding plain. Its first appearance is very formidable, and its numerous fortifications, in tiers above each other, seem impregnable. On nearer approach, however, they are discovered dismantled, and its walls crumbling into decay; while the citadel, surrounded with three lines of defence, is open to the approach of all. Immediately upon our arrival, we went to pay our respects to the pasha, and procure a firman for the journey. After passing through ruined sallyports, and over various broken drawbridges, we reached the court of the citadel, where he resides, and were ushered into an open alcove of the ruined house to wait his pleasure. His secretary soon appeared, and writing our names on the back of his hand, retired to report them to his chief, after which we were admitted into a small dark room, with white-washed walls, and surrounded with low sofas. The pasha, a little old man, was seated in the Turkish fashion in the corner, and three chairs were placed opposite for the Frank strangers. Pipes were then introduced, and coffee served in small cups with silver stands, something resembling our egg-cup. Whilst we smoked, he made inquiries as to

the extent and fortifications of London, and, upon our telling him that the circumference was thirty miles, and that it was without fortifications, he seemed surprised, and asked how it was defended from an enemy. We replied that "the ships were the walls of England." To this, he judiciously remarked, that he should then go round and attack London by the land side; and, upon our telling him he would find ships there also, was evidently puzzled for fresh tactics, and crying "Allah Kierim!" dropped the subject. After this, he clapped his hands, and ordering a Tartar to be sent for, recommended him as a faithful servant, and broke up the levee. These Tartars are a sort of government courier, under whose protection travellers are placed, and for whose lives they are answerable with their heads. As, originally, only Tartars were employed in this service, they have preserved the name, as porters in Paris that of Swiss.

From the pasha, we proceeded to the Tartar aga, to agree for the price of horses for the journey. Here, as is usual in Turkey, we must begin the business with pipes and coffee—a custom to me insupportable, who hate smoking. Not so considerate for the palates of his guests as the pasha, the aga produced such strong tobacco, that, on trying it, I could not forbear spitting, and, fresh from Vienna, thought the old carpet I was on would not suffer from the operation. The horror of the surrounding Tartars, when they saw me defile the sedjadé of their chief, is indescribable; and, as a hint of my enormity, a huge iron pan was placed before me, sufficient for the use of the whole Austrian capital. We then proceeded to business, and, after three hours higgling, and declarations of independence of his assistance, we at length complied with the terms he at first proposed. During his preparations, we walked round the town, and had pointed out to us the house of Prince Milosch, who was absent. Born a swineherd, by one of those rapid advances so frequent in the East, he usurped the power to defy his sovereign, and could be regained to his allegiance, only by being acknowledged hereditary prince of Servia.

We set off early, and upon arriving at Hassan Palanka, about fifty miles on our journey, for the first time had a correct idea of a Turkish village. The main street, formed of a few wooden houses, is surrounded by mud-built cottages; and, in one of these, a coffee-house, we passed the night. Our accommodations consisted of an earth-floored room, with a large fire-place in the centre, and two boarded couches occupying both sides, on one of which we made ourselves a bed of cloaks. The wind whistled through the oiled paper windows, and the whole caravan of servants and Tartar slept on the bench opposite us. Not a chair or table is to be found on the road; and seated on the hard boards, with my feet stretched out before me, I confess I more than once have envied the monkeys of the old world one of their distinctive formations. About twenty miles from Belgrade, we broke suddenly upon the Danube, as it winds nobly round the base of a wooded hill, and afforded us, for the last time, a view of its majestic waters. The road then enters an oak forest, through which it leads for more than eighty miles, and occasionally passes a small plain, where a solitary village lies hid. We amused ourselves with our guns on the way, and shot some scarce specimens of the pied woodpecker, and also saw a magnificent harpy eagle, which I in vain endeavoured to approach with my rifle. The wood swarmed with myriads of rock doves, which tantalized us by their shyness, and deprived our evening's pilaff of a savoury addition by their presence.

From Hassan Palanka, we reached Jagodina, where we emerged from the forest, and on our way changed horses at Batotsclina, a pretty village, situated in a valley in the bosom of the forest, with a stream running through it. Whilst dismounted, the owner of the café brought out a beautiful child dressed in the picturesque costume of the country; he

carried, as do most of the children, gold and silver coins sewed to the front of his cap—a strong evidence of the honesty of a people, who, though so poor, allow infants to wear money on their persons, of which they might be deprived with impunity. Our entrance into a village resembles rather that of an enemy's squadron, than of the peaceable approach of travellers. As soon as in sight, the Tartar puts spurs to his horse, and sets up his wild cry of "*Allah hu!*" which we helped out with an English view halloo. *Souridjé*,* baggage and all, rush in at full gallop; the natives run out of their houses at the noise, dogs bark at our heels, and the scene, till arriving at the post-house, is one of mad confusion. One day, however, a dog rushing out at the Tartar's horse, caused him suddenly to swerve, and poor Mustapha rolled off on a dunghill, in a manner much more agreeable to his bones, than creditable to his horsemanship.

Jagodina, like other Turkish villages, is a mass of ruined cottages, formed of stake-bound hurdles and coated with mud, of which a large fire-place and a bench for sleeping on, are the only furniture: the owners pass the greater part of the day seated smoking in the open portico before the door. The ancient mosque and minaret of this place are very picturesque. On passing over a plain, backed by the bold mountains of Servia, we met the remains of four robbers impaled there for the murder of a merchant on the spot. A strong post is fixed upright in the ground, with its sharpened point protruding considerably through the axle of a wheel. This is forced through the body of the malefactor, who, lying horizontally on his back, with his face to heaven, and his arms and legs hanging down, is left a feast to the birds of prey.

We soon after passed through the town of Kopri, situated on the river Morava, with a long wooden bridge leading over it, and met troops of Albanians returning from the disbanded army of the sultan. They were martial-looking ruffians, and appeared in extreme light marching order, their arms and the clothes on their backs being their only baggage. Finding them of no use against Ibrahim Pasha, the sultan commanded them, unpaid, to return to their own country, in the midst of the severe winter which was then just over. Many of them died on the way, of cold and starvation, and we daily met parties on our road, worn out with fatigue and hunger, alike objects of commiseration and of suspicion. They committed several acts of violence on their march.

The scenery from Raynja, where we slept, to Nisa, was the most beautiful we had yet seen. The road runs on the hill's side through the valley of Nisa, and follows the river Morava, as it winds through the plain. The distant horizon is closed by three ranges of mountains, rising one above the other, of which the loftiest was still covered with snow; occasional patches of cultivated land vary the wild tracts of copse wood; and the numerous bands of Albanian troops we met on the way, added much to the wildness of the scene. At the end of the valley, the white minarets of the capital of Servia stand forth in fine relief from the foot of the high mountain, at which it lies; and the waters of the Morava are lost to the view as they flow round its base.

The Servians profess the Greek religion, and in dress, as in many other respects, differ from the Turks. The turban is little worn in the country, the Greek scull-cap supplying its place, and the women are met without the frightful "yasmack," to conceal the lower part of their faces. A sort of white cloak, embroidered at the edges with red worsted, and slit up to the shoulders so as to divide it into three equal parts, sits tight to the body, and has a graceful effect compared with the Turkish "feridjé." On the plain beyond Nisa, we passed a square building, faced all round with sculls, built up in the walls, to the number of about fifteen hundred.

* Leaders of the baggage horses.

They were the heads of the revolted Servians, who were defeated by the Turkish troops, on the spot. Our souridjé told us he was present at the battle, on the victorious side, and expatiated with great complacency on the disproportion of the enemy, expressing with his hands joined together the numbers of the Servians, and extending his arms apart, to signify that of the Turks. On leaving the plain, we wound through a wild mountain defile, of splendid scenery, leading into Bulgaria. From thence the road passes over mountain ground for some miles, richly wooded, and where every variety of the crocus, the heppatica, fritillaria, scilla, anemonies, and dog-toothed violets, and all the common spring flowers of England, were growing in rank luxuriance. We arrived at Scharkoi to sleep, where I met the first act of incivility on the road, having a dog set on me, as an infidel. Indeed, during the whole route, the good-nature of the people was remarkable; they willingly made themselves of use in trifles, and, in the morning, allowed our servants to turn them all out of the coffee-house, in order that the "effendi" might wash in private. On leaving the town, we met the peasants thronging with provisions to the market; the unmarried girls carried strings of coins, their whole riches, sewed to their caps, and round their waists—exhibiting them in the hopes of tempting some swain to marry them for the greatness of their dower. The same day we entered a plain, which, though occasionally broken by high ground, extends nearly sixty miles; it is enclosed by high ridges of mountains rising above each other, their peaks covered with snow. When we wandered from our party in search of game, old Mustapha invariably reconnoitered every party we met, and rode out to show himself as a guarantee for our safety. He is a fat, elderly man, and appears any thing but a fighting character, but armed with a firman, his person is inviolable, and the circumstances of a party under the protection of one of these Tartars being robbed is quite unheard of.

We reached Sofia late in the evening: the town is considerable, and contains twenty thousand inhabitants, but the larger towns in Turkey only appear to be a greater concentration of filth and squalidness than the villages. Our arrival discomfited an emir, who was obliged to make room for us on the bench, in the miserable hovel, and he seemed little pleased to be driven up in a corner by the Giaour strangers. The scene in the courtyard the following morning was very picturesque. In one corner of the open porch in front of the house, several descendants of the prophet, in their green turbans, sat smoking, cross-legged, with the utmost gravity; their silence being broken only by a monosyllabic ejaculation, or by the gurgling noise of their narguilehs. In the opposite corner we lay sprawling on the ground, endeavouring in vain to eat our breakfasts in our awkward position. In the court, a score of horses, some in rich caparisons, stood waiting for their riders, others being loaded by the souridjés, in noisy confusion. Here a sturdy Bulgarian in his small, black lamb's-skin cap, idly watched the preparations for our departure, and a shaved-faced regular, of the modern school, in his caricatured uniform, conversed with a pretty peasant girl beside him, while a Turkish woman above, carefully concealing her face in the "yashmack," peeped from the window at the Frank strangers. Our accommodations did not improve on our journey, and the Turks keeping the fast of the Ramazan at that time, we could have got but little meat in our "pilaffs," had not our guns supplied the deficiency. Eggs and rice seem the only food of the people, and boiling the one, and forming a "pilaff" of the other, the only secrets of their culinary art. Their coffee, though excellent in quality, is served in extremely small cups, without milk or sugar. A tea-spoonful is put into a little boiling water, and after simmering a few seconds on the fire, is stirred well up, and then poured out for drinking, as thick as chocolate. We saw several bald-headed eagles

in the plain beyond Sofia, but were unable to kill one; though we were more successful with the wild fowl, and the immense flocks of golden plovers. We halted to rest the horses at the ruins of a splendid khan, erected by Achmed the First. Its court originally covered more than an acre of ground, and was surrounded with fifty small chambers, arranged for the accommodation of travellers. It was destroyed and plundered about a hundred and fifty years since, and none of this noble work of benevolence but one chamber remains to show its ancient splendour. Its large court is encumbered with trees and briers, and its ruined walls, once the protection of every stranger, are become the abode of storks and jackdaws. The national character of the Bulgarians is not so respectable as that of the Servians, to whom they are inferior in general appearance. The men are smaller and less athletic, and the oval countenance of the latter is exchanged for the round, wide-set features of the Tartar. They are of the Greek church, and particularly reverence St. George and St. Nicholas, which latter they assert is to succeed to the kingdom of heaven, upon the death of the Almighty—an idea not found among any other barbarous nation. After leaving our last night's place of rest, Ichtoman, our road was over the foot of Mount Hæmus, which still deserves its classical epithet, of the "savage." A wild pass beyond it, is particularly fine, and, at its entrance, are the remains of an arch, erected by the Emperor Trajan, on his return from the Thracian war. It was built of brick, with a stone base, and about forty feet high. It now forms the boundary line into Rumelia, where the Turkish character begins to show itself. We found here, several masses of marble, with Latin inscriptions, which we could not decipher. In the evening we reached Tartar Badsardschick, where our lodging was situated, in a large square, of which the burial-ground occupies the centre. Many of the houses which surrounded it had been destroyed by the severity of the late winter's rains, and the universal appearance of decay was in harmony with the melancholy scene. Nothing is more striking to a European than the first sight of a Turkish burial-ground in the provinces. Showing their contempt of life in the last receptacles of their dead, their cemeteries, generally situated without the town, afford a heartless scene of neglect and confusion. Immumerable unheeded masses of stone carelessly placed erect, show where the bodies have been interred; no inscription tells the name of him who lies below—no parent's care watches over the grave to secure undisturbed repose to the sleeper; but here, the wild dog burrows for his nightly food, and the vulture benefits from his toil on the morrow; here the cattle, unrestrained, wander among the tombs, and the swine, unscared, defile the graves of the "faithful." It is true, occasionally a rude sculptured turban marks the spot of some nobler victim, or a gilded sentence proclaims the titles of the departed; but these few monuments of pride, amidst the scene of withering neglect around, only contrast more strongly, and point out how completely death is the leveller of all. These burial-grounds generally occupy as much space as the houses; in many places they are found, even where the villages themselves have ceased to exist, and are all that remains to tell that they have been, and are passed away. After leaving the ruined scene of our night's abode, we passed over an extensive marshy plain, abounding in wild fowl, which afforded us excellent sport. In our eagerness for the chase, my companion and I fell up to our necks in water, much to the surprise of our Turkish escort, who could not imagine why the sight of a flock of wild ducks should so discompose the gravity of rational beings. On the plain we met a halted caravan. The primitive form of the waggons, to which savage looking buffaloes were harnessed, and the picturesque costumes of their Bulgarian drivers, reminded me of similar scenes in the Pontine marshes near Rome.

Shortly before reaching Philoppopoli, where we slept, Mount Rhodope

rises from the plain upon our left. The sun was shedding its last beams as it sank behind the ridge, and tinted its snow-clad top with a bright carnation hue. Before us the ancient city stood, perched on its rocky seat, its white cupolas and minarets standing forth, relieved by the purple of its shaded base. Below flowed the Hebrus, down whose stream the despised head of the unhappy Orpheus floated as it called on Eurydice, winding its rapid course round the hill, to the distant Ægean sea. Philoppopoli is situated on three hills, and is the Trimontium of the ancients; it contains one hundred thousand inhabitants, and its women still wear the large bossed clasp for the waist, as mentioned by the ancient writers. Beyond this town we saw another wretch impaled, in an upright position, the stake passed through his body, and protruded out by the ear. Wet, tired, and dirty, we arrived at Wusskŏi at twelve at night. In the morning we set out, refreshed by a good night's rest, and accompanying the river Hebrus, from which we had not departed since we left Philoppopoli, we passed through Hermana, where was a handsome khan, but, as is usual in this country, dilapidated, and without a roof. From thence, through a plain better cultivated than any we had yet met, we followed the course of the river, which swarms with wild fowl, and after travelling thirty miles, arrived at Adrianople, once the capital of the Turkish empire. In the morning we visited the bazaar, the largest in the kingdom, held in an arcade of six hundred yards in length. Here, on platforms before their shops, sit dealers of every faith. Here the crafty Greek cheats by the side of the open Turk, and the cringing Jew undersells the specious Armenian. Here goods from every quarter of the globe mix in strange confusion—Glasgow cottons mix with shawls from Cachmere; Birmingham razors rank with Damascus yataghans; nankeens from Vienna rival those from China; and Irish poplins vie with silks from Persia. Here Christians, Turks, and Jews, forget their different faiths in their desire of gain, and all seem absorbed in the various occupations of deceiving, or being deceived. From hence, we visited the celebrated mosque of Sultan Selim, only inferior to that of St. Sofia and Achmet, at Constantinople. We first entered into a handsome marble court, in the centre of which played a fountain of white marble, richly gilded. Four fine granite pillars support the portico of the mosque, which is painted in bright coloured arabesques, and a curtain before the door hides the interior from strangers. After taking off our boots, we entered, barefooted, the church, a large square building, supported by columns, and ornamented with gaudy frescos. In the centre, under a canopy, flowed a sacred spring, and the walls were covered with verses from the Koran, among which, one presented by the present sultan, and said to be written by himself, in gold, is very conspicuous. Three circles of ornaments, consisting of globes of glass and ivory, with gilt vases, &c., intermixed with lamps, hung on wires, about ten feet from the ground, surround the building, and, at the high altar, before two immense wax candles, as large round as a man's body, a pious Mussulman was prostrating himself. The floor was carpeted all over, and the general effect of the whole was good, though the minutiæ were any thing but imposing. The exterior is finer than the interior. A magnificent dome stands on a square base, from each corner of which a lofty minaret rises to an immense height, surrounded by three balconies above each other, at equal distances, and from which the muezzin calls the faithful to prayers. The spiral points of these minarets are seen long before the town is visible, and the view from them is very fine. This is the only grand mosque a Christian can see with facility, as the seven at Constantinople are mostly shut to infidels. The barracks, an immense building, capable of holding ten thousand men, were preparing for the Russian troops, which were expected; and the few half Europeanized regulars of the sultan were removed to make room for them. Nothing can be

more hideous than their present uniform. The splendour of the Turk is lost, and the elegance of the Frank neglected—uniting the disadvantages of either, it remains a caricature of both. But in all his experiments of reform, the sultan has woefully miscalculated; he has broken the spirit of the nation, without amending their moral state. The haughty bearing, the dazzling splendour of the ancient Turk, no longer exists; they walk about, subdued like their ruler, simply clad, but murmuring deep curses of hate against the innovator on their manners, their customs, and their faith. All seemed ready for revolt, and the speedy approach of Ibrahim was contemplated with joy. The English consul here received us with the greatest hospitality. It is said, that the near approximation of the Russian camp to Adrianople during the late war, had great influence on the manners of the people, and considerably deranged the domestic economy of some of the inhabitants. Several of the Turkish harems were deserted for the Russian tents, and the banks of the Hebrus exchanged for the shores of the Euxine. The Turks consoled themselves better than could have been expected, for Venus has long since resigned in favour of Bacchus, and the followers of the prophet find more solace in a bottle of Jamaica rum, than in the arms of a Georgian Odalyk. Indeed, so tolerating are they become, that some of those truants who returned to their former lords, were well received; nor did the sack, or bastinado, revenge their irregularities. The environs of Adrianople are celebrated for their profusion of game. Stags, wild boar, bustards, roe and pheasants, abound; and a hundred partridges or wild fowl may be killed by one gun, in a day. Provisions are one-fifth less than at Constantinople; but an order of the present governor prohibits all exportation. The Turks amuse themselves in coursing, with the Persian greyhound, and in hawking quails during the season, with the sparrow-hawk. The road from Adrianople to Boudas, nearly a hundred miles, is one continuation of undulating plane, partially cultivated—not a tree or shrub breaks the monotony of the scene, but the villages appear to improve upon their nearer approach to the capital. On the way our souridjé refused to hasten the pace, upon which I applied the thong alternately to his and his horse's back, and he bore the castigation with a christian-like meekness I was wholly unprepared for in a Turk. Some years ago, the last insult was a blow from a Frank, but the spirit of the people is broken, and the star of Ismalism is fast setting. Near Boudas, the road suddenly breaks upon the sea of Marmora, with the distant Prince's Islands. The first view of the waves, to an islander, after many months' absence, is a source of pure delight: the sea mingles itself with a thousand associations, and is, to an Englishman, a second country. We hailed it with joy, and, as we followed its shores till arriving at Constantinople, hardly felt that the whole continent of Europe lay between us and our native land. In our next Number we shall detail all that we found curious in Constantinople.

G. M——T.

CAPTAIN CHICKEN AND THE GENTLE SOPHIA.

THE word gentle is certainly very feminine and very lovely too—therefore, no epithet can sit with a better grace on the patronymic of a young girl. But stay—this beginning is ominous of a sentimentality, a danger which the majority of readers are well disposed to avoid, with all possible care. The said readers (chiefly composed of middle-age idlers, club-loungers, young men about town, students at law, magazine article inditers, &c. &c.) whenever they apprehend the said visitation, "sentimentality," they pronounce the terrible anathema, "namby-pamby," and betake themselves forthwith to *finger reading*, a process by which they get over the pages of a magazine, or a book, much faster and decidedly much more pleasantly than by the usual method taught in schools.

Still, as I prefer this latter system, I earnestly entreat the courteous readers not to be too hasty in their apprehensions of danger; moreover to reserve their anathema, until the conclusion of this veracious narrative.

Sophia Molony, was the youngest of four daughters, left by Doctor Molony to his relict, the inconsolable and truly devoted Mrs. Molony. When we say that Sophia was the *youngest*, we do not mean thereby that she was a very young girl. No—Sophia was in her twenty-fifth year, according to the *anno domini* of her birth, although, for matrimonial and other worldly purposes, she certainly chanced to have just got out of her *teens*. For, of course, the discreet reader is aware, that it is now clearly settled and understood, that ladies are to have *two different ages*—the one beginning, as we have above expressed it, as the *anno domini*—the second with slight variations, commencing about their fifteenth or sixteenth year: these *two dates* operate in totally opposite directions; for, whereas the *first* date, with cruel and systematic pertinacity adds one year to every twelvemonth past; the second date, with great prudence and sagacity, subtracts a year now and then from the sum total. Perhaps, this digression may appear idle to some, but still, I was bound to go into it, in order satisfactorily to account for the *two* ages of Sophia Molony. And now to proceed.

A heroine is always expected to possess beauty, but unfortunately ours could boast of none—but, lest I incur a mistake, I subjoin a slight sketch for the reader's satisfaction, as well as for the ease of conscience. Sophia's eyes were neither black, nor hazel, nor blue, nor grey, but of a colourless tint which, for want of a better definition, we shall call neural. She neither owned a Roman nor a Grecian nose—her nose belonged to no country, or rather it belonged to all countries—it was simply a *snub*. The beauties of her mouth were very unintelligible and difficult to define. Certainly, it was exuberantly large, in order, no doubt, to make amends for the exiguity of her nasal organ; the lips were neither bewitchingly pouting, nor yet formed for smiles—the upper one was very thick, the under one very thin—the same system of compensation being observed in this instance, as in that of the mouth towards the nose. Neither roses, nor

lilies, nor drifted snow, nor pallid marble, nor resplendent alabaster, nor any of the other valuable materials, of which, according to poets and romancers, female complexions are usually manufactured, could, by any stretch of imagination, be detected in the complexion of Sophia. No, we should say that this important *desideratum* in the formation of beauty had been superseded by a strange compound of parchment, grease, and dust. Then her hair—she, alas! could not boast of flowing auburn tresses, nor glossy raven locks—no, her capillary investments approached rather to the *Albino* species, with a slight intermixture of a warmer dye. Then, she could neither display the lightness of a sylph, nor the imposing demeanour of a queen, nor the grace of the bounding fawn, for her figure was no figure at all. Shape had been forgotten—symmetry ditto; her arms were thin, her legs were thick—her bust was too small, her ancles were too large; and here again, we perceive a strict and uniform adherence to the system of compensation. Monsieur Azaïs would have been enchanted to have made the acquaintance of Sophia, just as he was preparing his work for the press.

But we have said enough concerning the personal attractions of Sophia Molony. As to her mental endowments, these were decidedly of an inferior order, nor had indeed a process of laborious cultivation endeavoured to supply the niggardliness of dame Nature in this respect. You could neither call Sophia a beautiful girl, nor a devilish fine girl, nor a truly clever girl, nor yet an accomplished girl. What could you call her then? A rich one? No, by no means. Doctor Molony, to his unpardonable folly, in being the father of four daughters, added the still more serious offence of dying without leaving any provision for these superfluities. For you must know, that the Doctor possessed a singular ability of sending all his patients to a better world—all, except his daughters. This was not certainly the most likely way to get rich. No patient, within my recollection, ever approved of such a summary method of disposing of a malady. There are two classes of patients—the first is composed of those who are ill for *fashion's* sake, or for convenience; the second contains those who are ill because they cannot help it; but whether the complaint be voluntary or compulsory, it is not the less certain that the interference of *death* in the business is equally unpleasant to both parties.

Now, our Doctor had not the sense to perceive this—he adhered to his favourite system with strange pertinacity, and he went on curing every malady with the same radical but objectionable remedy. But this was not the worst. When we said that the Doctor sent all his patients to a better world, we spoke in a figurative style—the Doctor (independent of his daughters) had, indeed, contrived to prolong the sojourn of some few of his patients on earth, but in this instance also, he only showed a marvellous want of tact and discretion. He precisely cured those whom he ought *not* to have cured. He was continually making the most extraordinary blunders; for, in the very same day that he killed the only son and heir of fond, loving parents, he would cure an old rich maiden aunt, or crusty uncle, to the great consternation of a bevy of hungry nephews; and thus used the Doctor

to plunge two families into affliction in the same breath. Indeed, his blunders became proverbial. If a man or a woman could not possibly be spared, they were sure to go. It sufficed, however, that the said man or woman was of no other use but to plague and torment them, the Doctor, with a capricious perversity, would make them stay. I suppose, that by this time, every one is aware that Doctor Molony came from the sister isle; but, I put it candidly to the reader, whether this was a right way to get on in the world. I think not—no, not even if the Doctor had been a Scotchman, instead of an Irishman, which is saying a good deal.

Now only fancy the position of a widow with four plain portionless daughters to provide for—it is really awful to dwell upon. The phantoms of perpetual maidenhood, in dim-distant shadowy forms, began to float before the sight of the whole family, mother and daughters. Single blessedness, with some sort of competency, is a thing which one can perhaps conceive; but an unduly prolonged usage of the title *Miss*, coupled with starvation, is a dispensation of Providence dreadful to consider in this world, however salutary it may be for the soul in the next; and such were the prospects of Miss Jemima, Miss Dorothy, Miss Ann, and Miss Sophia Molony. But no, no; Miss Sophia had yet a chance—five-and-twenty, with the ingenious *subtraction* above explained, is not so dangerous to matrimonial expectation as five-and-thirty, or even thirty. But, independent of this, Sophia possessed a charm, a fascination that must of necessity insure a reward—this charm arose from a kindness of disposition, a sweetness of temper, a lovely timidity, a perfectly feminine softness, which ought to have endeared the girl to all those who knew her, and which had obtained for her the flattering appellation of the "gentle Sophia." She was an angelic creature, and, of course, soon became the special favourite of her mamma, as well as of the whole circle in which the family moved. This circle; indeed, was neither very extensive, nor very brilliant, but still there was sufficient stuff wherewithal to make husbands of, if the stuff could only be persuaded to be converted to such purposes.

There lived in the neighbourhood, a man of most formidable reputation, whose name was Captain Chicken. This same Chicken was a tremendous fierce cock. His temper was so choleric, his disposition so savage, his manner so brutal, his habits so rough, nay the expression of his countenance and his figure was so fearful, that he would strike a qualm into the hearts of the most dauntless. The captain was six feet two inches, with dark, ferocious, rolling eyes, an Herculean frame, and a stentorian voice that made one quake at the very sound. He was hasty, quarrelsome, and obstinate, and he had been dismissed from his Majesty's service, simply because he introduced horror and destruction into the ranks in the course of his tempestuous life. He had killed almost as many men as Doctor Molony, although in a different way; and, it was discovered at length, that, owing to Captain Chicken, the mortality of officers was quite as great in times of peace, as during the period of the most sanguinary war. This certainly was not the way to encourage people to buy commissions, so that considerable inconvenience resulted to the service from

the inordinate ferociousness and pugnacious propensities of the terrible Captain Chicken.

Well, my dear reader, (excuse the familiarity,) such was the man whom fate had destined to become the husband of the gentle Sophia. This tremendous *Fierabras*, this civilized savage, and rather well-dressed barbarian—this formidable captain, who seemed to have been born without one single feeling, was, at length, struck with the most violent and absorbing love for the gentle Sophia. He, who had made so many victims, became himself the victim of the tender passion. He premeditated marriage—Mrs. Molony was frightened out of her wits at the bare idea of such a thing, and the whole circle of gossips contemplated the passion of the captain with strong sentiments of horror and alarm, pity and trepidation. The match, in a worldly point of view, was not amiss—the captain was a hale man of about forty; Sophia was now twenty-six, waving of course the *conventional subtractional.* The captain was of unexceptionable descent, a chicken of excellent *brood*, and of a tolerable rich one to boot. Indeed, the Chicken might be said to be cock of the roost in his own circle. But despite of these advantages and of others, the captain, owing to the frailties which I have pointed out above, was considered, not only the very worst man for a husband, but likewise the very last person likely to engage the affections of so soft and timid a being as the gentle Sophia. But see how strangely people may be mistaken. The gentle Sophia accepted the attentions of the terrible captain. Soon she returned his love, and signified her readiness to become his *chicken.* Such are the caprices of our very ridiculous human nature.

Poor Mrs. Molony was thrown into fits at this dismal discovery. She argued the point with her beloved child, and endeavoured to frighten the infatuated girl out of her intention; but it was all in vain —the "*gentle*" Sophia was strong and fixed as a rock in this instance. Her mother worried herself into sickness—her fears made her delirious with fever, and, indeed she only escaped with life, by the mere chance of her husband the Doctor being already dead, or perhaps because she really wished to die, in order not to witness the fearful destiny that threatened her poor darling child. Now, seriously speaking, the mother was not to blame in her apprehensions and painful forebodings. The union of such beings appeared monstrous—unnatural. What a contrast! the gentleness of the dove on the one side, the ferocity of the tiger on the other; nay, the very external appearance of the parties was sufficient to strike the beholders with astonishment. Fancy the tall Herculean figure, the six feet two, of the captain, with the frail slender form, the four feet one of his intended bride—fancy the fearful manner, the ferocious expression of the *Chicken*, and the mild deportment, the indescribable softness of the *dove!*—fancy—but what then? when you have fancied to your heart's content, the prodigious disparity in length, breadth, and thickness, between husband and wife, what will be the conclusion? a very philosophical one—it will recall to your memory the *system of compensation*, and show you that Monsieur Azaïs was perfectly in the right.

Besides, why should we feel surprised at any thing in nature, however strange, puzzling, or ridiculous, especially in matters wherein

the heart, not the mind, holds absolute sway. Is it not more surprising that we should wish to circumscribe matters of mere taste and feeling to certain fixed rules? We ought to know better by this time. How often have we seen the tall, strapping man, pair off with the slender, diminitive female—the large masculine virago with a Lilliputian apology for a man! How often, again, have we seen the plainest man marry the most handsome woman, and *vice versa!* How many times is talent coupled with stupidity, knowledge married to ignorance; wit and mirth joined in wedlock with gravity or melancholy; folly leading wisdom by the nose; pride and rank humbled into a union with obscurity; and wealth running mad after poverty! Stop, stop—I feel I go too fast—*money*, certainly, is the only one thing in which a universality of taste seems to prevail amongst mankind. Only fancy, reader, (I beg your pardon for making you fancy so much,) only fancy the folly of sages and philosophers in troubling their heads and injuring their healths, in endeavouring to find the longitude, the quadrature of the circle, the philosopher's stone, the phœnix, the general fitness of things, the greatest happiness, principle, &c. &c.; fancy again the nonsense of our eternal babbling concerning the march of intellect, political economy, and system of politics, patriotism, and reform; code of laws, standard of morals, and form of religion, &c. &c. What folly, I say, when all this is already discovered and perfectly explained, in the single word *money!* But this is a most inconceivable wandering, let me retrace my steps with all possible expedition.

"She will have *him*," said Mrs. Molony, in a disconsolate tone; "there 's no use arguing the matter. Bless my soul! only think, dear Mrs. Hopkins, what a perverse taste! He 'll be the death of the poor girl. Why, when Captain Chicken enters the house, he actually puts out the light by the mere puffing of his nostrils, and literally makes the window panes shake and tingle with the sound of his voice; but, alack! 'tis no use speaking to the wretched child, she must fulfil her doom!"

The gentle Sophia, a few days after this lamentation, did fulfil her doom, as her mother called the wedding ceremony, and she became *bona fide* Mrs. Chicken. The mother resolved to give her child as much as possible of her company, thinking, no doubt, thereby to check the brutality of the terrible captain. The honeymoon passed off in "uninterrupted bliss"—connubial transports—mutual tenderness—happiness supreme, &c., and all that sort of thing, which people say attend on the rash perpetration of matrimony. During the first thirty days of their offence, Captain Chicken was observed to have become as soft as a lamb. Mrs. Molony stared and wondered; Mrs. Hopkins ditto; the three virgins Molony began to envy their youngest sister, and began seriously to reflect whether it would not be very proper to accept such another ferocious captain as Chicken, should he chance to present himself.

"I think I should have him," said Miss Jemima Molony.

"And so should I," quoth Miss Dorothy Molony.

"And I," joined Miss Ann Molony.

Here I lay down my pen, and make a mental bow to Monsieur

Azaïs; for it is clear that the union of Captain and Mrs. Chicken, which people at first thought monstrous, was in strict accordance with the system of compensation. But unfortunately, this same system is perceptible in all affairs of frail humanity; for observe, it is, I believe, understood that after the peace and happiness of the honeymoon, other moons are apt to follow not quite so remarkable for their sweetness—sometimes, too, incipient breezes prognosticate an approaching hurricane; and then, again we perceive a series of stormy weather cloud the hitherto smiling and tranquil valley of matrimony. Captain Chicken was the very man to conjure up a storm—nay, he carried a large stock of storm, as it were, in his windpipe; and he had nothing to do but, at the shortest notice, to open his mouth like Æolus, and let the blast go forth with all its overwhelming fury. Alas! the honeymoon is passed!—bliss withers away from the conjugal tree!—the blossom fades before there is promise of welcome fruit! and it became apparent, in a short time, that Captain Chicken had begun to give vent to some of the storms which, as we have seen, he carried always ready primed to serve him at the shortest notice. Alas! for the poor gentle Sophia! she discovered her mistake—it was too late. Her case is a common one, and sympathy is therefore somewhat lessened.

Mrs. Molony had now a serious idea of proposing separation to the ill-assorted couple. One morning, she was deeply engaged in these speculations, when Mrs. Hopkins and another friend called, in quest of small scandal to retail among the neighbours for the ensuing day or two. The gossips found their poor dear Mrs. Molony plunged in affliction.

"'Tis a terrible thing, indeed," said she; "the captain's savage humours get worse and worse every day. I believe he *beats* her—nay, I 'm sure he does—the horrible barbarian!"

"You don't say so, Mrs. Molony!" quoth Mrs. Hopkins. "Why then 'tis time to bring about a separation. Well, well, I always said it would come to this; but the poor dear gentle Sophia would not listen to those who knew what they were about."

"There they are at lunch, in the next room," said Mrs. Molony, "and I am surprised the storm has not commenced."

Scarcely had the blundering Doctor's relict uttered these words, than the storm, as if to remove her surprise, began to give serious indications of its approach. The stentorian lungs of Captain Chicken commenced to play, and presently the shrill, loud tones of Mrs. Chicken were heard in discordant concert, jostling, as it were, with her lord and master's more vigorous pipe.

"There they are!" cried Mrs. Molony; "I knew it would come at last."

"How very shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins. "Such a sweet, gentle being as poor dear Sophia! Oh, he is a savage!"

"A real *Carnival*—a Russian—a monster!" said the afflicted mother, applying a pocket handkerchief to her eyes.

The matrimonial tempest now raged in all its fury. The roar was loud but confused; not a single word could be caught, except a single "*Oh, you monster!*" from the lips of the cruelly-used Sophia.

"Oh! he 'll kill her this time," exclaimed Mrs. Molony, in alarm.

At this awful crisis, a loud, slappy sound, resembling the vigorous application of an unwelcome hand on a devoted face, was heard.

"I cannot stand this," shrieked the mother; "you hear he is beating her as usual."

"Let us enter the room," returned Mrs. Hopkins; "the Lord knows what may happen with such a violent brute as the captain."

Mrs. Molony and her auxiliaries now rushed in to prevent murder. The door burst open, and they beheld—what a painful sight!—how shall I describe it?—a fearful slap had indeed been inflicted—the gentle Sophia had taken hold of the poker in self-defence, while Captain Chicken—stay—the formidable Captain Chicken had been the receiver of the smart favour above-mentioned. He was bleeding copiously by the nose, and he appeared totally discomfited at the sudden appearance of the women. This interruption, however, served to check the ferocious tendency of the scene; for heaven only knows what the gentle Sophia might have achieved with a poker, when she could perform such wonders with her fist. Never was the gallant Captain Chicken so completely disconcerted, as when he perceived that the *other* Chicken was the better bird.

A deep and very matrimonial pause ensued.

"What 's the meaning of this?" inquired Mrs. Molony, herself not a little disconcerted.

"Why, really," mumbled the captain, sheepishly, "Mrs. Chicken is such—a—shocking bad temper—she won't listen—humph—a—she is so very absolute and—hem!"

"Hold your tongue, Mr. Chicken," cried the gentle Sophia. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. In this house, I *will* have my own way, and that 's flat!"

"Well, but, my dear Sophia, you need not be so violent," interposed the captain. "Your conduct really—hem!"

"I 'll be as violent as I choose, Mr. Chicken," answered the gentle Sophia, still holding the formidable poker; "and now, go and wash your face, and learn to behave yourself."

Captain Chicken very properly went out of the room to wash his face. He mumbled some unintelligible sounds as he brushed away by Mrs. Malony and her wondering friends.

"Serves him right," said the mother; "I am glad to see that my poor dear Sophy is a woman of *spirit*."

An excellent definition this, for those married ladies who are ignorant of the true meaning of the word. But how—may some shrewd critical reader observe—how could a little thing, four feet one, be able to slap a face so much out of her reach as that of a man carrying his head in the altitudes of six feet three? Now listen, reader; there are two ways of equalizing—either by going up or coming down. Captain Chicken was sitting when he received his better half's compliment—a most convenient posture—just the very thing for permitting the gentle Sophia to operate without the slightest inconvenience. And here I shall stop, by observing that, even in this last incident, you may, if you look for it, discover the admirable system of compensation of the ingenious Monsieur Azaïs.

CLAVERING'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.[1]

CONTAINING OPINIONS, CHARACTERS, &c. OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

I AM allowed to fly or skip about, without order, like a fly upon a flower-bed. I think I have not mentioned a clever, agreeable, little man of my acquaintance—they say I call every one "little"—Mr. Palgrave, a good critic, and profound researcher into antiquarian lore; but (I take the liberty of telling him) not possessed of a good style. If I mistake not, he wrote formerly some good articles in the Edinburgh Review, and is mentioned in some of Lord Byron's notes.

Observation without theory will not do much: theory without observation is not to be trusted. They who have but single faculties of the mind commonly produce useless fruit. All must combine, to make true genius or powerful talents. Without imagination, the mind lives by a borrowed light: imagination is not the mirror that reflects, but the power that creates: the first of these is something—the last is every thing. But why has the Providence that formed us, not made us something better? Why can we imagine a nature, both animate and inanimate, more sublime, and beautiful, and tender, than reality? It must be that our spirits come forth from a more perfect world! Powers of reasoning, judgment, memory, and even fancy, are common: genuine imagination is very rare. But let Providence have given the highest intellectual endowments, without much culture, I do not mean technical culture, they will not avail. By culture, I mean incessant thought, and exercise of these powers. Robert Bloomfield was a true genius, because he had invention, though his inventions were not sublime.

During all my long life, I have seen very few of really eminent poetical genius. The greater portion of the candidates for the laurel have been artificial creatures, wanting in a poetical soul. People may make as many artificial flowers as they will, which will serve many ornamental purposes: but artificial poetry will not do. There is an easy mode of making verses mechanically, clothed in very flowery and sparkling language; but they have no life.

Epic poetry, which is the most natural and the best, is rarely attempted. There is a kind of poetry so simple and so obvious, that I am unable to account for its rarity. Subjects of this sort occur in life every day and every hour. All life is adventure, and excitement, and misfortune. God allows the wicked to prosper in the world for the sin of Adam and Eve. Ever since, Satan has held a divided empire over this earth.

By what means are riches gained? Scarcely ever by honest means. And when a man has gained great wealth, is he ever other than hard-hearted? What does Alexander Baring do? Having been a loan-monger all his life, he proposes a new law still to extend the power of creditors over debtors! And this, at a time when enlightened legis-

[1] Continued from vol. vii. p. 422.

lators have it in view to *contract*, not to *extend*, that old-fashioned sort of torture. Here the spirit of Shylock, and "the pound of flesh," break out again. The *Times* very ably answered this subject of a disgraceful motion, a day or two after it was given. But let Mr. A. B. beware. Perhaps he is still connected with commerce, though he holds out to the world that he is not. And what man is safe from a fall, while he is connected with commerce? We have seen the Maberleys, the Poles, the Morlands, the Claude Scotts, the Goldsmiths, the Chamberses, the Benfields, &c. already fall. No man in trade, who goes to bed rich, knows that he may not wake the next morning a bankrupt.

We hear proud talk of the "merchant kings" of Venice, Florence, &c. I do not like this contradictory combination: we might as well say, "bold cowards," or "honest thieves!" What more illiberal and cruel government than the old republic of Venice? And what was the government that banished Dante and Petrarch? Tyrants in purple or in red have still the same thirst for human blood.*

I hate the tribe of the *Candids:* they are always hypocrites. Why not speak out? Let vice, and treachery, and avarice, each of them bear its own proper name. Half the machinery of London payments is carried on by extortion; by the threat of writs, and the terrors of a bailiff! Thousands of those myrmidons,

"Where the fell attorney prowls for prey,"

live upon the entrails of human necessity.

A villainous agent, who had a long account with me of upwards of 50,000*l.*, made up of frauds and false charges, by which he made a pretended balance against me, though he owed me at least 30,000*l.*, once arrested me for 25,000*l.*, in order to crush my demands upon him, and with the hope that I could not get bail for so large a sum: but he did not well calculate the energy of my character when provoked. I convicted him, and sent him to Botany Bay for life, where he was again allowed to act as an attorney, till being convicted again of fresh dishonesties, and sentenced to be whipped, he hung himself. He had the most hard, Jack-Ketch look, of any one I ever saw.

There are no laws in Europe which want more purification than the English: they were originally good, though somewhat severe; but they have become inexpressibly corrupt in the machinery of practice. I have lived long enough to see all these evils more than quintupled since I first came to England. The bursts of temporary prosperity caused by Pitt's plans of finance, which encouraged habits of expensiveness and waste in the people, followed by the distresses and reverses generated by the most profuse costs of the war, were the main producers of all this abuse by the legal practitioners.

I have not the return of the comparative number of attorneys in London in 1784 and 1830, but I presume it would turn out to be more than quintupled; while their luxuries and expensive habits are more than quintupled also. Nothing will satisfy them less than a house in the season in Wellington Place, Ramsgate, at twelve guineas per week! Then what luxury of eating and drinking—of claret, madeira, and champagne, goes on! then up by the steam again—

* The Editor begs leave to dissent from the spirit of this paragraph.

backwards and forwards in a trice—one day the dark desk in the smoky row, where spells and chains are forged for the necessitous victim—the next, Wellington Place, the luxurious table, and the walk, all spruce, on the fresh-aired pier—wife and daughters all bedizened from the most tawdry and expensive London milliners! O that horrible *Wellington Place*—from how many human vitals has it sucked the blood!

I have written Lives of James I. and Charles I., not at all satisfied with any which have hitherto been given. Harris, who wrote those Lives seventy years ago, was a dissenter. Miss Aikin's Life of James is, to my taste, very poor milk-and-water stuff. Our general histories are, of course, deficient in details. I admire Clarendon; but we want something beyond the memorials of a contemporary. Hume's acuteness is great, and style pure; but he was too prejudiced a Tory. There is no deficiency of materials; they are too plentiful rather than too scanty. My manuscripts are ready for the press, but no bookseller has hitherto been willing to take the hazard of them.

Clarendon portrays the minds and inward movements of those whose outward forms have been so livelily and nobly painted by Vandyke. I have seldom had occasion to differ from the grand historian's views; but I have used my own words, and my own manner. I have done my utmost to draw individual characters of those reigns, because mere generalizations, if instructive, are not amusing. I do not receive any distinct ideas from the portraits drawn by Lord Nugent. It seems to me, that Hampden was a wily man, in whom under-currents were always working. It is true, that the business of the world cannot be carried on successfully without a great deal of cunning; and a straightforward man scarcely ever succeeds in the paths of ambition. Almost every public man I ever knew—and I have known a great many—has been a cunning man.

Among the misfortunes of men known to be open and ductile, is this—that every one is encouraged to act dishonestly by them—and, what a plausible rascal would not attempt against a cold, cautious man, he thinks he may do with impunity against the unsuspecting, kind-hearted, and frank.

I have seen life in its unnumbered varieties, and seen it behind the curtain: and I may say with Cowper, in his address to the Jackdaw, translated from Vincent Bourne,

> "....Sick of having seen them,
> Would cheerfully these limbs resign
> For such a pair of wings as thine,
> And such a head between them!"

They who pass the "even tenor of their days" in a state of decent obscurity, and cautious competence, have not the most remote conception of the perils, and sufferings, and snares, and villanies, passing in the tempestuous seas of life. Having no imagination, they will not believe that which they do not experience themselves. They hear complaints from the sufferers with the most insulting and disgusting scepticism; and deem all that is said, the effusion of passion and prejudice.

If we could see with a chemical eye into the elements of the boiling cauldron of life, what a sight it would be! I have told much in these sheets: I leave much more to be told to the public when I am resting in my grave. It fills several manuscript volumes, fairly written out. There, several collateral relations of my own, whom I have disdained to name in these memoirs, will exhibit themselves in their true colours.

There are human beings who have no compunctions of conscience, whom nothing but the world's censure and neglect can touch; and this they care about only so far as it affects their own selfish interests. Nothing is more wholesome than to expose such persons to the popular lash. Of all knowledge, the knowledge of the human character is the most useful and the most brilliant. All the varieties, all the obliquities of the head and heart, can only be penetrated by the lamp of a powerful imagination. Disguise is, of course, the main machinery by which wickedness succeeds: to draw off the veil is consequently the best mode of defeating it. When a man's true character is known, he is, if bad, more than half disarmed.

To revert to myself—I write earnestly from day to day, uncertain whether the next the pen may not fall from my hand, and my fingers cease to move, under the cold grasp of death! Sometimes, for a moment, the pulse ceases with me; and a general languor seems to loosen and paralyze all my limbs. Within the last few months I perceive, by the glass, how frightfully my cheeks are fallen! Did I not accustom myself to write when others sleep, I should not write a page in a month. I cannot write in the irritation of society. What I like altogether best, is a marine villa. I love the free expanse of the fresh sea-air. Charlotte Smith, familiar with the coast of Sussex, described this scenery admirably. She had her foibles; but two days, which I once spent at Falpham, were delightful. Hayley, at that time, was in his happiest mood; full of literary anecdote of past ages, which he brought forth mildly, and with a most perfect memory. Old haughty Cyril Jackson treated him most brutally.

Mrs. Smith also, by every picturesque word, makes us in love with the South Downs. I once was in company with her sister, Mrs. Dorset, a tall lady, of expressive countenance, and decided and imperious manners. I do not know whether she be still living, or what she has written, except some clever lines for children, called, I think, "The Peacock at Home," They were much connected with West-Indian families. She furnished, if I recollect, to Sir Walter Scott, materials for a memoir of her sister, whom she did not seem to me to admire in her heart, and whose *melancholy* strains she seemed to sneer at. I was a little surprised at her manner, which was not exactly congenial to my expectations. Lord Egremont, a generous, accomplished, and excellent man, gave always his friendship and patronage to Mrs. Smith with undiminished warmth.

This puts me in mind of Petworth. It is a great heavy mass of building, but stately. Probably no part remains of what was built by the Earls of Northumberland. It seems of the style of the time of Charles, the proud Duke of Somerset. Here is a fine collection of historical portraits. See, in the Sydney papers, the relation of a

curious boxing match between the two brothers-in-law, Lord Sydney and Lord Hay, which happened at Petworth in the time of James I.

Sussex is a county very scanty of gentry. It has a few great nobles—the Duke of Richmond—the Duke of Norfolk—Lord Egremont—Lord Chichester—Lord Abergavenny—Lord Burlington—and Lord Gage—all of the old nobility. It is a county ruined by poor-rates. The adjoining county of Surrey is overrun by citizens and *parvenus*, and has scarcely any gentry.

The Wyndhams are not indigenous to Sussex: they came from Norfolk, and last from Somersetshire. They are a very ancient family of commoners, always highly allied. Of William Wyndham, the statesman, the friend of Burke and Fox, I have said nothing. I had only a very slight acquaintance with him. He was a man of extraordinary acuteness and great virtue; but surely far too subtle and metaphysical. For many years he was under-estimated—at last he was placed too high. He had many opinions more ingenious than solid. His father is still remembered as one of the first who made the ascent of Mont Blanc, with Mr. Aldworth, father of the late Lord Braybrooke, who had married a Genevan lady of the name of Calandrini. Wyndham left his estate to his nephew, Admiral Lykyn, whose daughter is, I believe, now married to one of our new union-nobles, of the name of Hare, whose titles I forget, a grandson of the old peer in possession, whose father is reported to have been a breeches-maker from Cork or Limerick. Wyndham was obstinately proud and aristocratical, and this would not very well have pleased him. Norfolk is a peculiar and detached county, abounding with the old habits of the squirearchy. It possesses a few very old families, such as the Astleys, Walpoles, Wodehouses, and Bacons.

The adjoining county of Suffolk possesses scarce an old family, except the Herveys.

It often happens that the elevation of a family leads to its extinction. Having lasted some centuries in provincial distinction, perhaps it attains the peerage; and then soon expires. Such were the Wentworths, Booths, Newports, Savages, Harcourts, Leakes, Pastons, Arundels of Trevice, Archers, Colepepers, Mansels, Gerards, Widdringtons, Lovelaces, Radcliffes, Godolphins, Granvilles, Carterets, Cokes, Herberts of Powis, Sandyses, Hydes, Trechevilles, Westons, Savilles, &c.

Perhaps they could not sustain the temptations of luxury and expenses of a court. The transplantation from a simpler soil created too violent a stimulant to their blood. The aboriginal peerage, used to a rich soil, bear it without exhaustion. Thus we cannot associate in our minds the sort of feeling due to old nobility, except towards families which have enjoyed the peerage for centuries. Between a merely ancient family and an old noble family the difference is immense; yet often in common conversation, and by unintelligent minds, they seem to be confounded. The Grosvenors, for instance, are of provincial antiquity, but only made noble the other day; so are also many others among the most insolent of the modern peerage, *quos nunc præscribere longum est!*

I have drawn up an Inquiry into the history of our modern Baronetage

in this manner, which may one day see the light. It will mortify the pride and vanity of some of our most offensive nobility. The scale of pre-eminence may be drawn with perfect accuracy, after laying down certain principles, which scarcely any one will dispute.

I myself thoroughly believe that such a work would be found full both of political and moral instruction, illustrative of the character of the government, as well as of the manners of the nation. No doubt, many powerful people are interested in setting both themselves and others against such discussions. Many cry, "It is sufficient that I am a duke, or a marquis, or an earl; and what nonsense it is to rip up old times, and inquire how or why!" They think themselves like an old carriage new painted and varnished; and that it is unfair to take notice of the coat beneath, or the puttied holes made smooth, and covered over with the fresh colour. But such forbearance is a sort of candour which encourages corruption and baseness. The purest stimulant to disinterested and noble actions is a virtuous love of fame. To allow such disguises to be successful, would tend to cloud and obliterate all the distinctions of a just renown.

When a man of unprincipled ambition knows, that hereafter his conduct will be scrupulously weighed, he is much checked in the course his passions prompt him to pursue. It is for fame that he works, though a false fame. If a coronet and ermine robes are allowed to be successful in concealing secret guilt, then he will drive on his furious course without compunction. Unfounded or exaggerated satire cannot be justified; but severe truths are often wholesome to the living, and due to the dead. Even, to this day, we discuss the public characters of the dynasties of the Tudors and Stuarts. The satirists of those days give us clues to assist our researches. What have the temporary glories of Villiers done to cover his iniquities and his follies?

The posterity of the body of Villiers soon failed; but one branch of the male collaterals of his house still remains in possession of an earldom, and new affluence gained by marriage. He got, like the D. of W., two brothers and a brother-in-law (Denbigh) advanced to the peerage; but one of them, the son of Viscount Purbeck, threw off the name like a pest, and left his son to contend in vain for his peerage and his legitimacy. That son also left a son who claimed to be Earl of Buckingham under a collateral entail of the favourite patent, but died a profligate in a spunging-house, leaving daughters, who became women of the town. They died old women, within my memory, and their persons were once pointed out to me. Then the right recurred to Mr. Villiers, a clergyman, who in vain made many efforts to regain the earldom. He left a sister married to Dean Lewis, whose son took the name of Villiers, and married a sister of the late Lord St. John of Bletso. He once showed me all the curious documents on this subject. I cannot now revive all the particulars in my memory. I lately met with an acquaintance, who told me that he also had seen them. The right was clear.

The late Lady Jersey is well remembered in the annals of fashion and dissipation. She was daughter of Dr. Twysden, an Irish bishop, a younger son of the Twysdens, of Roydon Hall in Kent, of whose

wild life incredible anecdotes are yet floating on men's lips. The ancestor, Sir Roger Twysden, the second baronet, was a very learned man, editor of the *Deorum Scriptores.*

It is objected to me that my migratory life, from the age of twenty, has been unpropitious to regular study. True—but not to thought, to meditation, and to observation. And Cowper has well remarked, that learning is one thing, wisdom another. He who wanders about, encourages fresh and lively ideas: new impressions are generally strong. It is asked of me, why I have been "*Cælebs*" all my days, and yet not "*in search of a wife?*" Might I not return the question to Hannah More,* and ask why she has not been in search of a *husband?* I remember Hannah nearly sixty years ago; but I never sought her. She was rather too quaint and methodistical, even then, for me. And she was too old, and somewhat too weighty also, for Mr. Wilberforce.

Wilberforce would have been a good man, if he had not been infected with this methodism, which has become at last a very cholera! I have often listened to his speeches in parliament, in which there was much good; but his person, and the whining tone of his voice, were unfavourable. I have always set myself against this methodism, as a pest more fierce than that of the Puritans who brought Charles I. to the block, and overturned the throne of England, Scotland, and Ireland. But the Puritans themselves have always been held in abhorrence by me from the days of the brutal John Knox, and the intolerant, blood-thirsty Calvin. I do not mean to justify Queen Mary, for I am not a Catholic; but I prefer the Catholics to the Puritans. Lord Nugent, in his Life of Hampden, does not seem to be aware of the spirit of these last: he accuses the king of insincerity: was there ever sincerity in a Puritan?

No courage or wisdom less than that of Elizabeth would have supported her between the cross-fires of the Catholics and the Puritans. King James instantly fell into feebleness and misery between them, and the accomplished and virtuous Charles suffered death upon the scaffold. Lord Nugent lets us into the secret every now and then, that he takes the side of the Parliamentarians, because his ancestor was then *High Sheriff* of Buckinghamshire, and joined the side of Hampden! but yet, he is willing to have the benefit of Sir Bevil Granville's name and portrait, who fell gloriously at Lansdowne on the king's part. But we may safely leave him to fight it out with his redoubtable opponent, Mr. D'Israeli. Still it is a subject of intense interest, not yet fully treated. But the beautiful subject would be the reign of Queen Elizabeth, if it could be written with eloquence, discrimination, impartiality, and fulness of knowledge. Miss Aikin's is a very dull and superficial book, compiled from state and commonplace authorities. Scarcely any historian seems hitherto to have duly amalgamated his materials. Their narratives are made up of particles in which we everywhere see the joinings. Even Mackintosh, in his two first volumes, is not free from this.

In these days, readers combine a strange fastidiousness with a strange taste for vulgar and corrupt composition. They are at once

* This was written before the decease of that pious and talented lady.

hypercritical, and yet negligent of criticism. They reject dulness, which other ages would have received; and yet receive crude things, which other ages would not have endured. In short, they like the piquancy of French cookery, even though the material be the cast leather of an old shoe.

My itch for scribbling is considered by many of our friends a very unfortunate disease, which has brought me into many scrapes, and made me guilty of a thousand indiscretions. "O do not write," they cry, "do not write—hold your pen—let the fools alone!" "What," I answer; "leave them to their own conceits! they will not understand the silence: they will be sure to interpret it as a triumph. I will lash folly, till I strike some light into it!" "Light out of darkness!" it is replied; "that is a miracle you assuredly will not effect."

Others exclaim, "Why do you vex yourself with the labour of writing, if you do not get money by it? *Cui bono?* And then to print what no one will read, or none taste—it is a grievous folly." But suppose it occupies my time pleasantly and innocently; suppose it purifies and strengthens my own mind. Suppose the exercise elicits thoughts and sentiments, which would otherwise lie dead within me: is this nothing gained? The rejoinder to this, which they secretly hatch, if they do not express, is, that the world's acceptance is the proof of talent, genius, and merit; and that he who is not successful with the world, ought to take it as evidence that he is unqualified to write or think with effect. Such is the ungenerous censure of the great mass of mankind. I have printed many things with a conviction that it was my duty to do so, even though I should not obtain one reader. My experience has shown me, that many things which obtained no notice at first, gradually have worked themselves into the attention of the public. On the contrary, many things which catch at first, soon evaporate and lose all hold.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

CUT your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humour and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast, that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and, on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle; Mrs. Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Every thing was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half-past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner being put off, Willemott replied, "On the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat any thing without fear of indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out, for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is too great to insure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation. I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now a-days, and Irish lords are nothings; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you will find it excellent, not a head-ache in a hogshead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should rattle round the park with him. I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four greys, ridden by postillions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed, "In town we must of course drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labour. Rather than not drive four, I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open-hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years. On my return, I inquired after my friend Willemott, and was told, that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he was now a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighbourhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him.

"O my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented, and happy, and as friendly, as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and the coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the *artiste extraordinaire*. I praised every thing.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare; and, altogether I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner, he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners, and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my

friends, especially my old school-fellow. Will you take *port* or claret; the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By-the-bye, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Willer—an *excellent* match. It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage as before, but in a chariot and with a *pair of horses.*

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in *four horses,* I do not much like: it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbours."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceed to the south of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit."

It suited me very well, and, at four o'clock, I met him according to appointment at a livery stables over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out, it was a phaeton drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern. We set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is *our dinner-time.* Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course, you know that Louisa has a little boy."

I did not; but congratulated him.

"Yes; and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very *good* match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only man-servant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small, but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favourites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a *plain* dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good plain cook is the best thing, after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin, the under-cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly, of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have had, I left them almost pennyless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beef-steak, and *what more* in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughters into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone, and one horse in a four-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the "Times," and arrived at the Bedford Hotel. It was not until after some inquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay and always healthy; and, as for carriage and horses, they are no use here —there are *flies* at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but every thing, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whiskey-toddy*. It agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life!"

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could live happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that, although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, further, I have made it a rule,

as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not, that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met—and we parted for ever.
The night-bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long past to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vow'd we would never—no, never forget,—
And those vows at the time were consoling:
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine
Are cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, the beautiful spirits' shrine,
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full to weeping;
Each *star* is to me as a *sealed book*,
Some tale of that lov'd one keeping.
We parted in silence—we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the colour and bloom of those bygone years,
Shall hang round its waters for ever.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NAMES.

Thesauron Onomaticon.

"*What's in a name?*"—a great deal, say I. The "London Directory" is, in my humble opinion, a work full of wisdom and learning—a complete repository of art and science—a book which ought to be consulted by all, and the pages of which should form one of the principal studies of every thinking mind. But, under the supposition that I am writing only for *thinking minds*, I shall waive all further preambles, and plunge at once in *medias res*.

The following fashionable and most curious intelligence is taken from a journal, supposed to possess the best sources of information in such matters.

"Mrs. Panther's ball was on Wednesday last crowded with the *élite* of rank and fashion," &c. &c. "Weippert's excellent band attended," &c. Then follow the *quantum sufficit* of titles, &c.; but nothing is mentioned of the most interesting features of the entertainment. This I intend to supply.

Among the guests there were—Messrs. Bull, Bullock, Lion, Roebuck, &c. But two very suspicious persons happened to creep into the rooms, for what purposes no one could tell, although their appearance was a source of dread and alarm to many of the party—these suspicious characters were Mr. John *Doe* and Mr. Richard *Roe*—the latter probably might have been smuggled in by mistake in *lieu* of Sir Frederick Roe, the worthy magistrate; or, perhaps he was admitted, because he was known to be some *connexion* of his. The greatest cordiality prevailed among the guests, notwithstanding that persons of all colours and opinions were jumbled together in a most picturesque confusion. I saw Mr. *Wolf* chatting very friendly with Miss *Hart*, and Captain *Lion* condescending to do the amiable by Miss *Hog*, and this, to the great annoyance and jealousy of the three old misses *Swine*.

Mr. Shepherd introduced two of his most intimate acquaintances, Mr. *Ram* and Mr. *Lamb:* the announcement of the latter produced some commotion and whispers, for it was not clearly ascertained whether he was one of the *Political* Lambs, or the celebrated *Elia*. As soon as they came in, I perceived Colonel Fox making up to them, and I was surprised at the cordiality which appeared to exist between them. Mrs. Panther was anxious for the arrival of Mr. *Bacon*. But he sent a message by a friend, that Mr. *Bacon* could not come, as he was gone to *Ham*. I longed to see Mr. Bacon, and inquired after his relative Colonel Bacon, the commander of Donna Maria's lancers. Mr. *Stag* seemed very much harassed, if we were to judge by his look; and Mr. *Hare* was seen sculking about the room, as if afraid to meet Mr. *Wolf*, as it appears that they were not on good terms.

Many distinguished foreigners were present at this ball: some of them might be reckoned *strange birds*, and many too, were decidedly *odd fish;* but yet, on the whole, no complaint could be made. Mr.

Hawk and Mr. *Raven* carried themselves very high—the greatness of their *descent*, others would call it *ascent*, might perhaps excuse this pride.

When Mr. Peacock was announced, considerable merriment was excited. He thought proper to bring with him a whole bevy of country cousins and relatives, which could not fail to produce a burst of laughter. Only fancy the arrival of Mr. Peacock, followed by Messrs. Allcock, Hancock, Hitchcock, and Badcock! Scarcely had those *strange birds* been introduced, when the *odd fishes* above mentioned made their appearance. Sergeant *Shark*, a distinguished lawyer, led the way, and he was closely followed by Mr. *Herring* and Jack *Sprat*. Mr. *Pike* asked the beautiful singer, Mrs. *Salmon*, to favour the company with her melodious notes; but Mrs. *Salmon* declared that her singing days were over. Besides, she said, that there was Signor *Winter*, independent of the two *Galli*; and here I must confess that the assembly was literally convulsed with laughter, when they perceived that the said *Winter* introduced Mr. John *Frost*, formerly of the Humane Society. Notwithstanding the inclemency of his name, Mr. *Frost* was dressed in nankeens. As it was to be expected, Mr. John *Frost* was soon seen shaking hands with Mr. Joseph *Snow*, the Secretary of the Literary Fund Society; while *Snow*, by-the-bye, was grotesquely enough attired *in black*. Winter, with his two friends Frost and Snow, did not stay long here; they took their departure just as Mr. *Spring* Rice was announced.

Mr. *Pigeon* came late, as he had been tarrying at Crockford's, where he had dined; and Alderman *Swallow* fell asleep after supper, much to the discomfiture of the servants.

One of the greatest *bores* of the whole set was Mr. *Parrot*, who, coming piping hot from the House of Commons, was exceedingly lengthy and tiresome concerning the debate. He inflicted the whole of his speech on the company; and, moreover, indulged in some personalities against Mr. *Sparrow*, one of the Lords of the Treasury, whom he accused of certain rapacious propensities, and old habits of peculation. But what annoyed me most, was to see a foolish fellow, called Mr. *Gull*, believing every word that the loquacious Mr. *Parrot* chose to utter. Another bore of considerable dimensions, was an old, fat, vulgar-looking man, with an enormous paunch, a round, jolly face, a thick-set figure, thick legs, thick hams, and thick head also. He claimed to himself a great reputation for honesty, and took no small pride in his dislike of foreigners. This old fellow was dressed in a large blue coat, with brass buttons, a coachman's hat, short waistcoat, breeches, and gaiters: he was a mixture of the landlord and the farmer, with a little sprinkling of the sailor: his name, if you have not already guessed it, was Mr. John *Bull*.

Among the dances, the following excited considerable curiosity.

A quadrille—Mr. Gosling, Mrs. Duckling,
Mr. Drake, Miss Daw,
Mr. Raven, Miss Swan,
Mr. Spoonbill, Miss Stork.

A galopade by Mr. Heifer and Miss Veal.

A waltz by Mr. Shrimp and Miss Crab.

It is unnecessary to add, that Mrs. Panther's party went off with all possible *eclat.*

What's in a name, again?—An immense deal, say I, again. Perambulate the various squares, streets, alleys, and lanes of this mighty metropolis, London, and you will perceive the extraordinary coincidences that occur between the inhabitants and the localities. I have been assured that, not long since, a Mr. *Penny*, in Fleet Street, was a next door neighbour of Mr. *Farthing*, so that, as they were both in trade, they could muster up a capital of *five farthings* at the shortest notice.

Beer-Lane. Is it not surprising that Mr. *Drinkall* should be allowed to live in such a place? Yet, this is the fact—a fact that speaks volumes against the neglect and indifference of the parish authorities. What shall we do when all the beer is drunk? Why, we must take to *spirits.*

On the other hand, however, we are highly gratified to find Mr. *Flower* domiciled in *Bread* Street, and that *Perry* is to be found in *Brewer* Street.

It is also worthy of remark that *Brick* Lane should contain a *Mason* and a *Nash.* We take it for granted that this *Nash* is a bit of an architect.

Brook Street. There is a *Fisher* in this street, and therefore, no one can wonder, that there should also be seen a *Sprat.* For the satisfaction of the army, we will announce that such warlike places as *Cannon* Street and *Castle* Street, are not entirely abandoned to the Smiths, Browns, and Whites; no, the former contain no less a personage than a *Marshal*, the second a *Sergeant.*

Mr. *Slowman* lives in *Chancery* Lane, placed there, no doubt, by that profound philosopher, *Chance*, with a symbolical meaning—no doubt, to imply the small progress made by those who embark into that legal and interminable lane.

That a *Virgo* should live in *Change* Alley, is really a deplorable instance of human contradiction.

However, there is some comfort in the reflection, that *Church* Lane contains the following pious and religious persons within its precincts.

Dean and Co..—The *Co.* I suppose stands for *Chapter*, and thus we have the *Dean* and *Chapter* close to the *Church.* Then—

Paroissien and Co.—Besides a *Deacon* and a *Monk*, to say nothing of a *Goodfellow.*

Indeed, the spirit of the *Church* is admirable; we find a really excellent *esprit de corps* among the professional members of religion. Thus *Crucifix* Lane is graced by the presence both of a *Cardinal* and an *Abbot.* Then, again, we perceive a *Pope* in *Dean* Street, Soho, simply to show to the faithful that a *Dean* may arrive at the highest point of ecclesiastical power and rank, if he but knows how to set about the task.

But leaving the church for more profane things, what man of any degree of sense, even of *common* sense, which they say, is the most *uncommon*—what man of sense, I repeat, does not perceive the grave warning offered again by the goddess Chance, in other very curious localities?

Listen, O reader! to the salutary lesson conveyed in the following. Chancing to pass through *Petticoat* Lane, what do you think, O gentle reader, were the two first *signs* that struck my eyes? Only fancy—I dread to think on't—why, the first was *the Horns*, and the second, *horresco referens!* the *Black Lion*. After such awful *mementos*, who would be mad enough to make frequent calls in *Petticoat* Lane?

We have now brought matters to a highly moral point, and it will be as well to bring these interesting remarks *(strictly founded on fact)* to a close. We shall not, therefore, attempt to call on Messrs. *Black* and *White*, *Brown* and *Green*, to contribute to the *colouring* of this picture; nor shall we attempt to prove that we know a Mr. *Long* who is *Short*, and a Mr. *Short* who is the contrary. That our readers may find our speculations belonging rather to the race of the *Shorts* than the *Longs*, is "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

NEMO.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY PINDARUS PUNEVER, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.L., &c. &c.

THE Genius of the Earth at midnight sate
Upon Mount Etna's top, and loud he strove
With the Fire Genius in a stern debate;
And thus he spoke, as it might king behove:
"Brother of fire, I have observed of late,
Regardless of our majesty and love,
Thou hast not pent thy sulph'rous flames below,
Deep in the centre, but at times wilt throw

"Ashes, and living lava in our face,
Blasting our fields; and, with black, boiling pitch,
How many of my cities that in place
Stood high, and smil'd amid their vineyards rich,
Thou hast engulph'd. We've suffer'd this disgrace
E'en where we stand and speak to thee; the which
Makes our just choler burn! Subject and brother
We will, that in your bounds your flames you smother."

The stern Fire Genius from a red-hot bed
Of glowing embers rose. He wav'd his hand,
And down fell lightnings. Gath'ring his garments red
Beneath his arm, he cast upon the land
A glance that scorch'd it: and, the words he said
Were dealt in thunders. A far pilgrim band
That journey'd on, look'd up with ghastly stare,
And cried, "Lo! what a mighty storm is there!"

"Brother and king, thy words are words unwise :
The license that I have, that *I will have.*
Thy safety needs it, for my warmth supplies
Thy else cold bosom, king, with life. I save
Thee from eternal death, and if I rise
And spout forth flames—but all discourse I waive—
Prevent me if thou dar'st. Thou art the first,
As king, in state, but far less strong, I trust."

He ceas'd, and slowly down the dread abyss
Of the volcano's mouth he stalk'd. A show'r
Of up-thrown crater, loud was heard to hiss,
And on his exit close. Th' offended pow'r
Like kings of his own earth, took it amiss,
And straight his princely brow began to low'r,
Resembling other princes I could name,
At the word "liberty,"—his wrath did flame,

And he made gagging laws, and stern decrees
To bind his subject fire more firmly down ;
That is, he hunted round for crevices
Through which the lava usually was blown,
And stopped them up, thinking, no doubt, to squeeze
His subject in due thraldom. I must own
It was a silly Tory sort of plan,
As ever enter'd in the brain of *man.*

For when the Fire-king felt that he was bound,
He growl'd out deeply, "Give me lawful vent!"
No answer. Then th' aggriev'd just shook the ground.
No answer still. Then the firm earth he rent—
Then yawn'd a monster earthquake, and around
Cities and plains were in one ruin blent!
And Earth, to save himself from utter waste,
Gave the volcano's back, in a most glorious haste.

FRENCH INFLUENCE IN SPAIN.

Will France interfere in the affairs of Spain? This important question has created a world of conjecture and conflicting opinion during the last month. One rumour was set afloat—another came almost as soon to contradict it. Certain movements in the French cabinet, no less than the oracular language of the ministerial prints, seemed to favour the supposition of a speedy intervention; but then, again, we do not perceive any adequate preparation for carrying this measure into effect. One opinion however is, that France *will* interfere the moment the Queen Regent's affairs arrive at that dangerous point that may threaten the security of the throne. Hitherto that danger has been only prospective—not real. For, although the Carlists have increased their strength during the last month, and although the spirit of revolt has gained ground in the northern provinces, still, as no fatal advantage has been obtained by them in other quarters, and as the capital remains in the tranquil possession of the Queen, no adequate reason, or rather *pretext*, has been afforded for the meddling of Frenchmen in affairs that do not concern them.

We however lose no time in denouncing all foreign interference as equally unjust, impolitic, and disgraceful, and we are happy to find that the sentiments which we formerly expressed on the subject, have been as zealously, although far more ably, advocated in the *Times*, in two masterly articles. Nor has the rest of the leading public press been backward in their decided reprobation of the rumoured intervention. From this circumstance, and from other data, we are led to conclude that the English government, no less than the British public, is hostile to this unjustifiable measure. Perhaps an energetic demonstration on the part of the British cabinet, would produce some effect on that of the Tuileries; although, on the other hand, we much doubt that the said cabinet may be assailable by any other avenue than the most despicable fear, or the most sordid interest.

It must be evident now, even to the obstinately deluded, that Louis Philippe is as fond of despotic power, and as ready to exert it upon an occasion, as any monarch that ever held sway over the destinies of France. By a singular anomaly, the citizen king exhibits in his person a strange combination of those faults which seem to appertain to the Bourbon line, together with the low interests and propensities that would seem to bespeak a more plebeian origin. Certainly, there is nothing very kingly in stock-jobbing. The French have made a very curious discovery—they have a citizen king so enthusiastically fond of liberty, that he commences by giving practical demonstrations how he exercises it, by constant persecutions against the liberty of the press—that press which was mainly instrumental in placing him on the throne. We are puzzled to discover one single quality in which the superiority of the present French sovereign over his predecessors is discernible, unless indeed his proficiency in banking, pensions, and stock speculations. But with all due deference to the superior judg-

ment of the French nation, we think it was scarcely worth while to make a revolution merely to give Louis Philippe an opportunity of displaying this proficiency, or of ascertaining what might be his definition of the word *freedom*. We admit the French are fond of making experiments; but really even the most enthusiastic experimentalist will grant that it is carrying the mania too far, when thrones are overturned, dynasties exiled, the blood of citizens spilt in profusion, commerce injured, and a whole nation convulsed and distressed, only to come to the conclusion to which they have now arrived.

We certainly cannot object to Louis Philippe treating the nation which placed him on the throne in the strange manner that he does. It is that nation's concern not ours. If *la grande nation* feels a relish for the singular method which the citizen king has adopted of showing his gratitude; if they prefer despotism *à la Louis Philippe* to despotism *à la Charles X.*, we can only say, *de gustibus*, &c. Let the French, by all means, be prosecuted, imprisoned, and fined—let also the king pocket the fine if he likes—let the *grande nation* figure away in military reviews and pageants, and the king buy ready-made loyalty and enthusiasm at five francs a-head—let the French people talk finely, and submit to the rod, and then go to the *bourse*, and then to the theatre, and then praise themselves, and then despise other nations—and let the king and his ministers laugh in their sleeves, and make use of telegraphs, as they may think proper, and exert themselves with all their might to bring things back to the good old times in all respects but the name. We repeat, let all these things be done in France; but when we are told that Louis Philippe intends to extend his ingenious scheme to other countries; it is high time to cry out *halte là*. We certainly object to the citizen "king" exercising his despotism and duplicity in any other country but the *grande nation*. We admit that a provident father, blessed with numerous children, is right to consult the interest of his family—that his parental anxiety must spur him to accumulate a fortune to settle the "*dear ones*" in the world; but, in the name of common sense and justice, let the fond father remember that there is a *modus in rebus*. Let him exercise his great talents in the *bourse*, or put in still more rigid practice that economy which he understands so well. Let him also, if necessary, appeal to the feelings of the *Chambers;* and if by some fortunate chance a throne be to be had cheap, let him bargain for it by all means, and thus provide at once for one of his bantlings. Belgium was a nice thing—just the sort of snug little establishment that any amiable, and not over ambitious, princess might be content withal. Let the citizen king, therefore, watch carefully the state of the market, and see if another Belgium may not be had. But really, when we behold him casting a greedy eye upon several of the best thrones in Europe, there is some cause to protest against such inordinate desires, albeit enveloped in the mantle of parental tenderness.

Did our limits permit, and had we the inclination, we might enlarge upon this very interesting topic; but other matters equally important call for our attention, and compel us to abandon, for the present, Louis Philippe, considered *personally*. Upon what grounds the French

intervention could be not justified, but merely excused, it would puzzle the most astute politician to describe, unless indeed that politician happened to be a French *doctrinaire*, for to such nothing is impossible. The *juste milieu* can reconcile contradictions, and when they are sadly at a loss for facts and arguments, why then they can never want words, and that will serve them quite as well: witness that extraordinary and elaborate composition on the affairs of Spain, published in the *Journal des Debats*, and attributed to M. de Salvandy—a composition which, after an attentive perusal, left you quite as wise as before, save and except that your ear had been euphoniously tickled with a profusion of sounding phrases.

But let us ask what is the object of the French intervention?—Why, to put down Carlism and Liberalism, and to force on the Spanish nation a queen three years old. The wishes of the nation, the interests of the Spaniards, are matters of no sort of importance. Justice is completely out of the question; consistency never found a place in the vocabulary of the *doctrinaires*. The only thing to be considered is, how Spain is to be reduced to become a mere colony of France. To attain this object, all men and all parties tinged with the least spark of love of country, or independent spirit, are to be put down and crushed. Whether Carlist, or Constitutionalist, or Republican, the word signifies little; they are all equally objectionable, as long as they allow themselves to think or to feel for their country. National independence is the first cry of every noble spirit—of every sincere patriot. National independence first—then liberty. Both these feelings are great difficulties in the way of the French government. They hate alike the Carlists and the Liberals; and to this hate, coupled with fear, may be traced the strange, the monstrous anomaly which the present Spanish ministry affords to the world.

None but the most shallow mind will fail to perceive that French influence is now the preponderating power in the Spanish government. A party essentially anti-national is at the helm of affairs; and it requires no extraordinary degree of common sense or common spirit to understand and to justly appreciate the characters, views, and ulterior projects of the rulers of Spain. What a scandal is offered to the political world! what a satire is here upon human consistency! what a discouraging lesson for the exertion of courage, and worth, and virtue! Burgos, Cambronero, Andins, and Co., the *afrancesados*—the men who abandoned the standard of the nation, and their legitimate sovereign, to join the ranks of the usurper Joseph Bonaparte. These men are now the arbiters of the Spanish people—the people whose sacred cause they betrayed; whilst those who sacrificed their property—their all, on the altar of that sacred cause—those who fought, and bled, and served their country with zeal, under the pressure of every danger and every trial—those men are forgotten—in exile, or perchance insulted with a show of mock clemency—an amnesty of which they cannot avail themselves, for the simple reason that they cannot trust the source from which it flows. Never was a more impudent or more barefaced, and, at the same time, a more clumsy attempt made to deceive mankind with a display of zeal and good intentions. Several decrees have been issued *ad*

captandum; but certainly no man who had his senses about him, could be the dupe of such suspicious promises. The vulgar politicians (and the tribe is numerous) are constantly clamouring about *slow, gradual,* and *progressive* improvements, and of course they hail the above-mentioned decrees of the Spanish ministers as strong corroboration of their creed! Alas! that the fallacy should be made evident so soon! Scarcely a week passes from the issuing of a decree purporting to concede a certain liberty to the press, when the *Correo,* a Madrid paper, presuming upon such a *concession,* attempts to prove the truth of the decree—and what follows? The minister, Zea Bermudez, feels indignant, and orders forthwith the *Correo* to be suspended—this without a decree or form of trial of any sort! Here 's liberty of the press with a vengeance! Even Louis Philippe, the most inveterate enemy of the public press, would not feel courage for so great an achievement!

The like may be said with regard to the other measures and decrees. No one but an infatuated person will pay the least regard, or place the slightest reliance, on what the *Madrid Gazette* may publish, as long as that gazette is under the controllable disposal of the present men in power. Now, why should any one who is cognizant of the previous career of these men, fall gratuitously into the snare? Why suppose that men, who speculate in politics, as they might in the funds, care for aught but their *own* interest and convenience? Let us candidly ask—what can Burgos care for Spain? What are his previous services?—his sacrifices?—his former proofs of adhesion? Are they to be found in the fact of his being an *afrancesado,* or of his connexion with the banker Aguado? He is a great *financier!* granted—for he is said to have made pretty considerable pickings in celebrated Gallo-Hispanico money transactions. What proofs has Zea Bermudez given of his love, (we do not say of liberty,) but of any sort of government bearing the remotest affinity to it? Can we forget his famous *manifesto?* Can any one forget this minister's former acts in power? Where, we candidly ask, is to be found a hint that he does not prefer an *absolute* rule to any other system of government? But it is idle to dwell on such points, —none but the wilfully perverse, or the incurably wrong-headed, can any longer shut their eyes to the real state of the question.

Still, despite the universal unpopularity of the present ministers, they remain in power. Why? Simply because it would be difficult to find another set of men more willing and active to respond to the instructions of France. Because true Spaniards, to whatever party they might belong, would be endowed with some share of love of country—with some portion of independence of spirit, which, as may be easily seen, would be sad stumbling blocks in the path of jugglery, deceit, and oppression, which was invented some time since in France, under the name of a *juste milieu* system.

The chapter of events in Spain, during the past month, offers nothing remarkably striking in a military point of view. Yet the flame of disaffection and revolt has spread considerably throughout the northern provinces: the Carlists are masters of those provinces, and the number of adherents has been greatly augmented. In other

parts of Spain, however, the commotions have been few and partial, at least, as far as we can gather, from the very imperfect information received from the Peninsula. One thing, nevertheless, has afforded grounds for serious reflection, and that is, the extraordinary inactivity of Saarsfield. What is he about? No one can tell: sometimes he is said to be at Vittoria, after routing the Carlists, and the next advices inform us that he *remains* at Burgos: this city too is represented as quite ripe for a revolt. Merino presses hard upon it, and the whole country round is said to be Carlist. Saarsfield may think it prudent not to venture on active operations with his present force, and may wait for reinforcements. His fidelity was questioned by some, but we think unjustly and prematurely. Among other rumours, it has been advanced that he could not depend on his troops, as they did not evince any remarkable enthusiasm for the cause of the Queen. Although *Christinos* in name, many were *Carlists*, and others *Constitutionalists*, in reality. Nay, it is said, that many of the officers belonging to the latter class, went in a body to Saarsfield, and declared their objection to fight for a mere question of *name*. These, and many other rumours, have been circulated, but we hear at length that Saarsfield has begun his march, and probably a day or two will clear up the mystery in which his operations are involved.

The conduct of Don Carlos is very extraordinary. He has exhibited himself an inefficient man. We certainly expected a little more from him: instead of contenting himself with issuing a proclamation, he ought long ago to have placed himself at the head of his followers: —the moral strength, which a little decision on his part would have given to his cause, is in our opinion very great. But from the very commencement he has displayed a lamentable want of courage and capacity. Indeed, in this respect he forms a fit pendant to the Queen's government—the two parties are well matched. Derision has hitherto been the only feeling which this conduct has deserved and elicited from mankind at large. Despite of the statements of loyalty and affection to the cause of the Queen, published in the Madrid Gazette, we certainly do not find any facts to bear out the assertion. As for the ministry, of course, beyond cabinet intrigue and party cabals in the palace, they know nothing. High measures of policy, foreign and domestic, are perfect Hebrew to them. Stubborn facts are there to show that they have done nothing—nay, that *they* can do nothing to put down the rebellion. The Queen may have but too soon to deplore her blind infatuation in persevering in the present unpopular system—then, perhaps, the Spanish people will enjoy, for *the third time in a quarter of a century*, the benefit of a visit from their neighbours, and they will gather another proof of the total incompatibility of Spanish prosperity with French influence in the Peninsula. But let the French pause before this *third* unjust, unprovoked, and nefarious aggression is attempted. Let them remember, that degraded Spain still contains many who feel some love of country, and who have some idea of national independence; and, above all, let them not forget that the unfortunate country, which owes so much of woe and misery to them, has also been decreed by stern fate to form a vast burial-ground for *La Grande Nation!*

captandum; but certainly no man who had his senses about him, could be the dupe of such suspicious promises. The vulgar politicians (and the tribe is numerous) are constantly clamouring about *slow, gradual,* and *progressive* improvements, and of course they hail the above-mentioned decrees of the Spanish ministers as strong corroboration of their creed! Alas! that the fallacy should be made evident so soon! Scarcely a week passes from the issuing of a decree purporting to concede a certain liberty to the press, when the *Correo,* a Madrid paper, presuming upon such a *concession,* attempts to prove the truth of the decree—and what follows? The minister, Zea Bermudez, feels indignant, and orders forthwith the *Correo* to be suspended—this without a decree or form of trial of any sort! Here 's liberty of the press with a vengeance! Even Louis Philippe, the most inveterate enemy of the public press, would not feel courage for so great an achievement!

The like may be said with regard to the other measures and decrees. No one but an infatuated person will pay the least regard, or place the slightest reliance, on what the *Madrid Gazette* may publish, as long as that gazette is under the controllable disposal of the present men in power. Now, why should any one who is cognizant of the previous career of these men, fall gratuitously into the snare? Why suppose that men, who speculate in politics, as they might in the funds, care for aught but their *own* interest and convenience? Let us candidly ask—what can Burgos care for Spain? What are his previous services?—his sacrifices?—his former proofs of adhesion? Are they to be found in the fact of his being an *afrancesado,* or of his connexion with the banker Aguado? He is a great *financier!* granted—for he is said to have made pretty considerable pickings in celebrated Gallo-Hispanico money transactions. What proofs has Zea Bermudez given of his love, (we do not say of liberty,) but of any sort of government bearing the remotest affinity to it? Can we forget his famous *manifesto?* Can any one forget this minister's former acts in power? Where, we candidly ask, is to be found a hint that he does not prefer an *absolute* rule to any other system of government? But it is idle to dwell on such points, —none but the wilfully perverse, or the incurably wrong-headed, can any longer shut their eyes to the real state of the question.

Still, despite the universal unpopularity of the present ministers, they remain in power. Why? Simply because it would be difficult to find another set of men more willing and active to respond to the instructions of France. Because true Spaniards, to whatever party they might belong, would be endowed with some share of love of country—with some portion of independence of spirit, which, as may be easily seen, would be sad stumbling blocks in the path of jugglery, deceit, and oppression, which was invented some time since in France, under the name of a *juste milieu* system.

The chapter of events in Spain, during the past month, offers nothing remarkably striking in a military point of view. Yet the flame of disaffection and revolt has spread considerably throughout the northern provinces: the Carlists are masters of those provinces, and the number of adherents has been greatly augmented. In other

parts of Spain, however, the commotions have been few and partial, at least, as far as we can gather, from the very imperfect information received from the Peninsula. One thing, nevertheless, has afforded grounds for serious reflection, and that is, the extraordinary inactivity of Saarsfield. What is he about? No one can tell: sometimes he is said to be at Vittoria, after routing the Carlists, and the next advices inform us that he *remains* at Burgos: this city too is represented as quite ripe for a revolt. Merino presses hard upon it, and the whole country round is said to be Carlist. Saarsfield may think it prudent not to venture on active operations with his present force, and may wait for reinforcements. His fidelity was questioned by some, but we think unjustly and prematurely. Among other rumours, it has been advanced that he could not depend on his troops, as they did not evince any remarkable enthusiasm for the cause of the Queen. Although *Christinos* in name, many were *Carlists*, and others *Constitutionalists*, in reality. Nay, it is said, that many of the officers belonging to the latter class, went in a body to Saarsfield, and declared their objection to fight for a mere question of *name*. These, and many other rumours, have been circulated, but we hear at length that Saarsfield has begun his march, and probably a day or two will clear up the mystery in which his operations are involved.

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CHIT CHAT.

A table covered with books, newspapers, engravings, manuscript papers—cigars and a pipe—two or three old magazines—some proof sheets—unanswered letters—a tumbler and three glasses of different shapes—a biscuit—a bottle, and sundry editorial appendages—hares and pheasants on the floor—Mr. Percy asleep on the chair.

Editor, to him enter O'Sullivan.

O'S. Bless me! I see you are deeply engaged. What a mess!

Ed. (Thoughtful.) Good morning, captain. I am indeed immersed in profound occupation—just going to begin my *carving*.

O'S. So I thought from the *game* on the *floor*.

Ed. Ha! ha! No—'tis another sort of game I mean—*cutting up* books. Here are the latest publications.

O'S. Bother that carving! Booksellers complain that the publishing trade is very *flat*.

Ed. The books published keep up to the character of the trade.

O'S. Well, what sort of sport have you had?

Ed. Tolerable. *Ecce signum! (Points to game.)*

O'S. It must be a devilish pleasant task to be an editor. Did you shoot all that, or is it merely some of the perquisites of your office?

Ed. Sir, what do you mean? I killed them all myself, and will eat them all too.

O'S. Thank you, captain, for my share.

Ed. We admit no bribery, direct or indirect.

O'S. No offence. I thought that a little intercourse of kindness between editors and authors was quite a settled thing—an admirable and well established custom to promote a friendly spirit among the parties, and insure success.

Ed. Why, Sullivan, do you wish to lower the editorial dignity to that of a candidate for a seat in Parliament? Do you suppose that *critics* are to be corrupted like ministers, men in office, voters, &c. &c. Fie! 'Tis true, that now and then two or three dozen of fine old *crusty* port may have been sent to a *crusty* editor——

O'S. Crusty port! to neutralize the effects of his bile.

Ed. Sparkling *champagne*, too, may be required to call forth the drowsy spirit of the said critic. Burgundy makes his reviews *racy*, and so does Hock. Malaga tends to render his lucubrations sweet and mellow, and there is a vinous profundity in Hermitage, that imparts to the critical acumen a reciprocal power. But I refer you, captain, to our ingenious friend, Mr. Cyrus Redding's amusing and interesting volume on the subject; for the rest, I can only say, that where wines are sent to editors and critics, a due care should be observed in the selection.

O'S. In what way?

Ed. Why, *light* wines should accompany books of *light* reading. Poetry and novels should not be stuffed by mistake into a hamper of crusty port, Madeira, or other potent concoctions. In the same manner that it would be a strange oversight, to cram any ponderous volume in politics, science, and theology, into a light case of claret. Only fancy what a ridiculous figure the slender, long-necked, frivolous appearance of the bottle would make by the side of a *portly* volume of sermons, that calls aloud for *port*. As for political economy, nothing but *brandy* can wash it down.

O'S. But, captain, I observe that among the editorial appendages on the table, there is one large tumbler, one ordinary sized wine-glass, and one Lilliputian ditto. What's the meaning of this irregularity?

Ed. Why, I tell you, they represent the Triad. The tumbler is the representative of our friend Percy. He possesses most respectable bibbing capabilities, and it would be an insult to his talents, in that line, to make him drink wine out of an ordinary glass, or indeed out of any thing except a tumbler, unless a washing-tub.

O'S. He is a sensible man, that Mr. Percy.

Ed. Very sensible. He represents the Tory and high church party in the convivial portion of *The Metropolitan.*

O'S. Tory and high churchmen?—How's that?

Ed. Why, according to Blackwood and Fraser, very competent judges in such matters, it appears that great powers of potation are a strong proof of Toryism, and loyalty, and manliness, and so forth. In the enumeration of cardinal virtues constantly eulogized by Christopher North, no less than by his disciple Oliver Yorke, we find, that of being a famous toper: in proportion as a man drinks port, or brandy, or whiskey, so is his attachment to the glorious constitution to be estimated. Indifferent drinking is, with those apostles of the bottle, a mortal symptom of odious republicanism, and pestiferous cockneyism.

O'S. Why, that's true! I think I have seen something of the sort in Blackwood or Fraser.

Ed. To be sure you have. Something after this sort:—"Mr. ——, a man of your right principles—a staunch friend of old England—a fine, hale, honest, loyal heart—a sound, glorious, convivial, drinking Tory, that loves his king and his lass, and swallows his *toddy* like a man."

[*Percy snores.*

O'S. Ha! ha! And the large wine glass?

Ed. That's for my own use—a kind of *juste milieu*—a friend to good things in moderation.

O'S. Juste milieu! where did I hear that? Oh! it's a horse in Ireland, who gets the finest stock in that country. His name is Juste Milieu. And the Lilliputian wine-glass?

Ed. Oh! that's for the Don's special usage. Confound the fellow! he is a regular water-man, a poor drinker; from which we must infer, according to Blackwood, that he is infected with republicanism and cockneyism, which is the other extreme. To be sure, he is a Spanish liberal, which is quite as bad; and so far the drinking apostles are correct.

[*Percy snores again.*

O'S. Holloa! I wonder if *that* is another of the Tory virtues?

Ed. You must excuse this somniferous tendency. The poor man has had to read some scores of volumes of late, and to write criticisms upon them. The weight of labour really has overpowered him, and this nap is a most natural sequel to his task. [*A louder snore.*

O'S. What sympathy! that assenting snore speaks *volumes* in corroboration of what he has read. [*A still louder snore.*

Ed. Come, come, the thing is carried too far now. Holloa, sir, awake! We have had quite enough of your nasal harmony. Awake, I say!

[*An infantile smile plays on the lips of the sleeper; he heaves a sigh, then another sigh, followed by a soft moan, closely pursued by a sonorous snore.*

O'S. You must shake him.

Ed. And lustily too, I suspect. [*He shakes him by the arm: no answer.*

O'S. Let me help you.

[*They both shake his arms, and Percy shakes his head. The concert continues.*

Enter Volage and the Don.

Vol. What 's this? I 've nuts for you, Mr. Editor. Hollo! what 's happened?

Don. (Placing his glass to his eye.) Has Mr. Percy fallen into a fit?

Ed. No; fallen into a slumber, that 's all.

Don. Oho! and you two cannot bring the man to his right senses. Stay, I 'll awake him. Let me pass.

Ed. You awake him, indeed! when we have been a quarter of an hour about the task without success—a likely joke! Come, come, Don, I allow you are a versatile genius; but, with all due respect to your accomplishments, I think that the task of awaking a patient who is suffering under the perusal of four quartos, fifteen octavos, and thirty duodecimos, without counting the smaller fry—I say that such a sufferer is beyond your skill.

Don. No; you know I can do every thing.

Ed. So you have told me repeatedly; though, by-the-bye, your modesty is constantly in the way of your arriving at a practical demonstration.

Don. I 'll tickle his nose with the tassel of my cane.

[*He tickles, Percy shakes his head. Concert continues.*

Ed. You see, he says that even *that* won't do.

Don. Place the candle close to his cheek, Captain Sullivan. Not even that? Let me see—singe his hair. Confound it, not even that. Editor, where 's your snuff-box? No; he snuffs it in as if it were the morning air. Let me reflect a moment.

Ed. Poor fellow! who knows but it may happen to him, as it has already happened to Madame, the Cadiz lady.

O'S. What was that?

Ed. She fell asleep for *a whole month* together, and the afflicted husband could not find any possible way to awaken her. Only fancy, the sleep of a wife of a month's duration!

Don. (Starting.) I have it! Now for it—I 'll awake him.

Ed. Nonsense!

[*The Don goes to the cellaret, brings forth a bottle of claret, places it close to Percy's ear, draws the cork, and at the sound the sleeper awakes, with a start.*

Don. Victoria! I told you I could do every thing.

Ed. And so you can.

Percy. (Staring in bewilderment.) I heard you—you need not call so loud. Where am I? Awake, or is it a dream?

Is that a bottle I see before me?
The neck towards my ear—come, let me clutch thee.

[*He suits the action to the word, like a good performer, and fills the tumbler.*

Ed. Well, sir, have you been dreaming all this time?

Percy. I have, captain. Such a dream! or rather such a series of dreams of golden visions, of most delightful thrilling delusions! Ah! shall I relate my dream?

Vol. By all means. Meantime I 'll draw a sketch of you.

Don. And I will smoke my cigar.

Ed. And I my pipe. A famous pipe it is---a present from my friend Campbell.

Percy. First let me clear my throat. *(This operation is performed by swallowing a tumbler of claret.)* Pay attention. I dreamt that an apparatus was invented to review books by the agency of steam---alas! it was a dream. Methought I should have next month to read of manuscript only about a *ream*---it was a dream! Then I saw on a large common—say Penenden Heath—a large assemblage of people; they were all buying the *Me-*

tropolitan, the sale of which had risen to twelve thousand—it was a dream——

Ed. Dream! what the devil do you mean?

Percy. Beg pardon, but I must always speak the truth—*Amicus Plato sed magis*—you recollect. The sale of the *Metropolitan* was only double that of the *New Monthly*, which being fifteen hundred, it stands to reason, that of the former could only be three thousand instead of twelve. I dreamt also that the national debt had been paid off, and that there was a prospect of obtaining a reform in *law!*

Vol. Prodigious power of dreaming!

Percy. That 's not the best. I dreamt also that a reform had been introduced into the English dictionary, so that a very *respectable* man did not mean a *rich* one, who, provided he paid his bills, might be destitute of a head or a heart, or of both, if convenient. That an honest John Bull was not precisely the being which the word meant to express. That patriotism, religion, morality, &c., were not ambiguous and vague words, which admitted of various and contradictory interpretations.

Vol. Who the deuce ever heard such dreaming?

Percy. Stay. I dreamt besides, that the Tories had learnt a little tolerance and justice—the Whigs something of decision and sincerity—the Radicals moderation and manners. That the decrees of Almack's were not matter of national importance—that no one cared for *fashion* except fools. That St. Paul's had been removed to a site more worthy of its superb and stately architecture; and that there had been an evident decrease in attorneys, legs, swindlers, and cyprians.

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Percy. One moment still. I dreamt also that Louis Philippe loved liberty—that affairs were settled in the Peninsula—that the Poles were a a free and independent people—that Cobbett had become consistent and temperate in his strictures—Dr. Bowring had given up *discovering* new languages and making speeches—and Hume had not felt indignant at the monstrous corruption of allowing a pension of 12*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* to a Mrs. Crumpet, to the cruel and obvious oppression of the public. I dreamt also, that the English had acquired a correct taste in architecture, and that we were no longer bothered with the *projected* National Gallery—that the newspapers had done making wonderful discoveries: such as enormous melons weighing twenty pounds—a child discovered in the stomach of an *odd* fish—a man falling from the top of a house without killing himself—a woman delivered of five fine children, all doing well in the workhouse. I dreamt also that the Morning Post and fashionable world had suppressed part of its important intelligence: such as that the Duke of Swallow had eaten his breakfast with a good appetite; and that it was rumoured in the higher circles, that it was not at all improbable that the young Marquis of Numskull would marry the rich Miss Jane Smith—that Lord Cuckoo had gone out of town, and Lady Fiddlefaddle was just arrived, &c. &c. &c.—that Count Gull-asses was all the rage, and that the daughter of Alderman Snooks would have a portion of fifty thousand pounds, besides the whole bulk of her father's fortune at his death, the said fortune about two hundred thousand! I fancy I saw all these things—but, alas! in the midst of my career it all ended—how do you think? It all ended in *smoke*, like the Don's cigar!

Don. Well, but who hinders me taking another cigar, when the first has ended in smoke? No one. In the same manner, no one prevents you from commencing another dream—that life is most pleasantly spent in one varied, picturesque, yet interrupted illusion, which I believe is the real secret of happiness, the, the, the——

Ed. Softly, where the deuce are you going to? What, moralizing!

Don. (Serious.) Why not? I can moralize.

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Don. (Serious.) Why not? I can moralize.

Ed. I forgot—ha! ha! You can do every thing. Well now, Volage, what news?

Vol. This is a dull time of the year; and, with the exception of Spanish and Portuguese politics, the papers present a most *abundant* sterility.

Ed. Abundant sterility!

Vol. Of course; you do not mean to maintain that plenty is a sure sign of riches?

Ed. That's a poser!

Don. Yes, that's a *poser;* which, after Percy's poetical flights, or dreams, comes *fort à-propos.*

Vol. I understand what I say. Only fancy the *malice prepense* of the papers of late. Why they seem to have entered into a conspiracy to hoax, or set a dozing, the public; witness the interminable case of Ann Vickers and Mr. Barnes.

Don. O yes; that was a regular *bore:* I could not take up a newspaper without stumbling on Miss Ann and Mr. Barnes. I think it was a great want of taste on the part of their friends. Did Miss Ann suppose that was a proper way to *catch* a husband? or Mr. Barnes imagine that an ingenious way to puff *the Times?* We all know that Mr. Barnes is a clever man, and able editor, but——

Ed. What the deuce are you jabbing, Don? Ann Vickers' Barnes is not *the* Barnes; this Barnes has nothing to do with *that Barnes*—they are two different Barneses.

Don. Well, I confess my ignorance concerning the Barneses. For my part, I only know of two, the editor Barnes and Barnes' Terrace; the latter being a near neighbour of Richmond, a particular favourite of mine. But although we are rid of Ann Vickers and Mr. Barnes, can any one tell me if there is a chance of the same wished-for consummation as regards the *Wemyss smack?*

Vol. That *smack's* stale also. The Wemyss smack indeed! What say you to Sir C. Dance's steam-carriage? I never saw a vehicle of any sort making such a fuss! Really, Ann Vickers and Mr. Barnes are nothing to Sir C. Dance and his carriage. What a *dance* he leads the public! As for Mr. Savory, thank heaven that's over too! But then, the newspapers have just caught a most tremendous fish, on which they will be able to feast for three months to come. This immense prodigy has just arrived from the North Pole. Hurra! for Captain Ross. I certainly don't envy the poor captain.

Don. Nor I; 'tis said that he is pestered with publishers, to cook up a book—fashion-mongers—tradesmen of all descriptions—nay, he is such a "*lion,*" that another "Ross" no doubt reckons on the name for his *bear's* grease. A tailor exhibited his seal-skin breeches in his shop window—not faded after four years' wear and tear.

Vol. Commend me to the fine hoax played on the public on the first night of "*Prince Le Boo.*" Captain Ross is announced—the public throng to the theatre—Mr. Jeremy Snooks says to Mrs. Snooks, "There, Sarah, my dear, that's him, the famous frozen captain;" and so saying, points to a rather corpulent gentleman, who happened to be Mr. Terrail, the singer. "Ah mama, who is he?" cries Miss Dolly Dobbs. "Don't you see, love? that there gemman on the stage-box, with his smart waistcoat, and spying-glass—that's Captain Ross"—and she pointed to Sir Lumley Skeffington, who, as every body knows, is quite innocent of the North Pole. "I see him—I see him! la! what whiskers he has got!" drawled out Miss Peterkin—and she levelled her glass at a foreign singer, who, during the opera recess, thinks it quite as well to play the count, as any other part. Really, the confusion and mistakes which Captain Ross produced that night, were innumerable.

Ed. But where was he all the time?

Vol. Running after his papers, which he had left in a cab by mistake. However, I dare say the good citizens were quite as well pleased, for when the curtain drew up for the performance of the much-puffed drama, a little urchin took Mademoiselle Celeste for Captain Ross, but his mamma said, "No child—that's '*Prince Le Boo,*' whom the captain brought to England from the North Pole, but not the captain." T. P. Cooke had also the honour of being mistaken as such for some time. Indeed, his engaging against *four wild Indians* at a time, gave a favourable idea of the prowess of Captain Ross. Captain Ross has already been exhibited at the Mansion House; the wise men of the East were much edified by his presence, and it is reported, that Sir Claudius made sundry inquiries concerning the "*turtle*" of the North Pole.

Ed. Apropos, Don; is it true that you have turned St. Simonian?

Don. Why I *did* attend one of their meetings, and an excellent thing of the sort it was too. Fontana spoke French with a most orthodox nasal twang; and Doctor Prati told a long rigmarole story in a sort of gibberish, borrowed for the occasion from Parson Irving, grand store-keeper of the unknown tongues; however, by dint of intense attention and ingenuity, I came to a satisfactory conclusion as to their object.

Ed. And what was it?

Don. That they wanted *money;* so Signor Prati told the meeting. If that was the case, why not put in the advertisement, admittance—*One Shilling.* The performance being quite as amusing as any other play, I don't see what right the good people of London had to enjoy the pastime *gratis.*

Ed. And it was numerously attended?

Don. It was; not only by men, but by ladies—*women* I mean. *C'est une jolie chose que la femme libre. Diable!*

Ed. They say that an elderly female damned the meeting.

Don. Yes, she misquoted the Scripture beautifully, and announced "that the seed of a *woman* would bruise the serpent's head." Hereupon there was a tremendous uproar—the public, no doubt, were thrown into confusion, and looked about for the appearance of the serpent. I don't suppose the play will be repeated, notwithstanding it attracted *an over-flowing audience,* according to the theatrical phrase. The papers, *nem. con.*, belaboured the apostles in a most unmerciful manner; and I cannot but think, that in some instances, they assumed a degree of acrimony unsuited to the occasion, which called simply for a laugh.

Don. The theatrical world has been of late in a bustle. A *King* came forth to rule over tragedy, but still I apprehend he must descend to a dutiful subject; still he has merit—great merit. A Miss *Placide,* notwithstanding the disarming gentleness of her name, flashed like a meteor on the Covent Garden stage—like a meteor in *quickness,* of course, not in *brightness.* She left the Covent Garden stage—I suppose for the Liverpool coach. Mrs. Sloman—a wag from the Garrick said was also a *slow-woman.* Some thought she would make a *stand* in tragedy; and 'tis likely as she is *no go*—very clever—painstaking and correct declamation, and so forth, but that's *all,* and that *all,* people say is not quite enough, after what the public had been led to expect. But 'twas their fault; what business have they to *expect?*

Ed. But then, consider the newspaper *puffs.*

Don. And what right have the public to be such greedy devourers of *puffs?* Are they never to receive a surfeit?

Vol. Never; for one would reasonably suppose that the prodigal, luscious, cloying feasts prepared by that great fancy pastrycook Mr. Colburn, might by this time have given every indiscreet gormandizer a complete indigestion. But 'tis no use—the *common council* will sooner get tired of turtle, than the good public of *puffs.*

Vol. That reminds me, Mr. Editor, that I have something to communicate which will raise your bile. Read this notice in the New Monthly, in which there is most honourable mention of your name.

[*Hands it to the Editor, who reads.*

Ed. But it does *not* raise my bile, Volage. It only proves that the little fellow is still rubbing the parts affected, from the castigation which I gave him. Still it is a tissue of falsehoods.

O'S. What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?

Ed. Exactly. A communication was made to me on this very subject, but it originated from those connected with Mr. Colburn, not from me, as he would now pretend. I perceive he also wishes the public to believe that he did not assert that he would *put us down*. Mr. Percy, you are my authority.

Percy. He stated so in a conversation with one of his own editors, who communicated the fact to me. Shall I give the name?

Ed. By no means; you would only hurt an honest man, and point out to Colburn where to wreak his vengeance. Let him remain in ignorance, and let us not waste any more time upon trash.

Vol. I wonder why you ever noticed him.

Ed. Wonder not; the press in general would be honest if they were permitted so to be; but, unfortunately, few of its members can afford to be honest; and when a party comes among us with such extensive means of bribery and corruption, it is our imperative duty to expose the system, not so much on account of the individual, as *in terrorem* to other booksellers.

Vol. The booksellers must be extremely partial to your Magazine.

Ed. Most of them hate it, and do all they can to put it down, particularly some whose names I can mention—but *I defy them*. They have injured us, I grant, but their power weakens every day. Honesty is the best policy; and although our Magazine, independent of them, is an anomaly in literature, I have no fear but that we shall carry all before us. We are now more read than any other, and our critiques are sought after as worthy of confidence.

Percy. You have now carried it on for nearly two years in spite of them, and almost without advertising.

Ed. I have, and mean so to do. I consider that we have now weathered the storm; and if we had not, my ready money is quite as good as bookseller's bills.

Vol. I am very sorry to annoy you, Mr. Editor, but have you read the critique of the Morning Post?

Ed. No; I never read the Morning Post. The Times, Morning Chronicle, and Public Ledger, are those I generally lay hold of.

Vol. Read, read.

Ed. (Reads.) Very much obliged—an excellent puff for the Magazine.

Vol. Do you call that a puff?

Ed. To all sensible people; for the very fact of the Morning Post abusing any thing, implies honesty, liberality, good sense, and candour, all of which qualities are incompatible with the Ultra Toryism and puffing of that paper. I shall write a letter to the Editor, and thank him.

O'S. What a pity it is, then, that the Post has no more circulation. It is the expiring squall of Toryism, and will depart with it.

Vol. Very true. Let 's sing its dirge. Now then, gentlemen, join chorus.

TUNE—"*O Lady fair*," &c.

Poor Morning Post! why art thou dozing,
Like an old hag whose life is fast closing?
Thou'rt going, we see, by thy groaning and squeaking;
Why, at thy last gasp, wilt thou take to critiqueing?
Chorus—Poor Morning Post, &c.

Poor Morning Post! we know 'tis expletive
For a *stick* to have brains, yet surely, 'tis meet if
Thou strivest to stand, (let it not be forgotten,)
Thou shouldst not at core be so wretchedly *rotten*.
Poor Morning Post, &c.

Poor Morning Post! Thou'rt *fungi* displaying,
Like all mildew'd wood, that is rank and decaying,
And the *reptiles* that seek thee, to make their foul noise on,
Slime thee all over with their filth and their poison.
Poor Morning Post, &c.

Poor Morning Post! it may be relied on,
Thou'rt now only fit, for a tramper his hide on
To rub where it itches, a pauper to beg at,
Or a dog as he passes to lift his hind leg at.

Omnes in full Chorus.

Poor Morning Post! why art thou dozing
Like an old hag whose life is fast closing?
Thou'rt going, we see, by thy groaning and squeaking—
Why at thy last gasp, wilt thou take to critiqueing?

Omnes. Bravo! bravo!

Ed. Now, my dear Don, give us some account of the new wonder.

Don. The new wonder!—which? Wonders spring up like mushrooms in this wonderful city.

Ed. I mean the theatrical wonder, *Gustavus.*

Don. Why where have you been all this time? I should imagine the public press, morning, evening, and weekly, have done their best to enlighten their readers on this subject For once in their lives, the critics display a most amiable unanimity. When I say all, I mean all those whose opinion is of value to the parties concerned. The new opera is certainly *got up* (as the theatrical phrase is) with a degree of splendour never before surpassed, if at all equalled. Indeed, the last scene is, we should think, the most magnificent exhibition hitherto achieved on the British stage. Some persons, (competent judges too,) prefer it to the similar one presented in the *Academié Royale de Musique* in Paris. On this point, however, we will not venture an opinion, although we must say that the Parisians themselves admit the superiority of the English artists over the French, in the scenic department of the drama.

Ed. The concerted music, they say, is very good.

Don. Effective and appropriate; not of so light and popular a character as that of *Massaniello* and *Fra Diavolo,* but displaying a more mature genius, and greater musical skill.

Ed. What say you of the Drama?

Don. That without being very *strong,* it is still sufficiently interesting for the purpose. Moreover, Mr. Planche, with his usual judgment and good taste, has made some alterations which we think decided improvements on the original of Scribe. The words of the songs too are better than we generally find them in such compositions; for it seems to be an understood thing with our dramatists, that any stuff will do for *singing.* Perhaps they are not altogether wrong as far as the theatre is concerned; for English singers in general have a curious way of mystifying their audience as to the words of the songs. Sometimes you catch a word, sometimes two, nay, an attentive listener might make out a whole line, but beyond that no process of attention, sharp hearing, and ingenuity, can go. This, indeed, will signify little, as people in general are very well satisfied with the mere sound of music; but the mischief is, that the *songs* are published and sold, and then the reader easily detects the *stuff* which passes current, or rather is smuggled most agreeably along with the *sounds* of music. Now, Planche has nothing of the sort to apprehend, and

his songs will bear a strict examination, simply because, when he is writing them, he recollects that they are to be *read* as well as *sung*.

Vol. Talking of theatricals, what say you to the last freak of "glorious John," as he is called?

Ed. Well, what of him?

Vol. Why, he took the liberty of being quite innocent of his part in the *Jealous Moth*, not one word of which he spoke, contenting himself with substituting some of the most consummate nonsense that ever proceeded from the impertinent liberty of *ad libitum* performers—even Reeve himself. Actors should not be permitted to trifle in this manner with the reputation and interest of authors; the least they can do is to learn their parts, or at all events, decline such parts rather than murder them, and contribute to the damnation of the piece. But the fault is not in the actor, but in some portion of the public press.

Ed. Yes, they pet and spoil an actor, when they ought to visit his faults with animadversion. If they were to scout extemporaneous impertinence—if instead of calling a man "glorious," because he happens to be partial to the bottle, they were to reprimand him when he attempts to introduce this sort of "glory" on the stage, we should find actors becoming a little more careful of the respect they owe to themselves, as well as their duty to the public.

Don. Have you read the *seasonable ditties* of Mr. Haynes Bailey in the New Monthly.

O'S. Pray, Mr. Volage, will you tell us what month in the year such poetry can be seasonable?

Vol. I cannot; but, with the Editor's permission, I have a very seasonable song upon the occasion. May I give it?

Ed. Yes. First, because Bailey can write well, and therefore ought to be ashamed to write otherwise; secondly, because he ought to be ashamed to write for the New Monthly.

Volage sings.

Air—"*Miss Bailey.*"

THAT poetaster fam'd, I sing,
To whom poor maids are martyrs;
Whose band-box music 's quite the thing
For Cockney chandlers' *darters!*
Who tells them, that a butterfly
Alone sips earthly blisses;
Whose "Soldier's Tear," (though *all my eye!*)
Can charm the little misses.
Oh, H———s B———y!
Can pen a ballad daily:
He lisps in numbers better far
Than Master D'Israeli.

"Oh, no we never mention her,"
Is mention'd very often;
"She never blamed him," makes a stir—
And ev'ry breast can soften:
"My own blue Bell," and "Isabel,"
Are in my ears yet ringing;
"We met," too, breathes a potent spell
To set the world a-singing.
Oh, H———s B———y! &c. &c.

But as for "Songs of the Boudoir,"
They're rather namby-pamby;
And "Songs to Rosa," I abhor,—
Nor know who may that *lamb* be!

His " Lyrics " too, in " miniature,"
Though *small*, are not like *Little's*;
Nor can I tell their use, I'm sure,
Unless to wrap cold victuals!
Oh, H———s B———y! &c.

Sunbeams from cucumbers to draw,
A wight once tried his powers:
Our ballad-bard, with more *eclat*,
Hath squeezed out songs from flowers!
With ev'ry plant he's hand and glove,—
But don't you think, 'tis silly
To make a tulip talk of love
To some pale daffodilly?
Oh, H———s B———y! &c.

He bids the roses hide their thorns,
And, after his own fashion,
Requests they'll wed, nor dream of horns,—
Then sun-flowers glow with passion:
The passion-flowers, still more hot,
Are turning almost crazy:
But *Mary-Gold* hath gone to *pot*,
Exclaiming—" Lack-a-*daisy!*"
Oh, H———s B———y! &c.

The " snow-drops " melt, and " London-pride"
Owns all the power of Cupid;
And plants now sigh, that ne'er had sigh'd,
And some look pale and stupid:
Poor " Love-lies-bleeding " 's in the lurch,
While " Jasmin " woos " Acanthus;"
And lo! " Sweet William " 's off to church
With pretty " *Polly*-anthus!"
Oh, H———s B———y! &c.

" Anemones," that love the *wind*,
To Gretna take an *airing*;
But " Wall-flowers " all are left behind,
And die old maids, despairing:
The " Scarlet-runners " will not stay,—
And what seems more material,
" *John-quill*," with " *Hare-Bell*," trips away,
And spurns a " Crown imperial!"
Oh, H———s B———y! &c.

A " Gilliflower," of noble *stock*,
To a *dwarf* shrub had granted
Her vows,—but ah! a " Holly-hock "
The pigmy plant *supplanted!*
And while, in dewy tears, it grieves
That female faith's a feather,—
The happy couple take their *leaves*,
And off they *stalk* together!
Oh, H———s B———y! &c.

" Geranium " in a bow-pot mop'd,
(A floral ward of Chancery,)
Till with young " Myrtle " she elop'd,—
For which, no doubt, must answer he!
" Sweet-Pea " doth " Mignionette " enthrall,
(For love each brain disorders,)
And now,—like the *blue bonnets all*,—
'Tis said,—they're o'er the *borders!*
Oh, H———s B———y! &c.

A rhyme's now difficult to find,—
Since plants are *not* named sows' lips!
But those, I know, of *bull*-bous kind,
Seem longing for the *cows'-lips!*
And who put courting in their heads?
A bard surpassing Schiller,—
So Cupid bites them in their *beds*,
Just like a caterpillar!
Oh, H——— B———y!
Can do a ballad daily:
Though ne'er jocose,
But lachrymose—
Like Captain Smith's *Miss* Bailey!

Ed. That will do for him; now go on, Don, with your theatrical news.

Don. Covent Garden has produced two pieces, and both completely successful. *My Neighbour's Wife*, a one act farce, adapted from the French by the lessee himself; and *The Ferry and the Mill*, a melo-drama by Pocock. Besides, there are other things in *active* preparation. I alluded to the atrocities perpetrated at the Surrey Theatre. Well, only fancy, after the tremendous robber, *Jonathan Bradford*, has been allowed to commit his depredations for upwards of a hundred nights, up comes *Barrington*, a celebrated pickpocket, which they say will rival *Jonathan*. It is after this believed, that the Surrey manager will monopolize all the *robberies and murders*—leaving the *spectres* to the Pavilion, and the *diableries* to the Adelphi. At the latter place, there has been a *Sleepless Woman*, which, sooth to say, was very soporific. But *Grace Huntley* and the old bailey's pathos draw showers of tears from the audience. At the Victoria, *Margaret's Ghost* made its appearance some nights ago; but we sincerely hope that the said *ghost* may be *laid* with all possible dispatch. The Strand Theatre is shut: but I cannot tell whether it be twenty-four or thirty-six that will open soon. But holloa! there's Percy going to sleep again. A contrivance—I suppose he wishes to be *awakened* again, for I see the bottle empty.

Vol. Did you hear James Smith's last?

Ed. Let's have it—his wit is inexhaustible.

Vol. "Will you go to the play?" said he, to T——, who had free admissions. "No, I'll be *hanged* if I do," replied T——. "That you'll certainly be, if you go," said James; "for all orders are *suspended.*"

O'S. I couldn't have said a better thing myself. Let ould Ireland alone for saying good things.

Vol. A devil of a fuss you make about *old* Ireland. How old is she, O'Sullivan?

O'S. Old enough to be wiser and better, that's sartain; but still she is ould. I'll prove it to you algebraically.

Vol. Algebraically!

O'S. Yes; I'll sing you a song on the occasion.

Ed. Bravo for the song!

O'Sullivan sings.

I went, when an urchin, to school,
To ould Father Phelim Mac Fagan;
Who soon to the *right of his stool*
Prefarr'd Master Rory O'Ragan.
Sure that is the name of myself,—
I've dived into larning's deep mystery;
And read ev'ry book on his shelf,
That *trated* of ould ancient history?
Sing whack! then, for Father Mac Fagan,—
For he was a man of all knowledge,
E'er known to a Christian or Pagan,
Or *shut up* in Trinity College!

We Irish make *bulls*—that's no odds—
We seldom say *chaney* is delf, sirs;
And Jove, the great king of the gods,
Made a mighty big *bull*—of *himself*, sirs!
He swam over *Europe* one night,
In spite of queen Juno, his spouse, sirs,
And reaching the snug Isle of Wight,—
Of course—was attracted by *Cowes*, sirs!
Sing whack! for ould Father Mac Fagan, &c.

Jove left there one morning, for Dover,
Pursuing the bent of his pleasure,—
He lives, as a bull *ought*, in *clover*,
And grazed like ould Nebuchadnezzar!
I can't tell you half the queer shapes,
When out on his larks, in which Jove hid,—
Bulls, bears, swans, and eagles, and apes,—
But it's all in the works of one O'vid.
Sing whack! &c.

Ould *Pluto* wrote lives of the dead,
And Plu*tark* a god was infernal!
And Plato, they say, was well read,
And proud *short-lived* mortals *eternal*:
Not one of your eyes should have dry lids,
If I tould you,—uncheck'd by my modesty,—
How *blind Homer* wrote upon *eye lids*,
And sung about all that was *odd, d'ye see!*
Sing whack! &c.

So now, from all this I presume
To show that the Romans and Grecians,
Who lived—*all* in *one mighty Room*,—
Descended from us, the Milesians!
And this, by a few of their names,
I'll prove to your full satisfaction;
And fully establish our claims,
By proving their *Irish extraction!*
Sing whack? &c.

The hero of Greece was—*a Kelly!*
Pat Troclus a youth he befriended;
They fought in a war, for queen Nelly,
Which lasted ten years, and then ended.
In *Room* lived *O'Cicer* and *Tully*,—
To name a few more 'twould not hobble us,—
Ould Terence, and that feasting bully,
Fat *Alderman Heley O'Gobble us!*
Sing whack! &c.

In Wexford brave *Cocles* was born,—
And long ere the great Christian era,
Sweet Vargil was *christen'd* one morn—
By-the-bye,—his right name was *O'Meara!*
Long Guinness my history gathers,—
Sublime and so beautiful few are,—
Was *one* of the forty-*four* fathers
Of Guinness,—the great Dublin brewer!
Sing whack! &c.

And, then, sure the mighty *O'Rion*,
From Nenagh set out on a *nag, or ass*,—
(Behind him one Barney O'Brien)—
To visit his uncle *Pat Thago'ras!*
Great Morpheus was *Murphy*,—no doubt,—
And came of our ould Irish *progenies*,—
Be that as it may,—I've made out
That my grandmother's dad was—Diogenes!
Sing whack! &c.

Tim Quin was the son of a tailor,
Yet none from promotion could *bar* Quin;
He set out from Cork as a *sailor*,
And landing at *Room*, was call'd *Tar-Quin!*
Then as for the famous Mecænas,—
His name if we properly trace, he
Will prove to have been a M'Ginnis—
And Cassius,—you *all* know—was *Casey!*
Sing whack! &c.

Still farther I'll show by my *janus*,—
(Which, sure, you must own is *pur*digious!)
How brave Paddy *Carey O'Lanus*
Belabour'd one *Tully O'Fidius!*
My honours will yield before *no man's*,—
For Ireland the ouldest of isles is;
She peopled *all lands* with brave *Romans*—
From Ballinasloe to St. Giles's!
Sing whack! for ould Father Mac Fagan,—
For *he* was a man of all knowledge
E'er known to a Christian or Pagan,—
Or *shut up* in Trinity College!

Ed. Many thanks to you, Captain O'Sullivan, for your deep research. You 've thrown away in a song, what would have made a very elaborate article.

Vol. Talking about articles, what will the New Monthly say about Peter Simple?

O'S. Praise it, you may depend upon it; they dare not do otherwise, Mr. Editor; but will you allow me to ask a boon—and grant it before you know what it is?

Ed. Not very reasonable, O'Sullivan.

O'S. By the modesty of an Irishman I won't take advantage of you. I'll only take you by surprise.

Ed. Aware that you are the most reasonable Irishman I ever met with, O'Sullivan, I will consent, provided you all promise to agree to any proposal I may make afterwards.

O'S. Allow me to consent for you, gentlemen; and I only trust that Mr. Editor will be as reasonable as I am.

Omnes. Agreed.

O'S. Under such understanding, Mr. Editor, allow me to observe, that in our numerous convivial meetings you have never yet favoured us with a song. Gentlemen, in virtue of my boon granted, I call upon the Editor for a song.

Omnes. Thank you, O'Sullivan.

Ed. (Very wrath.) Gentlemen, I consider that it is very derogatory to an Editor to sing. And allow me to observe, that Captain O'Sullivan has deceived me most grossly. I expected a request for a dozen of champagne—a couple of dozen of claret, or any of those grants which royalty may delight to confer upon faithful subjects. But for him—for you—all of you, who are but the "slaves of my lamp," to do my bidding—to demand that I should descend to harmony, when it is well known that the quintessence of an Editor is discord—that he lives in tumult and tempest, and is never so proud and so confident, as when he feels, like the stout and able mariner, that he has shoved his bark safely through their angry literary roar. I—to descend to harmony!

O'S. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, begging your pardon, we may get over the objection, if you've no ear for music.

Ed. Still more affronting, by all that's musical. Captain O'Sullivan, to prove to you that I can sing, I will, but your punishment shall be severe. Silence, gentlemen, and hear one of my own adventures, not yet related in Peter Simple or any other of my published works.

A CONSTANT traveller I've been, and from my early youth, sirs,
Yet though thus privileged to *lie*, I always tell the truth, sirs;
Few folk can boast of higher birth, as I'll establish soon, sirs,
For I was born above this earth, one day, in a balloon, sirs!
True, true, true!
Oh, yes,—upon my honour!—true, true, true!

In search of objects new and rare, I've wander'd all the globe round,
And Nature fair, in ev'ry clime, I in a pleasing robe found;
By praising all her beauties fine, I'm willing to elate her,
But yet to me, Vesuvius seems—her most surprising *cratur!*
True, true, true! &c.

'Twas there one day,—while roasting nuts upon the very top of it,
Where I had brought a cask of gin, and swallow'd ev'ry drop of it,—
I tipsy got, began to dance,—then in the gulf I stumbled,
Which took it ill, for, like a pill, it cast me up and grumbled—
Whooh! whooh! whooh! &c.

I shot up high into the sky, and straight as any rocket
Rais'd by the wind,—was pleas'd to find I'd *rais'd it*, in my pocket;
So, meeting with a comet soon, whose speed outstripp'd the mail, sirs,
I took a place behind,—outside,—and got upon its tail, sirs!
True, true, true! &c.

This comet's tail brush'd planets pale, and oftentimes did jog star,
As on we went, with the intent of visiting the dog-star:
"This dog," said I, "who lives so high, must be a very grand dog,"—
But when I'd found his country out—he proved a *New-found-land dog!*
Bow, wow, wow! &c.

I never saw a vehicle, nor got on any road a hack,
Could match this comet's speed and strength as we approach'd the zodiac
I saw a *sign*, and call'd for wine, but found the Ram so full, sirs,
To stay I'd scorn, so quaff'd a *horn*, of Whitbread's, at the *Bull*, sirs!
True, true, true! &c.

The Lion gave us *amber stout*, and at the Goat we'd *mountain*,
We next went to the Waterman,—but did not like his fountain:
I call'd for punch, hot, sweet, and strong,—he made it weak and *lemony*,
So hied we to the *Virgin* then, who'd just had *Twins*, by *Gemini!*
True, true, true! &c.

We'd lobster, at the Crab, well dress'd,—and turbot at the Fishes,—
And at the Archer's loads of game, served up in costly dishes:
I paid the *shot*, then out we got, amid the bar-maid's titters,
And at the Scorpion stung our mouths with Hollands strong, and bitters!
True, true, true! &c.

Of signs there yet one more remain'd, and, as we tipsy swagger'd,
To gain our equilibrium, we off to Libra stagger'd;
But in the *Scales* our cash prov'd light, and what still more incensed us,
In our accounts of large amounts, the *Balance* was against us!
True, true, true! &c.

Away we flew—since I could spare no cash for the last *dish I ate*,—
Pursued by great and little *Bear*,—as bailiffs who officiate—
Said I, "Good bruins, spare your speed,—I've baulk'd you of the *fun you meant*,"
I jump'd then *off* the comet's tail, and landed *on* the Monument!
Singing—"Tol, lol, lol," &c.

Perhaps my travels down as *lies*, you're in your tablets marking,
And deem the flight I've just described a species of *sky-larking*:
Yet I have bask'd in distant orbs,—where now no mortals bask them,—
Consult the *stars*,—they'll say the same, I'm sure,—if you but *ask* them!
True, true, true!
Oh, yes,—upon my honour!—true, true, true!

Omnes. Bravo! Mr. Editor, health and song!
Ed. Gentlemen, I have sung to please you; but allow me to remind

you that Captain O'Sullivan pledged himself that in return my request should be complied with.

Omnes. O certainly ! certainly !

Ed. (Very gravely.) Well then, gentlemen, there is the door, and I wish you a good night. I 'm sorry that Captain O'Sullivan has broken up a convivial party.

[*They all look at each other, then at the Editor, perceive that there is decision in his countenance, empty their glasses, and quit the room in silence; but are heard grumbling down the stairs, and half the length of the street, about* "Quarter-deck manners !" "Despotism !" "Tyranny !" *&c. &c.*

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.[1]

A TRUE STORY.

The first character which presented itself to the notice of *Tomaso,* on entering the Fleet, was a gentleman dressed *en robe de chambre,* with slashed slippers, like a Spanish grandee, a white hat, and a long Turkish pipe in his mouth; he marched about in great state, and spoke to nobody.

As Tomaso was yet a stranger, and had no communication with any of the inmates of the place, he had no source of information by which he might gratify his curiosity. This deficiency, however, was soon supplied; for there are few persons who have lived any time in the world, and who visit a prison, that do not meet with some one they have once known; and in passing up the grand staircase which leads to the different galleries, and which is at all times as much crowded as that of Lloyd's Coffee House, or the Stock Exchange, who should he meet but his old and intimate friend Dr. Lindsay, an acquaintance of some years duration. The doctor was in the very act of carrying a dish of no inconsiderable size, on which was placed a large leg of pork, which had been roasting in the common kitchen. Thus employed, and without a hat, at once bespoke him an inhabitant of the place. Tomaso addressed him thus: "How do you do, doctor? Are *you* one of *us?*"

"Why, blood and w——ds, are *you* one of *us?*"

"Yes, doctor, I am?"

"Come up stairs with me, we are just going to dinner, and I'll introduce you to a pleasant set who are going to dine with us."

The doctor was one of those cheerful, ratt!ing fellows, whose spirits are always buoyant, whose hearts are always open, and whose invitation was irresistible. The bewitching effluvia, too, of the roast leg of pork, had its influence in deciding Tomaso in accepting of his friend's hospitality. The addition of a new guest spoilt their *quartette* party; but there was abundance for all. Two gentlemen from without, with the doctor, his lady, and his new friend, constituted the dinner party; and a more cheerful set never sat at a table—a proof how difficult it is to damp or depress the spirits when naturally good, which, after all, is the true philosophy. Good spirits are generally the result of good health, and a disposition at all times to see the best side of things. The doctor's *lady* was a pert little fume of a woman, with a good heart, but who had

[1] Continued from p. 252.

a tongue insufferably saucy; and as he himself was irritable to the last degree, their occasional sparring gave a great zest to the conversation. Every time the little woman opened her mouth, it was like the uncorking of a bottle of spruce beer; but when the hissing ceased, we got at the spirit of the thing, and then all was cheerful and pleasant.

The doctor occupied one of the upper apartments in the prison, the look-out from which was rather pleasant than otherwise; for though the inmates could not be seen from without, yet those in the upper regions could see from over the wall a considerable portion of the town, so that the bird, though in his *cage*, might *fancy* himself floating in the air! As we sat drinking our wine, of which we had more than enough, and while our host was roaring out—"The Prince and Old England for ever!" (his favourite song when he was half seas over,) an unexpected spectacle presented itself to the view of the company; this was nothing less than Monsieur Garnarin ascending in his air balloon; though he took his airy flight at a distance of nearly three miles, yet no persons in the whole metropolis had a better view than those who *stood high*, and whose apartments had a western aspect in the Fleet Prison.

The adventurous aeronaut rose with great majesty, to the gratification of the immense population of London; but when he rose to a prodigious altitude, the fearful experiment of descending in the *parachute* was to be tried; this was truly appalling, and such as to terrify the beholders. Every moment during his descent, which was by no means rapid, his machinery seemed so unmanageable, that nothing less was expected than his being dashed to pieces, and thereby sharing the fate of Pilates de Rozias, Madame Blanchard, and other desperate aërial adventurers. At length, however, pale, breathless, and exhausted, he happily touched on *terra firma*, and sunk into the arms of a group of gentlemen who anxiously surrounded his machine. The latter part of this intelligence we derived from eye-witnesses, who happened to be on the spot where he fell.

Having now wholly lost sight of our aërial voyager, the doctor, who was more a disciple of Silenus, than of Galen, Phaeton, or Hippocrates, resumed his seat at the board, and called another meeting of the *convives*.

In the course of the evening, we had some excellent songs, duets, catches, and glees, our host always leading the band. In the intervals between the acts of the concert, which might justly be termed a bacchanalian roar, the guests were indulged with an account of the doctor's adventures in early life, when he was a surgeon's mate in the navy; of which, the following account of an engagement may serve as a specimen; for, like the conquerors of Asia, whenever he found himself at the head of the table with the goblet in his hand, he was sure to "fight all his battles o'er again." The battle in question had scarcely commenced, when young Lindsay, instead of remaining at his station down below, dressing the wounded and comforting the afflicted, no sooner heard the roaring of the cannon than he rushed forward upon deck to assist at the working of a gun; determined, as he said, to have a *hand* in the action, which was literally the case; for he shared the same fate with Cervantes, at the battle of Lepanto, under Don John of Austria, having his hand blown off just above the wrist, a calamity which furnished him with a subject for a *pun* for the remainder of his life. This was perhaps the first instance of a man deserting his post without incurring the imputation of cowardice. But "Jack was a lion—the battle ended, he was as *meek* as any *lamb*."

Thus disabled, and rendered incapable of serving his country in any other than a civil capacity, he resumed his station in the cock-pit, and attended, as well as he was able, to the business of trepanning and am-

putation; sinking, as he used to say, into the more quiet avocation of a *Doctor of the Sorebone*, for he was as fond of a pun as Shakspeare, and sometimes made as bad ones.

This evening was destined to be fertile in curious events. Our host, who was really as brave as Benbow or Von Tromp, had scarcely finished his narrative, when the crier of the prison, with his bell in his hand, and a *posse* at his back, entered the apartment of the doctor, and with all his force of lungs vociferated the name of Tomaso, who, being a new importation, was wholly unknown to the officers as well as to the inmates of the prison. "Good God, sir," said the crier, "I have been in search of you for the last two hours, and inquired for you in every room of the prison; and though your name is registered below in the *parish* books," (for these fellows are all witty, and love to make "villanous jests at our undoing,") "yet we began to fear you had slipped through our fingers. There are two ladies waiting for you below, who I dare say are in great hopes you had made your escape." The fact is, that "the purple stream" had flowed so copiously, and the bacchanalian roar was kept up so incessantly by the doctor, who had the lungs of a Cyclops, that he completely deafened his auditors, and excluded all external sounds; for the decanters had *wasted* so briskly, that "music was now noise, variety, confusion," and the crier might as well have attempted to "awaken death," as to make *us* hear him from without.

On descending to the yard, Tomaso found that the two ladies in waiting were his wife and her niece, who were by that time in a state of breathless anxiety bordering on distraction. Having unravelled the mystery, and taken a few turns in the yard, they separated for the night, as the second bell was then ringing to warn strangers out. Having previously secured a bed, or rather, half a bed—horrid accommodation!—Tomaso retired, but not to rest, for his couch was so well peopled with *bugs*, that he soon was tormented worse than Gulliver, and as well bitten as any king in Christendom; and though he had taken as much wine as would have set any reasonable man dosing, yet it was nearly day-break before he was able to close his eyes. His landlord, who was a man of prodigious size, slept in a cot suspended from the ceiling by an iron hook, and whose misshapen appearance reminded one of the sign of the Golden Fleece, which we sometimes see in a woollen-draper's shop window, or, rather, of a pocket of hops under way to the upper gallery of a brewhouse. He made *certain* noises too in the night, which would have recalled to mind those that are sometimes heard to issue from Exeter Change, in the Strand, or the menagerie in the Tower; and as *his* "plagues had kept him waking," Tomaso had ample leisure for the *enjoyment* of those *dulcet* sounds, and to contemplate on those *attractive* occurrences.

Between eight and nine o'clock the next morning he was roused from his slumbers by his friend the doctor, who came dressed in his brocade *robe de chambre*, to summon him to breakfast, saying, that the rolls were already buttered and the tea ready to be poured out. Tomaso immediately obeyed the glad summons, and hastened with his friend, whom he found prepared for breakfast in as good a style as he could have expected at the London Coffee-house.

The prospect of a prison, even to the "mind's eye," is not a very cheering picture; and yet the delusive idea of liberty conveys to the imagination ideas of felicity which *they* can never conceive who have not known the painful restraints of confinement. From the upper regions of the Fleet, where Tomaso's friend had apartments, you had, as before observed, so extensive a view over a great part of the metropolis, that it required no very great force of imagination to fancy yourself free as air; and thus circumstanced on a fine morning, as the party sat down to

breakfast, abstracting their minds from the state of things *below* stairs, did this cheerful and hospitable man, whose vivacity dispelled every care, and who proved to Tomaso not only a Mentor, but a cicerone, open the morning's conversation by describing the ways of the place, and the characters of its principal inhabitants. Enjoying in all its fulness this expansion of the mind, the doctor commenced his narrative with an account of the once beautiful but unfortunate Mrs. Fin—ne. Tomaso was previously acquainted with what this lady once was, and with the circumstances that led to her present state of degradation. Mrs. Fin—ne was not herself a prisoner, but was living in prison with her paramour, in a style of great luxury, by the abuse of public confidence and commiseration, and was the active agent in collecting the subscriptions which were drawn from public credulity, by appeals to their humanity through the medium of the diurnal prints. She had once been the wife, and was then the repudiated wife of an *Irish judge,* and for some years figured away in the vortex of fashion in the sister kingdom, where she was more admired than respected, and more caressed than beloved. The judge, like Sir Peter Teazle, discovered, when too late, that he had married "a young wife," who preferred admiration to her domestic duties, and who ultimately shared the fate of those, whose disregard to character and dereliction of principle, leads sometimes by imperceptible gradations, and sometimes by sudden transitions, to inevitable and irretrievable ruin. She could rank among her admirers, in the sister metropolis, the late Duke of L——r, Lord M——w, now Earl of L——ph, and others of the *haut ton,* who were most assiduous in their attentions and flirtations with the *charming,* the *fascinating* Mrs. Fin—ne; but her most favoured swain was an obscure young man, a near relation, and at that time a professional assistant in her husband's office, with whom she first disgraced herself, and afterwards eloped, leaving the judge not so much deploring his fate, as congratulating himself on having got rid of a wife who "made him uneasy." The fugitives fled to London, as the most secure retreat in which to conceal their disgrace and poverty, for they were by no means provided with the means of living in the style to which the lady had been hitherto accustomed.

In London they continued to live for some months, in despicable obscurity, on the wreck of such spoil as shehad been enabled to purloin from her husband; which when exhausted, they contrived to get into debt,

"For not e'en Love can live on flowers;"

and, by an easy gradation, they found their way into a prison, where they contrived to live, and at length to luxuriate, on such *ways and means,* as ingenious deceivers sometimes practice on a benevolent and credulous public. An appeal to the charitable and humane, quite in the style of Puff in the Critic, which was constantly kept in the newspapers, was now their only resource, but it proved amply sufficient to support them in a degree of luxury, which is seldom witnessed in such situations as a prison. The paragraph was well calculated to rouse the feelings and impose on the credulity of mankind; and though objects of their compassion, and standing in need of their assistance, yet it was matter of regret to see its profuse and improvident application. The paragraph usually began thus:—"O that the eye of pity!" &c. &c.; the rest was all bombast, but it produced as powerful an effect as the *fires,* the dropsy, or the *profitable consumptions,* fabricated by the aforesaid ingenious Mr. Puff.

Their residence in the Fleet was the rendezvous of all the dissolute of the place, and was in fact a perfect gambling-house. Some of the visitants to the faro bank, Tomaso recollected having often seen before, both in

London and in Dublin: among the rest was the elegant, the accomplished Major Tisd——l, formerly of the Carbineers, but whose services were now restricted to the limited Rules of the Fleet Prison, who, being bit by "the hydra gaming," spent most of his time in the interior. It was curious enough to see those gentlemen who had the *Rules*, and consequently a more extensive range to walk about in, all come *into* the prison-yard for *air and exercise*. The Major was known in the Fleet by the *honourable* distinction of "the *gentleman*" who defrauded the widow and the orphans! On making some inquiry into the origin of this appellation, Tomaso learned, that he had been appointed guardian to the widow and children of one of his dearest friends, but that instead of acting the part of the faithful steward, he had purloined and dissipated the property consigned to his care, and reduced to a state of destitution those whom he was bound in honour and justice to protect; and, in order to pay his debts of *honour*, had contracted that dishonourable debt, for which he was now smarting under the lash of the strong arm of the law.

But those injured innocents had relations and friends, who, though not recognized in the character of guardians, yet manifested a disposition to act as protectors and friends, and could not view with indifference such palpable acts of atrocity; they therefore took up the cause of the widow and orphans, and resolved that this false friend, if he could not restore the property he had embezzled, should at least not escape with impunity. They, therefore, caused him to be arrested and clapped into prison. But he soon, in some degree, eluded their intentions, by procuring the *Rules*, which gave him an opportunity of spending his own money as well as that of his friends, without fear of further disturbance.

The Major was quite the man of fashion, even to the strictness of Lord Chesterfield, and most happily, or rather unhappily, blended the character of Sir Harry Wildair with that of Count Bosset, and never seemed so happy as when shuffling the cards or shaking the dice-box. He, however, lost his own money and won that of others *like* a *gentleman*. Long habituated to play, he had acquired that *nonchalance*, which made him appear at all times collected and graceful—the only marks of distinction between the *accomplished* black-leg and the vulgar sharper. But unfortunately the real character or principles of a gentleman are points of little moment to those whose altar is the gaming-table, and whose devotion is offered up at the shrine of mammon.

As his friend the doctor sketched characters with a master-hand, Tomaso relied on him for delineating such subjects as were worthy of his descriptive powers; and in such a place there could be no paucity of interesting matter for the pen of the historian or biographer.

Theodore, King of Corsica, in his unfortunate visit to England, fell a little into arrears, and got incarcerated within the walls of the Fleet Prison, where, "fallen from his high estate," he ended his days in penury.* The story of this captive monarch is too well known to need repetition here.

* The late Colonel Frederick, who shot himself in 1797, in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey, was the son of Theodore, King of Corsica.

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE PRESENT LAW OF LIBEL.

WHOEVER judiciously and perseveringly appealed to the strong common sense of the English nation, never yet appealed in vain. The English, as a people, have ever strongly loved the institutions under which they have advanced to the van of civilization, not because they have deemed them perfect in themselves, but because they were adapted to the spirit of the times in which they originated, and are vividly mixed up with the associations of early glory; and we unconsciously reverence, in reverencing our fathers and our ancestors, those laws that they established with so much care, and loved with so much constancy. This feeling is not only laudable, but ennobling. It is the parent of self-esteem, of patriotism, and those heroic virtues that make individuals lofty-minded, and nations great. But this sentiment, almost pious in itself, may be, nay, actually and repeatedly is, turned into a traitor to itself, and made the watchword for the perpetuation of abuses that ought long to have been abolished, and tyrannies that the enlightened spirit of the present day should look upon as obsolete. Let us preserve our veneration for our ancestors, and preserve it as faithfully as we can, not only by a species of idle adoration, but by an active spirit of imitation; and create for ourselves such laws, and make such alterations in our institutions, as we may find adapted to the high state of refinement, and the overwhelming masses of population that are the characteristics of the present era. Our forefathers made laws that fitted their times: let us do the same. Let us not be repelled by the cry of innovation. Innovation is the primal law of nature. If we dare not innovate, time and events will. There is no more a stand-still for human society, than there is for the natural world. Since innovation there must be, let us use our own good, English, common sense, and make this innovation improvement, and not suffer it to make itself, by our apathy, or by our blind reverence for antiquity, deterioration. Let us remove a mistaken virtue, in order to give place to a useful truth.

We have been thus diffuse in preliminary observations, because it is to be wished, that, on the subject now before us, our legislature should revert to first principles. In this paper, we shall confine ourselves rigidly to that species of slander, whether it be promulgated orally, autographically, or typographically, which assails private character, and violates the privacy of domestic life. No alteration of the existing law will be sufficient. Instead of listening to precedents, we must hearken to the dictates of reason, and abrogate, not only the present law of libel altogether, but even the very term, as indicative of offence, and reduce it again, in the English language, to its pristine and proper signification—that of a little book. As the law now stands, or as it is construed by the lawyers—and the construction that these gentlemen put upon it, too often decide the matter—every species of publication reflecting injuriously upon another, is termed

a libel. Whether the offence be committed through a blameless misconception, or an unavoidable inadvertency, or be the malignant stab of the assassin of the soul, it is equally, in our courts, denominated a libel. The more venial assumes a darker shade from the more atrocious species of delinquency; and, to designate a man a libeller, and if a mere formal conviction has taken place, "a convicted libeller," too often throws an unjust opprobrium on a writer, who may have too honestly called in question motives, or have descanted too fearlessly upon actions. It would be just as reasonable to designate all homicide murder, whether the killing be performed in a glorious defence of one's country, one's friends, or one's-self, or be perpetrated in the midnight stabbing of the defenceless by masked treachery. We repeat, that the word libel should be entirely abrogated as a designation of culpability, and the offence, to whatever it may amount, should be described in plain, untechnical English. We do not believe that we need expend our tautology upon proving to the satisfaction of all, but the mere lawyer, the necessity of great reformation in the present law of libel. The question that we shall at present discuss, is, what alteration, or what substitution—for alteration will be wholly insufficient where the present system is so radically vicious—will be imperatively necessary.

But before we proceed, we think that we shall be enabled to prove that, in the present state of legal education, of all classes of society, the lawyers are the very worst to whom the community should depute the originating, or even the modelling, of laws. It is a sufficient misery to the human race that the gentlemen of the courts are allowed to mar them when they are made; let us not, then, put it in their power to make them for the purpose of being marred. Whoever misunderstood the laconic edict of an autocrat, or the significant sentence of some twenty words, that has ruled the conduct of millions, where to hear was only to obey? Had a special pleader been employed to draw up Napoleon's far-famed proclamation, abolishing the slave trade—our imagination riots upon the expanse of parchment, the regiments of *whereases*, *moreovers*, and *furthermores*, that would have paraded themselves, the cavalry to the infantry black letter corps, that would have been marshalled over this immensity of legal space. But still, we doubt whether all this "glorious pomp and circumstance of *law*," would have made the matter half so plain as the line and a half of the sententious emperor. Lawyers and law deeds have a language peculiar to themselves: we, of the uninitiated, are not in the secret, yet we too often find that, by this cabalistic procedure, our goods are juggled away, our personal liberty lost, and, too often, our very lives endangered. It should be remembered, that the laws are not, or ought not to be, made for the lawyers, but for the community. Let the community, then, make them, and that, too, in the commonest language; and also let them make provision against the lawyers explaining them when made, with as much intelligence as human foresight can command. Let not the will of the many be longer perverted by the interpolations of the few. There was as much good sense as biting satire in Dean Swift, when he described an imaginary kingdom, in which instant death was adjudged to any person who should presume

to write even the shortest commentary upon a law. Were law-making conducted upon these principles, we should hear no more of things so abhorrent to common sense and the first principles of morality, as law fictions. Where is the honest indignation that should have hooted forth such absurdities from out our courts of law, when the sacred offices of justice, that should be the reflection of unsullied truth, can only be administered through the machinery of a lie? Let not these remarks be a subject of despondency to the lawyers. Whilst men's passions are evil, or their intellects obscure, the gentlemen of the robe are sure to abound and flourish; and let Wisdom herself make the laws in the most naked simplicity of language, the tribe of attorneys have such a power of adaptation of all things to their own interests, that they will never want bread whilst their brethren want wisdom; and such being the case, we know no race of men who have less to fear from the horrors of starvation.

Having thus cleared away the ground, by showing that a new law of slander should exist, and that the lawyers ought to have nothing whatever to do in the framing of it, it shall now be our office to give such suggestions as may lead to a right understanding of those principles, upon which the new law should be based. Not only that these suggestions will not be listened to at present, but that they will excite ridicule, and an assumed contempt from all those who are interested in the continuance of the present abuses, in all those who have too fond a veneration for precedents, and in a great portion of a very valuable class of our fellow-subjects, who are too timid to form or even judge of a novel opinion, and hate to be startled into an act of thinking, we are fully aware. Though we despise the affectation of being wished to be thought one of those persecuted sages who are flinging their wisdom to the winds, yet we cannot conceal from ourselves, and wish not to conceal it from others, that we risk much unmerited obloquy, and that irritating feeling to a generous mind, of being both ignorantly and wilfully misunderstood. But the time is not yet arrived when truth may issue forth, wrapping about her in conscious dignity, her mantle of light, and step onward immediately among the homage of an admiring crowd. She must, at present, first make her voice heard in murmurs in remote corners and obscure places; but her voice is crescive, and will accumulate into thunders; her path is onward, nor will she be stopped, until those themselves who occupy the high places, shall cry out to give her place. If we can be in the least subservient in clearing away the rubbish that lies in her path, or in adding one devoted follower to her train, we shall be well content to bear the sneers of the unprincipled, and meet, with equal unconcern, the interested virulence of toryism, and the vulgarity of radicalism.

No property should be held more sacred than that of character. The most refined, the most intelligent, and the most valuable of our species are those who have the most sensitive dread of calumny. Among the sterner sex, a spotless reputation is held to be so necessary, that the shedding of blood is thought not to be too a great a sacrifice to preserve it untarnished, or suicide too great an evil to expiate it, when it is lost. To the female, it is the very breath of her nostrils,

the soul of her soul, the essence of her intellectual being; when it is lost, she has nothing to do but to die, or to live on in a state of degradation, still worse than death. If the laws are anxious to preserve property, how eager ought they to be to preserve what is more valuable than property! if they are jealous of life, how formidable ought to be the safeguards with which they surround what is, or ought to be, infinitely dearer than life itself! All the vigilance of protection that human intelligence can give to the laws, the unobtrusive and the virtuous—and we believe these constitute the many—have a right imperatively to demand. The difficulty now, it will easily be seen, is, how to do this, and still to leave unfettered the just liberty of the press, the right of discussion, and, still farther, the privilege of lashing immorality, exposing malversation, and holding up villainy to the deserved execration of mankind. Exposure is the natural castigation of those vices, which in punishment the laws cannot reach. Satire is at once the legislator for, and the avenger on, the fools and knaves that would otherwise run riot just within the pale of the laws: it is the sharp but sure purifier of the hot-bed of civilization, where the air is apt to grow too rank with over-luxuriousness. How then are we to reconcile the difficulties of protecting individual character, yet still to keep uninjured the safety valve that gives, by the admission of a keener air, some sort of moral tone to the atmosphere of society? Let us see.

1st. Slander should be made criminal, and tried only in the criminal courts.

2ndly. The offence should be stated in the indictment, not in general terms, but the specific fact should be detailed; and, if proved, the punishment should be apportioned to the outrage.

3rdly. Truth should be allowed, in almost all instances, to be admitted as a justification. The exceptions we shall hereafter point out. The *onus probandi* to be rigidly required from the supposed defamer.

4thly. The punishment inflicted should be personal, never advantageous to the prosecutor, in a pecuniary point of view; and the prosecutor's expenses, if he gain a verdict, should be paid by the defendant, or if the defendant be unable, by the country.

5thly. It might, perhaps, be permissible to allow, at the option of the prosecutor, the convicted person to compound for the degradation of personal punishment, by the payment of some heavy fine to the country, no part of which, under any circumstances, to go into the pockets of the prosecutor.

6thly. We think that the punishment should be, in the first instance, the exposure of the slanderer in some place of public resort, and where the slander was most propagated, with a placard above his head, shortly stating the slander, the slanderer's name, and the slandered; to be followed by imprisonment commensurate to the malignancy of the offence, unless compounded for as by the fifth article.

We now proceed to state the reasons on which these suggestions are grounded, and the advantages that would follow the adoption of principles founded upon them. Firstly; the offence is a moral theft. In a prosecution for robbery, if a conviction follows, the property

lost is, if recoverable, restored to the prosecutor; he makes no advantage of the other's crime; the delinquent is punished in order to deter others from being alike criminal; the country pays the prosecutor for performing a public duty, and the ends of justice are thus thought to be fully answered. In the case of an action for slander, the same principles should be kept in view. The conviction, under the system we advocate, would restore to the prosecutor as completely, and more certainly, his character to him, than the conviction of the robber would the purse to the man robbed; the calumniator would meet with a punishment, in order to deter others from calumniating; and we think, that by this, as far as the first proposition goes, the ends of justice would be fully answered.

In regard to the second clause, which involves so many questions, we will endeavour to be as brief as the nature of the subject will admit. The great vice of our criminal law proceedings is, that of bringing forward, under the form of a legal indictment, the most absurd and violent accusations, altogether undescriptive of the offence, and very often quite alien to it. Under the proposed system, let the complainant bring his action for the words spoken, in a manner nearly as simple as what follows:—"A. B., to the injury of my character, said that I was a swindler. I demand the punishment of the court for the offence." What more then seems necessary for conviction, than for the prosecutor to prove the accusation in the first place, and to put it to his defamer to prove that he was a swindler in the second, which if the latter could not do, then to get judgment on the delinquent? Where is the occasion of giving any general name to the actual offence? By such a procedure, there would be no danger of the jury being mystified by discordant terms and technical jargon; and, what can possibly be opposed to all this, but the interests of the lawyers? Untrammelled by legal forms, let the jury judge of all the circumstances, and pronounce accordingly. We believe that it is not actionable for one man to call another a fool. How absurd to lay down rules, when the intention of the speaker only ought to be the criterion of the offence! Suppose that some Dogberry brought his action, according to our plan, against his neighbour, who, in a moment of petulance, or of pleasantry, called him a fool. The very act of appearing to prosecute such a charge would be a sufficient evidence of its justice, and he would be deservedly laughed out of the court with his expenses out of pocket. But let us see the malignant and tremendous effect of the very same word, spoken under different circumstances. Suppose a young gentleman of promise, talents, and education, with all his prospects in life, and the prosperity of a young family dependent upon his obtaining a situation of profit and of confidence, and a base calumniator goes treacherously and whispers into the patron's ear that the expectant is a fool. Who does not see the wide difference between the two cases? Yet the word spoken is the same: and, according to the present law, for the latter ruinous injury there would be no remedy. We might multiply cases of this sort, *ad infinitum*. So great is the absurdity of attempting to bind down the fluctuating import of human words descriptive of human affairs, to fixed rules of courts, and to direct judgments by the wooden finger-post of precedent.

In our third division, we state that "the plea of truth should be generally a justification of the slander, but that the defendant should be bound to prove the slander not to be false, or suffer judgment." And, with some few exceptions and a little examination, we shall soon find this to be perfectly just. Did we permit truth to be a justification, strictly, rigidly, and literally, no murderer of men's minds could be brought to justice. There is no glass on the human breast, by which we can see into the human heart, and detect the falsehood that it engenders. Were truth a justification, though the honest man might punish him who called him "a swindler," he could not, when the same person said, "I *think* that he is a swindler." Where is the absolute test by which to pronounce that the man lied, when he said, "I *thought*," &c.? With a due distribution of "I *think*," "I *conceive*," "I *understand*," the most monstrous slander might go forth unpunished, were truth to be admitted as a justification. Legislation, not to be misunderstood, should be clear, endangered by no discrepancies, and assuming nothing that could not be proved. If a man says that he thinks this or that, you may disbelieve him, but you cannot prove that he is speaking falsely. And, again, what right has a man, without the fear of punishment, to tell me afterwards, that my father was hung, my mother impure, or that I am a bastard, though every assertion may be scrupulously true? There ought to be one broad line of distinction drawn. In every act in which the person was himself the agent, it ought not to be an offence to tell him of it. If the defamer asserts that I am a criminal, and he can specify the crime, we think that he ought to be acquitted, even though the crime have been long committed, and long repented of. When a man sins, he must look, not only to the present but to the ultimate consequences of his act; not only must he regard the effects that it will have upon himself, but those it may have upon society. But, in every published assertion, the asserter should be put strictly and rigorously upon the proof of its veracity, and the defendant should be held thoroughly innocent, until the accusation be fully proved. A. B. has promulgated that we are a swindler; according to our third article, the court and jury must hold him to have been guilty of a grievous offence, and that we are perfectly innocent, until he has proved us to be so; and it will not be enough to prove that he *believed* us to be so: though such belief may be an actual and undeniable truth, it was his imperative duty, before he made the charge, to ascertain upon what evidence it was founded. We think that nothing can be more just than this manner of disposing of an offence, and nothing more plain than the principles upon which it is founded.

Our fourth proposition may be defended upon the constant and nefarious practice of attorneys bringing actions merely for the sake of the costs, and the putting a few soiled sovereigns in their pockets out of the damages that they may perhaps get for their client. A man should go into court for the purpose only of vindicating his own character, and punishing the defamer. We cannot avoid being commonplace upon this topic, that has been worn more than threadbare by every counsel that has yet pleaded for a defendant in an action for damages. Yet, we must again show up the absurdity of supposing

that A.'s character is made better, by being made himself richer by two hundred pounds, his lawyer by three, and B. poorer by eight hundred, which is about the proportion when damages of five hundred pounds are obtained. The offence is essentially criminal; as a criminal the slanderer should be punished, for the benefit of society, for the vindication of an innocent man; but by no means for the purpose of transferring a few hundred pounds from the pockets of one man into those of another. We need not expatiate here upon the precious absurdity that has been engendered by our existing law of libel, by which shameless roguery is made an excellent marketable commodity; and by which an unredeemable rascal walks among the community, attended by an attorney, if possible still worse, begging every honest man to tell him, as a favour, what an execrable scoundrel intercepts God's light from him by his detestable shadow, in order that he may prosper upon the damages accruable upon the promulgation of this, to him wholesome, because nutritive, truth. That the defendant, if convicted, should pay the expenses of his prosecution, is as reasonable, as it would be unreasonable to make either the country or the prosecutor pay them. If a man is given to indulge in vituperation, he should pay for it as a luxury, and it would be too hard upon the prosecutor, first to be vilified, and then afterwards to be punished for having brought the vilifier to justice, by the payment of the costs of an act of public duty.

The fifth article, in which permission is given to commute personal punishment for a pecuniary one, we bring forward with hesitation, knowing it to be morally faulty, yet feeling it to be necessary in the present aristocratical leaning of the country. We have not yet arrived at that Utopian perfection of civil government, that can, in civil matters, or criminal either, prevent the rich from using the influence of their riches. A fine of forty shillings, while it may involve utter ruin to the poor man, is to one, even in middling circumstances, of comparatively little import. Yet the fine would probably be inflicted, without regard to the ability of paying it, equally on the millionaire and the houseless mendicant; and modern justice, having thus accurately trimmed her scales; would no doubt look round with applause, whilst her satellites, in wigs and gowns, would be exclaiming, "O glorious law, that makes no distinction between the rich and the poor!" This practice is certainly grievously unjust, yet we feel assured that it must continue to exist; and, with this feeling, we have propounded the sixth clause; but we have so guarded the privilege of composition, that it could never be advantageous to the prosecutor, to enable him to coin his character into filthy lucre. Besides, it must be admitted, that public personal punishment would vary in the intensity of its infliction, almost as much as the visitation by fine. The coarse libeller, of low and vulgar habits, whose back, by long custom of chastisement, knows the very wood of the cudgel under which he smarts, would not find his sensibilities very keenly wounded by being placed in a public situation, to undergo the gaze and the contempt of the passers by, as a malignant calumniator. But a person with the education of a gentleman, must find such a situation to the last degree horrifying. Yet, after all, it may be said, and that most truly,

the very intelligence of the latter culprit, the very sensitiveness that makes him thus shrink from exposure, should have taught him, in the first place, juster notions of morality, and in the second, how bitter is the pang of lacerated feeling, and what he himself finds so dreadful he should not have endeavoured to have fixed upon others. Were we called to vote upon the question, we would not allow of the pecuniary compromise, but we offer it in our plan, to conciliate those who are squeamish in their notions of what is due to the aristocracy and property of the country.

We now come to our last proposition. We have supposed that the defamer has been arraigned, and found guilty. It is now the question of his punishment. Justice should be, if possible, retributive. Society is not so much concerned in punishing the guilty, as in taking care that the injured innocent shall be, if possible, in no worse position from the effects of the offence committed upon him, than he was before he was made the object of a slanderous attack. Any thing that involves mere physical punishment, or approximates in the least to torture, we utterly detest. If for the preservation of society a man should be found unfit to live, kill him, but in the most expeditious, the most quiet, and the least public manner possible. If the interests of the community require his incarceration, let us put him away from us, but inflict upon him no violence. We feel fully convinced, that every stripe on the lacerated back, is one step made backwards in civilization, not only by the sufferer, but also by all the witnesses of the infliction. The pillory, therefore, we hold to be an inappropriate punishment, as it necessarily embraces much personal endurance. We would thus propose to visit defamation. The jury would have previously judged of the degree of enormity of the offence, which could only be understood by weighing well all the attendant circumstances. In one of the most public places of the city, town, or village, in or near which the injury had been sustained, the culprit should be placed in a conspicuous situation, quite at his bodily ease, in a pillowed arm-chair, if he chose, to play thus publicly the Sybarite, with a placard, to this effect, over his head: "A. B. has been found guilty of falsely saying, that Y. Z. was a swindler." An hour's exposure in this fashion, once or twice repeated, and followed by two or three months' imprisonment for a very heinous offence, must considerably abate the desire of the determined defamer to follow his dirty, yet too often profitable, and at present too much patronized, occupation. Were the circumstances of the offence attended with but little or no aggravation, the placard alone might haply answer the ends of justice.

We cannot conceive any method more efficacious for the complete vindication of the aspersed, and the more effectual prevention of the crime. It is not cruel—it devolves no expense upon the really aggrieved prosecutor, and no ruinous pecuniary damage on the defendant. There is no increased restriction on the liberty of publication; and only increased caution requisite in the publisher. It will be no argument against the *rationale* of this plan, that it appears at present in a somewhat crude shape. Our meaning might, by cleverer dialecticians, be made more clear, and less liable to misconception, and also details may be added; though we think that verbosity is always

the bane of law making. It is the principle only that we contend for, which we think sound, and were the law based upon it, that it would work well.

We have one more remark to make before we close this subject, upon what we conceive to be the best method of working any law founded on the basis that we have just laid down. Eloquence is a glorious, yet a dangerous gift, and dangerous always in the degree of the ignorance of those to whom it is addressed. In the affairs of life, divine as it appears in its origin, and beautiful in its employment, we hardly know of what possible use it can be; of detriment we may be assured it is the prolific parent. When we wish to discover the truth, we think it a very bad means to employ the figures of rhetoric. It has no more to do with the establishment of a simple fact, than it is serviceable to balance an intricate account, or to solve a mathematical problem. Of all oratory, we think that practised at the bar is the most vicious, the most addressed *ad hominem*, and, (we beg the gentlemen, who use it, pardon,) consequently the most vulgar. Our only wonder is, how declamation ever came to be allowed there at all. As the thing is now carried on, it is too often but a trial of skill between the counsel, and victory is decided, not upon the merits of the case, but upon the merits of the opposing speeches. Can any one deny but that this which follows, is a true description of an important trial in the court of King's Bench. The plaintiff, having much at stake upon the issue, employs two or three of the most eloquent counsel, whose business it is to weave round the matter-of-fact a tissue of as much legal ingenuity, of as much confusion, and decked out with as much tawdry, common-place clap-trap, as he can possibly invent, or, as the patience of the court will permit. After having spun his five hours' tangled web, he sits down complacently, and says, "that is our case." Suppose that the defendant is too poor, or too indignant at this mockery, to employ counsel, the judge will say, "I do not sit here to argue the case. There is no defence. Verdict must be given for the plaintiff." No one will pretend that such a proceeding is an administration of justice. Now, let us presume that the defendant is either worldly wise, or worldly rich, and he is enabled to pit three other counsel, of nearly equal ability to those who are arrayed against him. Then comes the tug of war—the open attack—the insidious stratagem—the unexpected explosion—precedent overturns precedent—sophistry confounds sophistry,—all to the utter bewilderment of the jury, and the amusement of the presiding judge. The latter three counsel take their five hours to unweave the web, that the others were five hours spinning. It is now the judge's turn. He begins by complimenting the counsel on either side, pretty impartially. He allows the case cited by his learned brother Botherem to have much validity, but the precedent adduced by brother Mistify, on the part of the defendant, has equal force. He first leans to one party, and then to the other; compliments both sides, informs the jury that the facts have been luminously laid before them, and the law correctly stated by the counsel on either part; and then, not unfrequently tells them in the same breath, to dismiss from their memories every word that they have heard the said counsel utter, and that they

are to trust only to the evidence and their consciences, and then perhaps finally finishes by saying, that if thus and thus be the case, they are bound to find for the plaintiff; but if an adverse thus and thus be the case, of just exactly equal weight, they are bound to find for the defendant. He then dismisses the jury in all the confusion of intellect that a thirteen hours' jargon must necessarily produce, to pronounce upon speeches and evidence; who then find that they cannot remember a sentence upon a subject, that, however plain at first, they cannot now understand. Heartily do they wish, one and all, that they could find a verdict for both parties, and give them leave to begin again *de novo*. But a verdict they must give, and they generally give it to the party whose counsel spoke longest, loudest, or most addressed himself to their weaknesses or their passions. The court then breaks up, and every body pronounces that the cause has been well tried, excepting him who loses it; the counsel and the lawyers rub their hands, chuckle, and go home almost convinced in their own minds, that the aphorism is true, that "the law of England is the perfection of human reason." If all this takes place upon mere matters of debtor and creditor and upon disputed liabilities, how much grander and more extensive a scope is there for the display of forensic oratory upon a subject so purely abstract, as that which is now denominated libel. The glorious uncertainty of the law, is, for the lawyers, a great certain glory; but when to this is added the uncertainty and the metaphysical nature of the fact, what a double glory is this! and it shines resplendent in the galaxy of legal affairs, like a gemminated star.

In the working of the enactment upon the subject of slander, that we would recommend, all this expensive, antiquated, and ridiculous machinery should be most sedulously avoided. The case should be but barely stated, and the witnesses called and examined, and cross-examined by counsel learned in the law, if it so pleased the parties, but nothing further. No speechifying, no special pleading, no pathetic appeals to the passions, no calling of the jury to come and weep over a murdered reputation. In a case of this sort, oratory becomes buffoonery; and, as men's judgment alone is concerned, their consideration of the matter should be permitted to be sober, calm, and dispassionate.

In this paper we have confined ourselves entirely to the considering the subject only as regards *private slander*. We have endeavoured, whilst we have wished to preserve the public morality, by submitting our private actions to the ordeal of salutary comment with impunity, to fence the domestic hearth with sufficient barriers to guard the most sensitive from the chance of wanton attack, and to preserve a due reverence for the household gods of every family. The poison of social life, the stab of that deadly weapon, the evil tongue, that goes to the heart, we have essayed to make innoxious when used, and to make the attack to be so efficaciously punished afterwards, that it would be almost madness, even in the most envenomed mind, to repeat the offence. A graver consideration, and a more lengthened discussion are demanded for the examination of public prosecutions, reflecting upon the measures of public men. We have only endeavoured to show how adequately may be

preserved inviolate the sanctity of our hearths—how to guard against the pestiferous breath of the domestic maligner—how the scurrile jest of the Sunday paper may be punished—and how, by making the privacies of life sacred, we may make the enjoyments of life more valuable; and thus, have that feeling of patriotism strengthened, that country loved, and those institutions cherished, which render us at once moral, happy, and free.

We shall probably, in our next, consider what may be called public and political offences of slander.

VERAX.

ON

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN ROSS AND HIS COMPANIONS FROM THE POLAR REGIONS.

FROM the far regions of eternal snow,
Where summer's brighter flow'rets never blow,
Where ne'er the wandering cuckoo bends her wing,
Nor Philomel at eve is heard to sing:
From the wild wastes—unfruitful—frozen—where,
In hungry fierceness, lurks the polar bear;
Where bounds the moose-deer on his icy track,
And mystic dangers warn the traveller back:
From Arctic seas, where threatening ice-bergs sail,
And through the deep floats the stupendous whale;
Where tempests rage beneath inclement skies,
And man, the savage, from his fellow flies—
They come—the gallant, the devoted band!
Who peril'd life on yon rude joyless strand,
To add another wreath to England's name,
As it stands proudly on the scroll of fame.
They come—the intrepid few!—The lost—they come!
O welcome to the social hearths of home!
Welcome—where cultivated Nature yields
Her bounteous stores: not only in the fields,
Gay with the yellow corn, the wooded hills,
The fertile soil the hardy labourer tills—
But in her moral kingdom; in the mind,
By education strengthen'd and refin'd;
Enlighten'd by Religion's guiding ray,
Whose beams shall lead to realms of nightless day!
Let Britain warmly hail the daring few,
Who did, what mariners alone could do.
With fearless high resolve, who struggled on
'Gainst hardships dire, when Hope was almost gone.
Thrice welcome from their icy caves, once more,
To tread in peace and joy their native shore!

SAM SLUMBER.

A SKETCH. BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL, ESQ.

Sam Slumber was the eldest of seven sons, and one of his Majesty's most sleepy subjects. Of his brothers I know little, but Sam was my "very particular friend." All that I know is, that they were born in beds, and very great sleepers; but Sam would out-sleep them all. I believe it is common for children to come into the world with a squall; but our hero was born fast asleep. A funny thing occurred at his nativity. His father, who sat in the next room, wouldn't believe the event was over; and when the nurse assured him it was, asked if it was usual for children to be still-born. As Sam grew up, his sleeping propensities increased upon him. At school, his being so often found lying about, became (if I may so say) a standing joke. He was at the bottom of his class, as you may suppose; and I have heard an old form-fellow declare, that he was never able to get ten lines by heart but once in his life; and that was on the occasion of a public examination, when he spoke the celebrated "Apostrophe to Sleep," in Henry the Fourth. Sam was never married; though I have heard him say he was once most desperately in love. The reason he gave (it might, or might not, be the true one) for not making the lady his own was, that the hours commonly allotted to courting being those in which he generally yielded himself up to the drowsy god, he couldn't keep his eyes open; and that when he ought to have been whispering soft things into his lady's ear, he couldn't get up any thing better than a snore. In commerce, he cut as poor a figure as in courtship: indeed, he never attempted any thing beyond a sleeping partnership, and was found too lazy even for that. He was said to be heir to a peerage, but it was a dormant peerage, and Sam Slumber was not the man to bother himself about "heraldic anomalies." His crest, whatever it was, was crest-fallen, and he was contented that it should remain so. And, as for arms, the only arms he cared about were those of Morpheus. He was fond of literature—at least he liked to read himself to sleep. His favourite work was the Midsummer Night's Dream; after that, Washington Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow. The last time I saw the old fellow, he was dozing over the Bible. I peeped over his shoulder to see what chapter he'd got hold of—it was the tale of the Seven Sleepers. Sam was a decidedly pious man, and I have heard him lecture his little nephews and nieces on the impropriety of going to rest without saying their prayers: but he has confessed to me, in an under tone, that he was never able to keep awake through the *Paternoster* in his life. He attended church with the utmost regularity. There were two in the town where he lived, but he always preferred St. Martin's; for, at the other place, he said, the parson was so very loud that he made him start in his sleep. At one time, our hero took so little exercise (indeed none, apparently, beyond his

sabbath walk to church) that his friends feared for his health. As if by a miracle, however, he continued to look as robust as ever, and it was at length discovered that he used to walk in his sleep. He always paid his way with the utmost exactness, though a quibbler might say he often went upon tick. He was a good man, in spite of all his foibles; and he might truly be said to be blind to his neighbour's faults—at least, he always winked at them. Sam was fond of music, and his favourite opera was *La Somnambule.* I never heard him sing but once—it was "Slumber, my darling." In painting, Sam was no mean judge. Claude and Salvator were his prime favourites. What he admired chiefly in Claude was his repose. Salvator was delightful for his "yawning caverns," and "gaping abysses." I once accompanied him to an auction, to purchase a sleeping Venus. At the end of the sale, my friend found, to his great astonishment, that half the pictures in the catalogue had been knocked down to him. Sam protested he'd never bid, but the auctioneer stuck to it that he'd seen him nod. When Sam travelled (which was not often) it was always by night, that he might sleep on the road. The coach was once overturned, when three outsides broke their collar bones, and two insides had their arms put out. It was devilish unfortunate, he said, for he couldn't get another wink all night. If a friend got into a new house, Sam's first inquiry was—not whether there was a fine view from the windows, or a spacious garden attached, or whether it was built of stone or brick, but—"how many beds do you make up?" His whole thoughts centred in a bed: his very metaphors were drawn from it. He once offended the parson of his parish by telling him he was "bolstered up with pride;" and he commonly described a prompt action as being done "in the twinkling of a bed-post." Nay, every thing about him seemed to take a colouring from his slumbering propensities. His garden was full of beds, and his court-yard overrun with couch grass. If his friend left him a legacy, ten to one it was his best "four-post;" and if he got a prize in the lottery, it came in the shape of a pair of Witney blankets. He was once persuaded to set up a horse, but even that turned out a cribber. Sam was once afflicted with cataract, and the doctor was obliged to couch his eyes. Brandy-and-water was considered good for his complaint, and the worthy physician ordered him never to go to bed without a night-cap. Poor fellow! he soon "took to his bed," for good and all. The doctors were about him, and his fate was sealed. The last words he spoke were highly characteristic—"Give me my sleeping draught."

Ten years last Michaelmas day is it—how time *does* fly!—since Sam Slumber was gathered to his fathers. The last time I was in Bedfordshire, I went to visit my old friend's grave. I could hardly find it at first; but the sexton soon appeared, to point out the stone. It was overgrown with moss, and otherwise much mutilated. The only words I could make out were—"HERE SLEEPETH!"

TENNIS.

It has never been "merrie England" since her ancient sports and pastimes have fallen into desuetude. O this lucre-hunting, mammon-worshipping spirit, how much has it deteriorated the joviality of countenance, and heartiness of address, of the once frank and laughter-loving Englishman! Positively, within our own memory, the faces of our countrymen have lengthened. We are rapidly losing the national countenance. There is fast growing upon us an Israelitish, sharp, yet somehow lack-a-daisaical look, a mixture of self-complacency, hauteur, and sordidness, that is altogether very ridiculous to behold, and very distressing to think upon. Where be the morris dancers? Alas! they have danced off the stage. The foot-ball players have given their last kick, and the wrestlers have nothing now to grapple with but the most abject poverty, and find themselves fairly thrown on their backs by their griping antagonist at last. All this is a pitiful contemplation. The village green is enclosed—even the footpath is stopped up—and the hedge-row walk up the green lane, barricaded; and now, associated with cattle upon the high roads, the poor peasant slinks along in conscious degradation, to the nearest beer-shop, where he at once imbibes political and potatory poisons. We fancy ourselves now leaning upon a broken quarter-staff, looking over the ploughed field that formerly was the arena of those sports that make, even in the lowest classes, manhood so dignified, and we shall proceed thereon to dogmatize. We thus begin to thunder out our axioms—imprimis, a nation without sports cannot stand. At present, we have no national sports, properly so called. We have horse-racing, we have sporting characters—generally very bad—a sporting magazine, which is, by-the-bye, very good; the cock-pit, the dog-pit, and, last, and lowest degradation, the prize-ring; yet, we repeat, we have no national sports. This is the broad, and not to be mistaken principle; a national sport ought to be one of which the nation partakes individually, not as a spectator, but as a principal. On the race-ground, in the pit, or the ring, the spectators do but look idly on, whilst others are hired to make the sport for them. The frequenters of these places acquire by their attendance no active energy or manliness; they gain nothing by them but cruelty of mind, and depravity of morals. And, degraded as these poor shadows, or apologies for sports, are, they are made still more despicable by their being connected with a means of administering to that universal cupidity, and overruling spirit of money-getting that is fast destroying among us every thing that is noble in our natures. A sporting character now goes to a race, or to a fight, with as much plodding seriousness, and calculating selfishness, as a Jew broker to the Alley and the Stock Exchange, yet not always with the same outward regard to principles. It may be regarded as a fixed truth, that when a nation converts its amusements into speculations for making money, and when, instead of its inhabitants engaging in athletic and invigorating games

themselves, they hire others to do so for their gratification, the generous spirit of that nation is fast breaking, and that *mens sana in corpore sano*, will not be long its distinguishing characteristics. When the Roman people themselves ceased to struggle in the mimic fight, to hurl the discus, or to wield the cestus, when they no longer mixed in the Pyrrhic dance, but had deputies provided for them to perform all this, they soon became slaves; and, being slaves, they became both cowardly and cruel. Consequently, in the sports that their tyrants provided for them, the conquered gladiator died, and, as the taste for blood increased, thousands perished in the arena, and every variety of sanguinary exhibition was invented, to stimulate the palled appetite for blood, that a single murder could not satiate. Christianity, letters, and the refinements of modern society, will never permit a recurrence of those scenes; but the enervated spirit that would enjoy them if permitted, we fear is still existent; for, as a people becomes less inclined to gymnastic exercises, they become more slothful, and, as they become more slothful, they become more enervated. Enervation is the parent of fear, and fear delights in looking upon those objects and those struggles in safety, that would at once paralyze her, were she forced to meet them in her own person. Who would not sooner be at the mercy of a warrior foe, of a hundred battles, than at that of a hot-house exquisite? The latter would probably destroy his opponent, to enhance his own security; the former would release his hold of his captive, from the security in his own firmness and courage. Let us endeavour to revive among ourselves a taste for manly sports: God knows, as a nation, that we are rich enough. Our long-headed political economists tell us, that we are suffering under a plethora of property—that we have too much of all things—we have too much capital; earth, and earth's sons, in addition to the gigantic efforts of machinery, have cursed us with an over production of all the good things of this life. We are glad of it. We have worked too much. Let us now go and play a little.

We now come to the pith, the very marrow of our article. We have conducted hitherto our argument synthetically, and, did we not abhor recapitulation, we would enumerate the steps by which we have thus far proceeded. We have the advantage once a week, and, if we choose, and live in a cathedral town, we may have that same advantage seven days in the week, of hearing the holy and very necessary admonition of "let us pray." We hope that we attend to it duly—we trust that most of our readers do so—but not in a pharisaical spirit. There are sweet amenities, and glorious yet innocent exultations, that belong to the human bosom, that were not placed there by our beneficent Creator to remain dormant, and which can be called forth in no manner so effectually, as by a moderate and timeous use of the admonition, "let us play."

Let us play. We look round upon our countrymen, and we find every one hard at work, body and soul. They have no time to attend to our call. It is a misfortune. Yet they will flock by thousands to a horse-race, or a prize-fight. The clubs overflow in the evening, and the gambling tables are actually crowded upon, and, in the morning, the lounges and the drives are populous with strenuous

idlers. It is not that they have no time, but that it is not the fashion. Let but once the aristocracy and the middle classes make it a sort of necessary of life, that some portion of every day should be devoted to manly exercises, and we confidently foretel, that, in a short time, the necessity will be acknowledged for the labouring classes, and an hour from each day be reserved for sports, as systematically as the reservation is made for the usual meals. Were such the case, we honestly think that more actual labour would be got through in the remainder of the day by the abstraction of this one hour for amusement, than if the whole twelve were plodded on, in that sickly desponding manner, that is getting to be too much the habit of all those who are compelled to live by the labour of their hands. We well remember, that at school, our enforced labours would have been to us intolerable, had it not been for our permitted relaxations.

The aristocracy must set the example. They should be much obliged to us for instructing them in what is so necessary to their own well-doing, and, at the same time, pointing out to them so pleasant a means, as we are about to do, of accomplishing so desirable an end. We do not hesitate to say, that their games should be accordant to their habits, and in no manner at variance with that refinement of manners, and that dignity of deportment, which are expected from them, and which becomes them so much. The game that thus befits them is, the ancient, the aristocratic, and right regal sport of Tennis. Dear ought this amusement to be to all the admirers of ancient institutions. It was contemporary with, and is the legitimate successor to, the joust and tournament; its name is mixed with the glories of our history, and has been embalmed to all posterity, by no less a muse, than that of our own immortal and honey-lipped Will. In the play of Henry the Fifth, does he not make the gallant young hero say, in the audience which he gives to the ambassadors of the dauphin, who had sent him over a parcel of tennis balls in derision—

> "When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
> We will in France (by God's grace) play a set
> Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
> Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
> That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
> With chases."

Facetious William has here made a very happy play upon the terms of this noble game. Rackets, balls, a set, the hazard, and chases, are all technical to the sport, and form very excellent puns. If picking pockets and punning be coequal, we almost think that, for once in our lives, we would essay to pick a pocket, did we feel assured that it would enable us to pun so felicitously as our facetious dramatist. However, Shakspeare has here taken a *leetle* trifling liberty with the historical facts; and, by a very pardonable anachronism, put the terms of the Tennis-players, in use in his day, into the mouths of parties who lived when the game was played only with the hand, and long before rackets were introduced. For the sake of the curious, we state the real fact of the insult offered to the youthful and chivalrous Henry, in the language of Holinshed. "The embassadors of the dauphin brought with them a barrel of PARIS balles, which, from their mays-

ter, they presented to him for a token, that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorn, to signifie that it was more meet for the king to pass the time with such a childish exercise, than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherefore the K. wrote to him, that yer ought long, he would tosse him some London balles, that, perchance, should shake the walles of the best court in France." Happy France, and thrice happy Paris! Even at that distant time they were, as now, pre-eminent in the art of enjoyment, and their playing balls were famous. In fact, all their generations, from the time of Clovis to that of the citizen king, whenever they could find a respite from slaughtering and throat-cutting, seem to have spun through life, often on one leg, pirouetting, the happy tetotum of the hour, either putting an end to the existence of others, or thoroughly enjoying their own.

But to return to our subject matter, which we must treat with all the gravity due to so momentous an occurrence, and which really seems to have had for its consequences a fifty years' war, a kingdom conquered, and a national antipathy made almost eternal. We will give the authority of a writer contemporary with the event, in his own excellent monkish Latin. "Rege existente apud Kenilworth, Karlolus, regis Francorum filius, Dolphinus vocatus, misit PILAS PARISIANIS ad ludendum cum pueris. Cui Rex Anglorum rescripsit, dicens, se in brevi pilas missurum Londoniarum quibus terreret et confunderet sua tecta." And well did Harry, who was vegetating near Kenilworth, keep his word. What becomes of the magnificence of the ten years' Trojan war, that was destructive only to a few hordes of barbarians in brass armour, when compared to the "wars of the balls?" Will nobody write an epic upon it? Surely, the moving cause is better than that of the Illiad, where an old lady of sixty, nothing loth, being carried off by a young spark of very bad taste, produced a very sad war, and a very beautiful poem. We say, will nobody write a *balliard?* But what have we got to do with *balliards*, illiads, and epic poems—miserable scribblers that we are! when we are only writing upon the game of Tennis?

This ancient game was, in the first instance, played with the hand only. To do so now would be entirely out of the question. No young noble would, at present, like to sport a hand of the colour and extent of an American beef-steak, that covers nearly a square foot of surface. Such an appendage, at the end of a human arm, is certainly very convenient for stunning an ox, or flattening down a gravel-walk, but would show marvellously ill in the perfumed precincts of the drawing-room, or in performing the swain-like office of turning over a young lady's music. Such a hand might certainly, upon an emergency, serve for a fan. Yet, with all these advantages, we think that a young Corinthian would have none of it; yet we speak diffidently even upon this matter, when we reflect upon the funny clubs and the rowing-matches, all excellent producers of the mutton fist; but, after all, there is nothing to be compared to the thrashing of a hard ball for hours with the open hand. Even our sturdy ancestors found it an operation too painful long to be endured, and they then first strongly gloved their hands, and afterwards adopted a sort of net-work of cords and tendons, fastened to the wrists and the ends of the fingers; and

thus, by striking the ball with the palm of the hand hollowed, they obtained a more elastic percussion, and were consequently enabled to give more impetus to the ball. The transition from this contrivance to the racket, as we now see it, was natural. But, at the time that Tennis was played with the hand only, it was looked upon as so genteel a game—a game so exclusively the property of the well-born—that a statute was passed in 1381, in the twelfth year of the reign of the second Richard, which regulates the pastimes of servants and labourers, allowing them to use bows and arrows on Sundays and holidays, but directing them to abstain from playing at ball with the *hand.* The old translation of this statute uses the term "*tenys;*" but the words of the Act, in its original Norman-French, are, "et lessent tout outrement les *jeues as pilottes,* sibñ a *meyn* come à piée." The translation ascertains, however, the game intended thus to be proscribed, *Tennis.* It would appear, from this aristocratical enactment, that Tennis was then considered, as it still is, a pastime for princes and the privileged orders. By what means it obtained the name of Tennis in England, we are at a loss to conjecture, as the French call it *paume,* evidently derived from the ancient manner of playing it with the palm of the hand.

As it would be an unpardonable neglect in us, on a question so vital, not to gather what information we can, we have turned to Dr. Johnson's folio dictionary, and we there find him adopting the suggestion of Skinner, that it is derived from the word "*tenez,*" used by the French when they drive the ball; which derivation, we think, is so farfetched, that notwithstanding it has *tenez* for its parent, it will not *hold.* Now, if we might be permitted to *do* a bit of etymology ourselves, we think that we could give a very plausible, and a very *English* derivation indeed. We all know that it is a game of French invention, and, as we pride ourselves at beating Johnny Crapaud *ten* to *one,* at war, and at every thing else we are pleased to undertake, and not choosing to designate the game by its French title, "le Jeu de la Paume," we called it *ten ace,* in allusion to the said *ten* to *one* superiority on our parts; thus we have *ten ace, tennace, tennice, tennise, tennis,* as it now gloriously stands, a monument to British superiority. The inquisitive may see, that we have manipulated the word, letter by letter, till we reduced it to its modern orthography. There is our derivation,—let the logomachists make what they will of it, but before they proceed utterly to destroy it, let them well consider whether they can give us a better.

Having thus proved that this elegant and manly game has, like a good old family, a beginning involved in Norman obscurity, and that its very nominal derivation is, from its antiquity, a puzzler; we now proceed to show what it is in its modern form, rich with the improvements of centuries. We do not believe that one in twenty of our readers was ever in a tennis-court. Among a population of a million and a half that London boasts, there is but one Tennis court, that in St. James's Street, Haymarket, and kept by Mr. Cox. We will now describe it. It is a lofty hall, of about one hundred feet in length, and nearly forty wide, paved with a smooth stone, and with a mathematical exactitude as to level. Across the centre, from side to side, there hangs a net-

ting, which is precisely one yard in height in the middle, but which rises at each end a foot or more, so that, to use a sea term, its boltrope forms a graceful curve. Over this net, the balls must be struck with a racket, to make the stroke good. There is a gallery for the spectators, who are defended from injury by a netting on two sides of the parallelogram, which is the shape of the court; that at the farther end is called the Dedans, and is generally appropriated to persons of distinction who may wish to see the game, and to subscribers only. Altogether, the court has a very noble and imposing appearance; and, though it may not be so grand as the Colosseum at Rome, yet is it sufficiently so, as to impress upon the spectator that the pastime that makes such a court necessary can be no common one. Nor is it. Were we to enter into the details of all the intricacies of this noble sport, lucid as we think ourselves in description, we should fail to give a due impression of it to the reader. It must be seen played to be understood; but it must be actually played to be appreciated. We believe, that it would take twenty pages to describe accurately the not very complex machinery of a barrel organ; and yet, when it were all done in the most satisfactory manner that the language would admit of, we feel assured that no mechanist who had not seen a similar instrument could make one from the verbal description only. Knowing the incompetency of words to give accurate details, we shall confine ourselves to the task of giving only a general impression. The principal feature of the pastime is, to keep the ball moving over the net, and not to let it settle in the division of the court in which the player may happen to be placed. Of course it may remain dead on the player's side, with different degrees of disadvantage to him, *quod longum nunc prescribere est.* Let the reader go and see, and he will understand more from two minutes of observation, than he would from two hours of description.

Among the games of manual skill, Tennis must be admitted to hold the first rank. Of it may be truly said, what has been so often asserted of a constitution that we are continually reforming, that it is the perfection of ages; and of it may be as truly asserted, that it has a value and an interest that subjects of this nature cannot usually boast. When we advanced, in a former part of this paper, that we had no national sports, we feel that we ought, in some sort, to have made a reservation in favour of cricket. It is certainly played for a few months of the year, by a few rich amateurs, who support about twenty or thirty professional players; but since the enclosure of waste lands and village greens, it has ceased to be played by the peasantry of England. In the now degraded state of pauperism under which they are universally labouring, the very apparatus of cricket is beyond their means of purchase. We have mentioned this beautiful game, because it is the only one that can, by any possibility, be put in competition with Tennis; and, when its merits are examined, it will be found open to the following great objections, which to Tennis will not apply. It can be played only during a small portion of the year. A match cannot readily be made, on account of the numbers necessary to form it. The inconvenient length of time that it frequently engages the players, sometimes extending to three or

four days. It is open to much jealousy and dispute in the distribution of the several parts. The innings of the best players are too precarious, for the very slightest accident may defeat the hero of the piece—and such a defeat! after your play being rejected by the managers, and your addresses, by the lady of your love, the being bowled out the first bowl, when you had predetermined to fag your opponents and astonish the ladies in the tent, comes next in degree of the insupportable sorrows.

"Those best can sing them, who have felt them most."

We say nothing of being forced to play out your match through a drizzling rain—nothing of the slipping and sliding over the wet grass, fast approaching to the nature of a slough—nothing of the steaming perspiration of your body, contending with the streaming donations of the clouds—and nothing of the ultimate constitutional consequences; for what, to a devoted lover of the game, is a catarrh, ague, fever, or a pulmonary attack, when he is glowing with the *cacoëthes battandi?* which, by-the-bye, we think to be very good cricket Latin.

Now, Tennis, on the contrary, may be played at all times, and at all seasons. Two players are sufficient for a match, though it may embrace three or four. Players of the greatest disparity of skill can be easily brought together, and that, too, by the custom of the game, without wounding the pride of either party. A match may be lengthened or abridged to any given time; indeed, Tennis may be truly said to embrace a portion of the excellencies and beauties of all other games of manual skill; and, while it is free from most of the imperfections that are necessarily attendant on other gymnastic exercises, it exhibits an animated picture of the strength, skill, and activity of man, and is, at the same time, far removed from any thing puerile or degrading. Tennis, in a word, demands the energy, perseverance, and adroitness, necessary for cricket; the precision required at billiards; and the judgment exercised in both. Like chess, which is to the mind what Tennis is to the body and mind combined, Tennis has no apparent limit to the degree of excellence that the player of it may attain. There is always room for improvement in the best player, as well as exciting amusement for the worst; and it is not too much to presume, that a greater performer may hereafter arise, than any that has yet appeared; that is, if we can persuade our too thoughtful countrymen to play a little more and grumble a little less, and patronize this, and other spirit-stirring sports.

We will not frighten the tyro by an enumeration of the requisites to make a perfect player. We will only say, that the very learning to play is delightful. There is a great deal of cant in enumerating the qualities and abilities needful to the different trades and professions. Let every man do his best, and the worst of us will do well. We think that we have now said enough to recommend this elegant and fascinating game to the general attention of all the youth of our high-minded aristocracy, and to all those young persons of the middling classes of life, that have generally in themselves, all but station, to qualify them to rival any in the land. We wish to scare away, by the mirthful shout of manly pastime, the brooding fiend of

melancholy, that now overshadows with his dark wings our cities and our plains; and we look confidently to the vigorous and enterprising of the better classes, by patronizing Tennis, Cricket, and other gymnastic recreations, to make them general, and the effect will soon be beneficially visible through all ranks of the community. There is ample room for the erection of a Tennis-court at the east end of our vast metropolis, where the sons of our merchants and citizens may add beauty to form, as well as elegance and activity to their carriage; for no one can play long at Tennis without acquiring something *degagée* and martial in his air. London is certainly the healthiest city in the world, and that in spite of the want of exercise in the majority of its inhabitants; would they but eat and sit, and brood over their losses, and chuckle over their gains less, Cockney longevity would become proverbial.

We would not have our readers suppose that Tennis is wholly without patronage; but it is patronized only by the very highest of the aristocracy. The Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Plymouth, the late Duke of York, with thirty or forty more of the first of our nobility, were frequenters and subscribers to Mr. Cox's court, where every thing is conducted with that quiet and elegant decorum, that is so grateful to the feelings of the high-bred gentleman.* The noblemen, whose names we have mentioned above, were no mean proficients at the game. It was a pleasing sight to see warriors, statesmen, and legislators, unbending their minds, and invigorating their health, by this noble sport—Tory and Whig amicably and alternately changing sides, with no greater division between them than a net one yard high. We have often seen the Hon. Mr. Stanley, of whose talents and whose tennis we are unfeigned admirers, with head erect and swelling chest, displaying the same energy in the court, that he so frequently does in the senate. We no longer wonder that he shines amid the clamour of a reformed debate, when he is so good a hand at a *racket*. In fact, his play is characteristic of himself—straightforward, enterprising, and sometimes a little rash. He scorns the *twist service*. His best game is in the *hazard* side. As he is still, and likely to remain, in the *dedans*, we cannot but venture to observe to him, that the game of Tennis should not be his model in legislation; and much as we have been pleased with his performance in the court, we think that West India proprietors are not balls, nor twenty millions a small sum for the people of England to stake. We conclude, by asserting we do not know any game in which the real character of a man may be better estimated, than in seeing his manner of playing at Tennis.

ENCELLUS.

* The present king of the French, and the ex-king of France were constant players at Mr. Cox's court. It was also a little singular, that the Prince of Polignac was a constant player at Cox's court but a short three months before his downfall and incarceration.

THE SPANISH BARBER.[1]

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER IX.

Our Journey continued—The Sierra Morena—An unavoidable Adventure—Gentlemen of the Road—Salado—Old Acquaintance—What is Valour?—Arrival at Madrid—The Prado—Visit to the Licentiate Posma—Description of Don Tomas Rubio—New Freaks and Exploits of my young Master—Pilaritos, the comic actress—Road to Ruin—The Manola Curra—A dangerous Flame—The Barber's prudent Remarks—Visit to the Manola—A fearful Rival—Omens—An unpleasant Intrusion—A tragic Adventure—Death of Don Hilario—One man less, that 's all!!!

"Quick, Master Robledo, you are late this morning."

"A thousand pardons, Señor," said the barber, as he bustled about, and made hasty preparations for his tonsorial duties.

"And now be amusing, for I am mighty dull."

"What ails you, excellent Don Felix?"

"Last night I went to the *tertulia* of the Marquesa de Puntal. *Monte*, of course, was the business of the evening; and, d——n! I sung to the tune of one hundred doubloons."

"Play is a shocking thing. Alas! I know something of that too—all in due time. Be still, sir, you fidget on your chair so. Consider, that if I chance to cut you, that process will not conjure back the doubloons. Be easy—so—that 's right."

"Well, go on; so you quitted Valdepeñas, and then——"

"Hem!" said the barber: "always commend me to a hem, for the commencing or resuming a narrative. It is strange, that this most important word, for it is absolutely one, should have found no place in the dictionary. A hem is full of meaning; it may be indifferently the token of assent, dissent, content, discontent—thought, resolution, meditation, silence, contempt, prudence, secrecy, or loquacity.

"Well, we left Valdepeñas, and proceeded on our journey without any thing worthy of remark, until we arrived at Sierra Morena, and there we were forced to make a full stop.

"O Sierra Morena! thou art a most vivid, picturesque, and striking spot; thy scenery is strange and magnificent; those tortuous precipices, those overhangings of stone, studded with clusters of trees—now naked in their majesty, now partly enrobed in a verdant dress of furze and shrubs—those gigantic peaks, and then, the winding vallies beneath—the small, yet clean and smiling villages, (scattered perhaps too far from each other)—some solitary *venta* in the distance—the awful stillness—the feeling of wild grandeur, or tranquil isolation that creeps over the traveller—all, all conspire to impress him with an overpowering sensation of mixed delight, surprise, and fear! The scene is imposing! O Sierra Morena! thou art indeed classic ground. Cervantes immortalized thee; and, besides, thou hast immortalized thyself in history. Alas! 'tis a pity that your recesses should be hallowed or profaned by the presence of heroes of so great, so amia-

[1] Continued from p. 303.

ble a character as the renowned Don Quixote! Sierra Morena, why art thou a nest of robbers? 'Twas in the Sierra Morena that my beloved mother, the fascinating Rosita, was stopped, robbed, and then married. 'Twas here, also, that, some twenty years after, her son was also stopped, robbed, and—no, not married.

"We were, at the fall of evening, making all haste to reach Madrid. We knew that the place was of notorious fame. Hitherto we had escaped, and the *mayoral* now began to look ominous. We were not kept long in suspense. Just as we were turning a ravine, and entering into a piece of level ground, two men were descried issuing, as it were, from the bosom of the earth.

"'*Voto va!*' cried the *mayoral*, 'there they are!'

"'They—who?' demanded Zanganillo.

"'The Lord bless your reverence!' muttered the other; 'who should it be—why, have you not been expecting them?'

"'*Caramba!*' exclaimed Don Andres; 'so it appears that *vandolesos** are unavoidable fruits of these parts.'

"'*Si*, Señor, quite as much as stewed partridges.'

"But this was no consolation. But there were only two: might we not defend ourselves? Defend ourselves! Father Zanganillo was a man of peace, and Lesmes Matraca was no fighting man, but a *pretendiente*. My master, although not averse to broils and quarrels, it was only when he was in a situation to exert his power without much personal risk. Don Andres and I might have done something, but we did not. Courage is a fine thing, but prudence is better, especially when you cannot possibly help being prudent without serious consequences. By this time, the two unwelcome strangers were very close——"

"You ought to have defended yourself. You were five men, without counting the *mayoral* and postillion. Bless me! seven men against two!"

"*Valgame San Crisostom!* where are those seven men? Surely you dream, Don Felix. Was Father Zanganillo a man?—no, he was only a friar. Was Lesmes Matraca a man?—no, he was a *pretendiente*. Was my master a man?—no, he was a dissipated *petimetre*.† Was I a man?—no, only a youth. Don Andres might be a man; and as for the *mayoral* and postillion, they did not count, for they never do in those sort of affairs. So you see, Don Felix, that I have clearly demonstrated that the odds were against us, inasmuch as there were two men against *one* man and a youth. But in order to dispel any valorous propensity on our side, one of the robbers, probably giving us credit for intentions which we had not, and intrepidity which we did not possess, drew out a whistle, and sent a shrill sound along those wild solitudes, favourite abodes of several very respectable echoes. In a short time, we observed three more men starting into life, and making up to us at a quick gallop. The tramp of the horses, as it grew nearer and louder, conveyed no music to the ears of my companions. Zanganillo looked solemn; my master looked foolish; and the *pretendiente* looked half dead. With regard to the *mayoral* and postillion, they looked totally unconcerned, as people that were ac-

* Highwaymen. † Dandy.

customed to these kind of adventures. Don Andres looked displeased, and I looked in expectation. Altogether, there was an amusing variety of looks displayed on the occasion.

"'*Alto ahi !*'* bawled one of the worthies, in a loud voice.

"We did not require a second invitation. The strangers seemed in a marvellously fine mood to send a brace of bullets through the head of any who dared to demur. We were ordered to leave the coach, and we obeyed with astonishing celerity.

"'Come, come, quick; we have no time to lose. Your money, gentlemen.'

"The act of spoliation now proceeded in proper style. We were literally searched to the very skin. Ay, Señor! the very looks of those independent gentlemen were enough to give one the ague—they at least gave the palsy to Lesmes Matraca—such shivering and trembling I never saw before.

"'You come from Valdepeñas,' said the captain of the party.

"'We come from Seville,' answered Don Andres, who happened to keep his senses about him in rather better order than the rest.

'"I say that you come from Valdepeñas,' repeated the bandit, gruffly. 'Do you mean to contradict me?'

"'Oh, by no means, my good sir! we certainly came from Valdepeñas.'

"'*Caspito padre!* what the devil has befallen your reverend forehead? Ah! no doubt that mischievous ram—ha! ha! ha!'

"'Bless me!' said I to myself, 'we are among friends, I see. How the deuce came he to know the friar's disaster?'

"'And you, young rascal,' resumed the robber, turning to me; 'you, too, carry on your brow the mark of your prowess—ha! ha! And as for you, sir,' he added, with a sneer, addressing my master, 'I have a small account to settle with your honour.'

"'With me!' cried Don Hilario, in alarm. 'Good sir, I'm not aware of your owing me any thing.'

"'I beg your pardon, I owe you a lesson. Come this way, sir, and choose your weapon—we must fight.'

"'But, sir, I don't see the necessity——'

"'I wish to convince you that Captain Salado is not the coward you suppose. We shall fight man to man. Remember your boasting in the *posada* of *Tio* Carroña, at Valdepeñas.'

"We all stared in amazement. The robber continued—'In the captain of *vandoleros*, you behold the humble and pious capuchin friar. So that you see, Señor——'

"Don Hilario interrupted the robber, and tried to conciliate him by abject remonstrances; but Salado peremptorily ordered him to kneel down, which was immediately done. He then held out his hand to be kissed, and then stretched forth his leg and helped my master to rise with an eloquent kick. In about a quarter of an hour we were completely cleared out. Father Zanganillo then gave the despoilers his blessing, according to orders, and the despoilers cried 'Amen,' pulling off their hats: then wishing us a pleasant journey, off they galloped, no doubt well satisfied with the day's work.

* Halt! halt!

"I confess, Don Felix, that at this particular moment we looked particularly foolish. We had lost all—all, except our courage; this, indeed, remained untouched—the robbers, despite the activity of their search, not having been able to discover it. But, alas! of what avail could be our untried and entire courage to us? Some great generals, when they have been most unmercifully beaten by the enemy, very heroically and philosophically exclaim, 'All 's lost, except our honour;' without, indeed, taking the trouble to consider whether they had any to lose. I suppose the case holds good with regard to courage. Don Hilario, my master, had certainly received a lesson. He was mortified perhaps more at the ominous kick than at the loss of his money, for he did not carry much with him. But a kick on a certain part, sir, is so striking an appeal to your feelings—nay, to your honour, that a man under such circumstances, if he cannot resent the affront, looks at least exceedingly fierce and ridiculous."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Don Felix, laughing; "and so the humble and venerable capuchin turned out—ha! ha!"

"A most pious disguise, truly; but trust me, I dare say he was not the only robber of his cloth. Well, well, I consoled myself with philosophy for our disaster; and my philosophy was indeed the more available, as you may imagine, that as I had had nothing to lose, there was of course nothing to regret. Sympathy for my fellow-travellers ought, perhaps, to have rendered me somewhat melancholy, but some how or other it did not—that certainly was no fault of mine.

"'Ay! perhaps we may yet meet more of these robbers,' quoth Father Zanganillo, in a dolorous tone.

"'And what signifies, if we do? Happily we have now nothing to lose; so be tranquil.'

"'Nothing to lose! yes, we have—our lives, which they would certainly take, if they found nothing else.'

"This hint was not at all relished by the company. Fearful stories had been told of the highwaymen that infested the Sierra Morena; and the friar's apprehensions might unfortunately be realized. In a trembling mood, therefore, we continued our journey, toiling slowly through those solitary places, starting at the least sound, and conjuring up robbers in every object that struck our sight at a distance. Consider, Don Felix, how fearful our suspense must have been, when Father Zanganillo could no longer close his eyes for the accustomed nap, but kept them watchfully on the look-out. But our alarm died away at last; we reached Oraña in safety. The rest of our journey was pleasant enough: the famous gardens of Aranjuez called forth many observations from Don Andres. He descanted with a degree of enthusiasm on the surpassing beauty of the spot; to all eloquent panegyric, Zanganillo answered by observing, 'Aranjuez is a noted place for *tercianas*.'*

"At length we arrived at Madrid. I felt my heart literally leaping in a turmoil of joy, curiosity, and excitement. I was entering the capital of Spain. Ah! there 's the *Puerta de Atocha*.† In a short time we reached the much be-praised *Prado*, which—by-the-bye, I know not why?—enjoys such exaggerated celebrity. *Prado* literally

* Tertian agues. † One of the entrances to Madrid.

means a meadow; in a meadow you expect something green. But the *Prado* of Madrid is totally different from other *Prados.*"

"Come, come, Master Barber, don't you abuse our favourite *promenade.* What say you to the fountains and statues, are they not deserving praise?—the *Prado!*"

"Beg pardon, Don Felix. I dare say there is more merit in the *Prado* than I can discover, although I've lived many years in Madrid. But I confess, that the first impression, on my entering the metropolis, was any thing but favourable.

"You may imagine, Don Felix, that the life which my master led at Madrid was not remarkable for either sense or virtue. Having no calls to make in order to conciliate a rich maiden aunt—and his uncle, Don Tomas Rubio, being too deeply engaged in his own affairs to mind those of his young relative, Don Hilario, free from all shackle, soon signalized himself in the metropolis by all manner of excess, vice, and dissipation. Don Tomas held a place in the *secretaria de hacienda,* he was a dexterous hand at all kinds of court intrigue, and was reported to be on intimate terms with a member of the *camarilla.* Nay, Don Tomas had fixed his mind on becoming under-secretary, if not minister of state, before many years rolled over his head—indeed, he saw no reason why this should not occur. Surely, he had as many and as good qualifications for the occupying of those posts as any man in Spain. But what were those qualifications? He had been a *pretendiente* full six years, and then by dint of bowing and shuffling, and crawling and smiling, and receiving slights, he had pushed himself into the *secretaria.* He was a man of weak intellect, of very narrow views, and literally no instruction. But then he could carry a rosary, or a billet-doux, and was quite as ready to join in prayer with a court priest, or laugh at an obscene joke from a court favourite. But we must leave this worthy for the present, and turn to the other personage whom my master had been commanded to visit.

"The licenciate Posma was an original, and a most disagreeable person, though, indeed, his originality would appear more striking in any other country than in Spain, this sort of animal being an indigenous plant of our soil. Posma was one of the most erudite dunces, and most profound jackasses, that were ever sent into this world to try the patience of their neighbours. Nature had totally forgotten to throw into the component parts that were to form this very unpleasant individual, the least spark of fancy or imagination. His heart was also tenantless of feelings, unless moroseness, spite, and envy, merit the name. His diminutive, shrivelled figure, parchment complexion, small, fierce eyes, and narrow forehead, suited admirably the style and conduct of his person. Posma was a consummate *purista;** the slightest delinquency in spelling or grammar called indignant anathemas against the culprit—and indeed, the choler which a French idiom introduced into the Spanish was sure to produce, could not be equalled by any horror which a moral offence might call for. Posma had been brought up amongst old musty books, and his whole conversation was rendered scientifically unintelligible, by the quaint

* Pedant.

and queer phraseology which he thought proper to use. No man was ever known who had been able to read a page of his writing, without feeling impatient, or falling asleep. Certainly, among the long lists of pedants to be found in Spain, the licenciate Posma might justly claim precedence over all. He had no soul for poetry—he merely studied how far the metre was correct; warmth, colouring, energy in style, all went for nothing, if he unluckily detected a single word or idiom that savoured the least of foreign extraction, or that was not sanctioned by Mariana, Melo, Cervantes, Sandoval, &c. &c. My master paid a visit to this erudite blockhead; one visit was enough —Don Hilario had brought a letter for Posma. The licenciate received him in a dirty room, scantily provided with furniture, but lavishly encumbered with old books bound in parchment;* the licentiate looked as sour as it was possible even for such a blockhead as himself to look. Before four words had been exchanged, Don Hilario succeeded in shocking the nerves of the erudite dunce—indeed, Posma could not conceive how such atrocities against the sanctity of language could be tolerated in the country. Surely the magistrates were not performing their duty. Don Hilario was a man to entertain very little respect for Posma—true, he had been assiduous in his visits to the profound astronomer Estraza. But the licenciate had not, like the astronomer, a pretty wife to help my young master in his lucubrations and interesting studies. Posma was a bachelor, and Don Hilario made a pious resolution not to trouble the learned man any more with his presence. In honour to my young master, I must say, that in *this* instance he kept his word religiously. He now became very anxious to find ways and means of killing time, and his genius in that line was not long in affording him occupation.

"He soon found a very agreeable and a very pretty companion. He selected the *graciosa*† of the theatre of *La Cruz*. Pilaritos, the *graciosa*, was a *brunette*, with a laughing eye, and a laughing mouth; this mouth was eternally open, either to indulge in mirth, to talk, or to beg. My master said she was a devilish pretty girl—an amusing creature. She did in sooth amuse him, but then the amusement was rather expensive. Don Hilario once thought he loved her, but he was not quite sure. Pilaritos loved him, however—or at least she loved his money. When they used to dine together, accompanied by the young Count of Veleta, and a *bolera*, forming a pleasant *partie carée*, the noise and confusion were so great, that all the neighbouring *beatas* betook themselves forthwith to their rosaries, their chocolate, and their scandal.

"I looked on in silent philosophy."

"And never remonstrated with your master?"

"*Virgen del tremendal!* I remonstrate! why, señor, I was the valet, not the tutor of Don Hilario. No, no, I knew my place better; the young gentleman had a right to go to the devil his own way—I certainly should not obstruct his career.

"Pilaritos was one of those damsels who have firmly resolved to spend a merry life. She was not a chaste Susanna—though, by the

* The usual binding of old books, and of modern, to a certain degree.

† Soubrette.

bye, I don't think quite so highly as other people concerning the much extolled virtue of the said Susanna."

"No, Robledo—and how's that?" interrupted Don Felix.

"Why, señor, I cannot see that the temptation was at all dangerous. I have known several dames, who, without being dragons of virtue, could very well preserve their chastity when only two old men came to threaten it. Certainly, people are wondrously firm in resisting temptation, when temptation happens to be not at all tempting. But, however, Pilaritos did find a great temptation in my master; for independent of his money, he was one of the most soft-headed, easy dupes when he had to deal with a clever manœuvrer of the feminine gender, although a very Turk when he chanced to stumble upon those whom he could annoy or oppress.

"Things went on famously—Pilaritos sacked my master's pockets—Count Veleta introduced him to a *tertulia*, where *monte* was played at a rate of most fashionable ruin. At the end of six months my master was completely cleared out. The *graciosa*, and two or three *monte* ladies and gentlemen, were so effective in their pursuits, that after Don Hilario had disposed of every thing, and raised money at a desperate usury, he thought proper one morning to call his thoughts to counsel—this must have been a sorry congress, considering the numbers that composed it. But, however, it was the first time in his life that my master had thought proper to think—indeed, he had nothing else to do now, and when people have this sort of leisure on their hands, it is astonishing how their reasoning faculties are called into action. Well, sir, I entered to aid his profound cogitations.

"'Robledo,' said he, with a groan; 'this is a cursed place.'

"'Shocking place indeed!'

"'Pilaritos is a regular———she is by Satanas!'

"'Nay, sir, she has only followed her vocation—perhaps rather a little too zealously, but that's all.'

"'Ay! she has another lover!'

"'Well, señor; does that surprise you?'

"'No; but, then, methinks she ought to respect at least outward appearances. She coolly dismissed me, when she knew I was completely ruined.'

"'Alas! that proves her sensibility; she has not the heart to see you in distress—poor soul! We don't like to witness the sufferings of those we love, and therefore the best thing is to keep out of their way.'

"'She is an infamous creature!'

"'Well, well, señor, you can console yourself with your favourite *Manola*, La Curra.'

"'Beautiful black eye she has, eh—Gil?'

"'Beautiful black eye—beautiful black all over. She is indeed a sable beauty. God send we may not get into a scrape here.'

"'What mean you?'

"'Why, there is a certain Manolo, whom I should imagine is not over pleased with the attention you pay this Curra. These Manolos don't stand on ceremony, and they make no more ado of sending three

inches of cold steel into your heart, than of saying their prayers, or wishing you a good morning.'

" ' I must go and see her to-night.'

" ' Better postpone the visit, sir.'

" ' I think of quitting Madrid—can't you hit, Gil, on some expedient for raising money?'

" ' Not in the least. I don't think there is any to be raised.'

" ' Provoking! my aunt, instead of sending me sermons, might as well take herself to the regions of bliss, and leave me her property.'

" ' Very inconsiderate of your aunt, certainly.'

" My master was not to be dissuaded from his intention of seeing the Manola. I was greatly annoyed at this. I never liked the Manolos, they are so very ready and so very handy with their *cuchillos.** I am no coward, but then I don't see the necessity of a man being in constant apprehension of having to make a call on his courage. Besides, the Manolo to whom I have alluded, was a Manolo of most sinister aspect. It made my blood run cold merely to look at the man! Holy Virgin! what a desperate expression of ferocity in that dark complexion, abundant whiskers, and fierce restless eye! When I used to meet him lolling and lounging at the *Puerta del Sol*, out of mere politeness, I made it a rule always to keep at a most respectful distance.

" Well, sir, when night came, we proceeded to the Manola's house, in the parish of *Avapies.*† It was a miserable tenement—low, narrow, and dark—a solitary old rusty candlestick stood on a crippled table, while a couple of lame chairs kept company with the said invalid; two or three prints of St. Joseph, and other saints, not at all flattered by the artist that took their likenesses, ornamented the dingy walls, where the half of a small mirror contributed to reflect the rather masculine charms of the Manola—for Curra, sir, would have become a jacket and a pair of trowsers admirably. Her look was so determined, her whole deportment so bold, and—but there is no accounting for taste. It was a caprice of my master, which I feared he would be obliged to pay for dearly; but as there was no use arguing with so headstrong a gentleman as Don Hilario, I followed him to the Manola's house, and when I saw him fairly seated in one of the lame chairs, I retired, to keep watch at the door, to sound the alarm in case of danger.

" The Manola received her admirer with coarse familiarity, which my master called spirit, and a vile slang, which he denominated wit. I never considered Don Hilario an impartial judge either of the one or the other.

" ' Well, Curra, I'm afraid I shall be obliged to quit Madrid. Will you follow me?'

" Bless me! is the man mad! was my mental interrogation.

" ' Follow you! I must consider.'

" It required indeed consideration to follow such a damaged piece of mortality as my graceless master. The fierce course of dissipation which he had pursued had left desperate traces behind, and independent of his present want of money, his personal appearance, habits, and tem-

* Poinards.

† A quarter of Madrid inhabited by the lower classes, especially Manolos.

per, would be sufficient to deter even a brave Manola. Besides, I must just inform you, Don Felix, that Curra had an admirer more in accordance with her taste and character. A *senorito** may do very well to squander his money, or now and then to indulge a caprice, but still a thorough Manola will always prefer the manly, sinewy, darksome figure of a Manolo, his redundant whisker, resolute air, and desperate carriage, to the sickly, puny affectation of blackguardism in a *senorito*. Curra, like any other sensible girl of her class, had bestowed her affections on El Jaque, a Manolo of most gallant qualifications in her estimation. His swagger was so appropriate—his way of folding and unfolding the *capa* so graceful—his look so fiery and determined—and his language so expressive and picturesque—the poetry of his rhodomontades, and the wit of his slang had never been surpassed by any of the most celebrated Manolos. But El Jaque was a very ticklish and dangerous personage. He was one of the most reckless, jealous, and revengeful of the tribe, and he had plainly observed that my master was on terms of intimacy with his *mistress*, which were not at all agreeable.

"While Don Hilario and his dark dulcinea were debating this interesting point, the advance of coming footsteps struck my ear; but I had scarcely time to be of service, when I was sent spinning round by an athletic arm, and suddenly El Jaque stood before the astonished sight of the loving pair. '*Voto va!*' vociferated the Manolo; 'I'll make mincemeat of the insolent *Mocoso*.'†

"So saying, and flaming with rage, he drew out his fearful *cuchillo*, and rushed towards his rival. My master, in his horror and alarm, took hold of his chair in order to defend himself. Would to God he had never been so rash; but the intensity of his fear had made him bold—it being a well-known fact, that despair often infuses resolution into the craven heart. A desperate conflict ensued—Curra interposed in vain, and I sallied out, and began to bawl for assistance with all my might. The parish of *Avapies* is not easily disturbed; the philosophy and bravery of its inhabitants are too much accustomed to noise and riot to feel either surprise or alarm; I was astonished and horrified that no one heeded my vociferations. At length the patrole appeared. I quickly led them to Curra's house—we rushed in—we might yet be in time to prevent mischief. We entered, and we found a body laying on the floor; we drew a light—the body was that of my master—two desperate wounds, and sundry lesser ones, clearly told that although not quite dead, he had not many hours to live: the blood flowed copiously. He cast a mournful, dying look, and had only strength to murmur—'I am murdered! the Manolo! El Jaque.'

"We looked after the assassin—the bird was flown; some of the patrole condescended so far to lose their time as to bestow five minutes in searching—all to no purpose: the Manolo must have disappeared by some magical process—Curra ditto. No doubt she was a companion in his flight: they certainly had used astonishing expedition in their affairs, for notwithstanding the pressure for time, they had found sufficient to despoil the dying man of his watch, gold

* Young gentleman. † Word of contempt.

chain, thin purse, and any other valuables about his person—superfluities in the journey which Don Hilario was about to make, although indispensable requisites for the one that the successful rival was on the point of performing. Well, Don Felix, we took my poor master home—a surgeon was called—two came, besides an apothecary; the men of medicine looked ominous, and prescribed, and went away, promising to come again—probably for their fee. My master died during the night—the *Alguaciles* said it was a shocking affair—and—so ended the matter!*

* To the English reader this may appear strange, but let him remember, that Spain is a country where coroner's inquests, liberty of the press, &c. are unknown. Such a trifle as the murder of a man is of course a matter of little consequence, and scarcely calls for investigation.

(*To be continued.*)

ON OBSERVING MY INFANT START, AND THEN SMILE IN ITS SLEEP.

Emblem of Innocence! child of my heart!
What makes thee in thy cradled slumbers start?
Is thy young fancy, roving wild and free,
Extracting hybla sweets from flower and tree?
Is the faint smile, that dimpling o'er thy face
Adds to its cherub features tenfold grace,
Produc'd by visions ravishing and bright,
As Moses' view from Pisgah's towering height?
Or can it be, that from her glorious sphere,
An angel folds her glittering pinions near,
To view thy innocence, and stoop to kiss
Thy balmy lips, and fill thy soul with bliss?
Whate'er it be that glads thy infant heart,
Or golden dream, or seraph's heavenly art,
Oh! as thy slumbers, may thy future years,
From suffering grief be free, and darkling fears;
And may the God that form'd thee, Oh! my child,
Preserve and bless thee, thro' life's dreary wild!

John Lander.

October 22, 1833.

THE MOP.

AN ESSAY.

" Incipe, *Mopse*, prior: si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.
Incipe."

Virg. Buc. Ecl. 5.

Doctor Johnson threatened to write an essay on a broomstick, and was so well pleased with the idea, Boswell tells us, that he made a division of the subject, and issued a prospectus, as it were, of the mode of treatment which he proposed to adopt. Dean Swift did not consider it beneath him to engage on a similar topic. Shall we then hesitate to celebrate *a mop?* No, surely. Cleanliness, we are told, is a virtue. A mop then, which is the chief promoter of cleanliness, cannot but be amiable; and, notwithstanding the cry that may be raised against it by the whole body of housemaids, is at least as dignified an object as the much-vaunted broom.

Of mops there are two kinds—the rag and the thrum. The former of these is decidedly the more ancient, and was employed by the Roman matrons in the irrigation of their halls, and the purification of their kitchens. We learn from an ancient Latin manuscript in the Carthusian monastery on Mount Olivet, (which any incredulous reader is perfectly at liberty to consult,) that these instruments were used by the Amazons on review days; and that, in their mock battles, (or mop battles, for this is the proper term,) they were accustomed to carry, in lieu of lance and target, a mop and a bucket of water, with which they magnanimously besprinkled each other; as we now see servant maids, next-door neighbours, who happen to be cleaning their halls together of a Saturday morning. On the use of mops at the present day it is needless to dilate. Every mistress, who is a true worshipper of the domestic divinity, Cleanliness, is aware of the delight she derives from her household hydraulics; and every master, I believe, has experienced the bliss of a wet floor, when he has been driven, on a cold, rainy summer's day, to seek the generous blaze of a kitchen fire. But with this we have nothing to do—our's is not a mop to be ignominiously trundled on the brawny arms of a fat housemaid, or to be heedlessly thrust behind the pump, as a creature not worthy to have a roof over its head. Such indignities are reserved for the common run of mops: for ours is prepared honour and immortality; and it shall be regarded as far superior to all others, as the scales that shine gloriously in the Zodiac are held transcendent of all other scales, past, present, and to come.

What we propose is to examine, piece by piece, the fragments of which our mop is composed: not with a view to descant upon the physical properties or peculiarities of each, but to investigate their moral relations: to examine, in short, the characters of those to whom the fragments belonged. Thus, by the contemplation of a leaf, we

are enabled to acquire a knowledge of the tree; and through the medium of a stone, to ascertain the riches of a mine.

Imprimis—a stout piece of blue broadcloth. This, not long ago, formed part of the external covering—vulgarly, the great coat—of Solomon Rackrent, a retired land-agent, who, by managing the estates of others, has managed so well as to obtain one of his own. He is a man not greatly venerated for his honesty, nor beloved for his urbanity; but—which suits his purpose quite as well—tolerably respected for his wealth, and not a little feared for his influence. It is a singular fact that, in exact proportion as his employers have grown poor, Rackrent has become rich; and whenever "my lord" has been forced to sell portions of his property to meet the exigencies of the times, his steward has generally stept forward as the purchaser. In short, he has acquired the unenviable title of an old rogue; and, as is often the case with gentlemen of his character, has lately changed his religion, and built a handsome chapel near his own house, where, having himself the appointment and payment of the minister, he is sure to hear none but the most comfortable doctrines. His time, now that he has relinquished those occupations which so marvellously enriched him, is chiefly spent in improving his farm, and making experiments in agriculture. He is one of those happy persons whose "geese are all swans:" every thing that is his immediately becomes the best of its kind; and he usually causes great annoyance to his visitors, by dragging them, whether they will or no, to look at the fattest cows, the heaviest pigs, and the finest crops in the county. The most trifling things then become themes of his warmest admiration, and he will hold forth for an hour on the superior breed of his ducks, or the peculiar excellence of his hens. His purse, however, is always open to the charitable institutions of his county, and he himself a warm advocate of their claims: though, it has been observed, (probably to prevent his being imposed upon by any embezzlement of the funds,) that he takes care to contribute only to those which publish a catalogue of their subscribers.

The next fragment of our mop consists of a square piece of flannel, which (blush not, my pen, as you modestly record it) was part of the under-petticoat of the elegant PRUDENTIA. This lady, though of good abilities, and having enjoyed a liberal education, is made miserable by an unconquerable antipathy to that part of creation, called man. From this cause, she has entertained serious thoughts of embracing the Romish faith, and entering a convent; but having read some scandalous tales (Mrs. Trollope's, we suspect) touching the fair refugees, and having heard that priests are admitted into their closets, she has declined the experiment. A considerable portion of her property, which had been stolen by her servant maid, she has lately forfeited, because she could not prevail upon herself to undergo the presence of so many men in a court of justice: and she has written several anonymous letters to the parson of the parish, complaining that she is prevented from attending divine service on account of the heterogeneous admixture of the male and female portions of the congregation. In her music-book all the duets are for two *soprani*; and if she is ever induced to indulge in the poetry of motion, it is in a

waltz with her sister. There are those, however, who say that PRUDENTIA is by no means so averse to a beau as she would make it appear; and others wonder how it is that Captain Smith's Newfoundland dog is so often seen loitering about her *cottage ornée* late in an evening. PRUDENTIA, though visibly declining into the sere and yellow leaf, is at great pains to impress her friends with an idea of her youth and inexperience. Things of yesterday she talks of as events which happened before her mind was capable of receiving the impressions of a wicked world: and, if she is ever brought to recollect an incident of a few years' standing, it is only from its connexion with a new doll, or its reminding her of her first coral and bells. PRUDENTIA, of course, is excessively nervous, and affects an extraordinary sensibility on all occasions. The death of a favourite cat has caused her to keep her bed a fortnight; but it is said the loss of her father was borne with "amazing fortitude." She represents herself as a victim to her unsuspecting good-nature, though she scarcely passes a day without vilifying, or a month without discharging, her unfortunate maid-servant. By this means the "place" has got into sad disrepute, and none but the most awkward and unworthy will ever apply for it: her time is therefore pretty fully occupied in detecting the frauds and blunders of her household, and her conversation is become one continued invective against the villany and ingratitude of the whole race of domestics.

Our next fragment is a piece of brown drugget, which once figured in the bed-room of one of the most extraordinary mortals of his age. MUSEUS is a man of good descent, and of an easy fortune: but being a great antiquary, and of a very romantic disposition, he has sold his estate, with the excellent family mansion, and purchased in its stead an ancient castle, an old wood, the largest lake in the county, and a huge barren mountain. In one of the towers of his venerable castle, MUSEUS has taken up his abode. Its approach is guarded by a drawbridge and portcullis, which are regularly raised and lowered every night and morning. The first room you enter is the kitchen, on whose walls lances, spits, helmets, and saucepans, are ranged in mystic comminglement. The servants, habited in plush cassocks and buff jerkins, put one in mind of the forty thieves; and when they go into the adjacent village, are attended by all the little boys and girls in the place, who pelt them with stones and mud, and insult them in every manner that infant minds can devise. Their master is, consequently, obliged to give them enormous wages; and even then, has great difficulty in persuading them to remain with him. One is frightened out of his wits by a ghost: another is rendered rheumatic from the dampness of his sleeping apartment—a vault, which is entered by a trap-door, and enclosed on two sides by the waters of the moat: and it is not long ago that the gardener, in an attempt to nail up some fruit trees, brought down one of the old walls upon him, and was crushed to death, leaving a wife and seven young children to be provided for by the unconscious author of the calamity. The stairs leading out of the kitchen, originally very narrow, are now become almost impassable, from the loads of old armour which are hung on their mouldering walls, and the steps are so worn with time

and obscured by darkness, that it requires no little skill to insure a safe passage from top to bottom. Ascending the stairs, we arrive at the family apartment, which serves at once for study, nursery, breakfast, dining, and drawing-room: and here we may generally find our worthy, but Quixotic host, and his excellent wife, (who, though lamenting his folly, kindly humours his foible,) surrounded by their beautiful children; and uniting the elegancies of modern refinement with the rudeness of ancient barbarity. In such a situation, as may readily be supposed, the cares and accidents of life are not unfrequently experienced. A stone has fallen from one of the towers and smashed the conservatory—a plank of the drawbridge has given way and tumbled a load of coals into the moat—or Edgar Athelstan, the eldest boy, has shot one of the best milking cows with his cross-bow. These are but a few of the miseries of the enthusiastic Museus. His nights are disturbed by the encroachments of poachers, shooting in his wood, or fishing in his lake: and his days, when free from the annoyance of domestic grievances, are occupied in litigations with his poor neighbours, who insist with an obstinate pertinacity on their right of common upon his mountain. Our friend, however, resolutely adheres to his system, and attributes to the perverseness of fate and the malevolence of mankind, those evils which so obviously originate in his own eccentricity.

Turning over the brown drugget, we next meet with the remnant of a waistcoat, which once formed part of the personal effects of the Reverend Personius. This young gentleman began life with one great misfortune—the being born previous to the revelation of phrenology: that divine science, by which our latent talents are discovered, and our springs of wisdom as unerringly found out, as wells by a divining rod. Nature evidently designed him for the plough tail; but a fond father, dazzled by a dream of judicial glory, determined to place him at the bar; where, having caused one poor fellow to be transported through his diffidence, and nearly hanged another by his stupidity, he became a byword for imbecility. All the evils of a legal Pandora were scattered upon his head, and alas! not even Hope was left at the bottom of the box. The church was next suggested; and, after stammering through his studies for the usual period, he with some difficulty obtained a degree, and a black gown. But his talents not proving much more congenial with ecclesiastical than civil pursuits, he has never obtained more than an occasional curacy, and now remains the boon companion of his father's servants—a jest to them, and a plague to himself.

Gradus, the skirt of whose last-discarded coat forms the next portion of our mop, is a young man of good parts; somewhat of a painter, more of a poet, a decided wit, and not a despicable dabbler in philosophy. His great fault is a general want of perseverance, by which his various talents expand their strength in neutralizing each other. He is a beginner of all things, a finisher of none. In his portfolio you will find six lines of a sonnet, half a dozen pages of a novel, the first scene of a comedy, and the invocation of an epic poem. In his sketchbook are designs of which he himself has forgotten the object. In his studio lie the rudiments of an Æolian harp, materials for the

model of a Grecian fountain, proposals for an infant school, and the design of a county bridge. He has begun political articles of great vigour, but so long delayed their completion that, by the time the essay was finished, (if it ever were finished,) the incidents that gave rise to it have been forgotten. And he has more than once made discoveries in chemistry and the arts, of which he has neglected to inform the world, that in a year or two afterwards have been matured by more persevering operators, whose names they have lifted into fame, and whose purses they have filled with gold. GRADUS, though neither selfish nor ungrateful, is by no means a steady friend. His fondness for variety prevails in his acquaintances as in his studies, and his companions are generally of an ephemeral kind—players, conjurers, picture dealers, poonah painters, and such like—who, staying only so long as their peculiarities are pleasing, and their stock of anecdote unimpoverished, are generally "the cleverest fellows in the world, gifted with the keenest wit, and remarkable for the refined elegance of their manners."

In that stout piece of corduroy, we see what was once part and parcel of the church-going unmentionables of the opulent DENARIUS. Of this man's life we shall have little to relate. Days spent among sugar casks, and nights employed in collating the ledger and day-book, are fertile of little except Christmas bills and payment of cash. And, sooth to say, such was the fertility DENARIUS most dearly loved: pounds, shillings, and pence, were his only Graces: and his literature was solely composed of such scraps as he met with in the old magazines, with which he tied up his ounces of snuff and quarters of tobacco. As might be expected, his assiduity was at length rewarded by the acquisition of an independency; and he was persuaded by a young wife to take a house in the country, and retire from the drudgery of trade. His new mode of life was very agreeable to our hero, (if such a term may, under any circumstances, be applied to such a man)—as long as a wall was to be papered, or a flower-bed planted, DENARIUS was the happiest of men, and wondered that he had not earlier sought the pleasures of rural retirement. But no sooner were all these completed—no sooner was nothing left to be wished for, than he discovered the want of every thing. His mind was empty, and his spirits depressed; he envied the very labourer that was setting potatoes in his garden, and he looked with an eye of invidiousness on the man that was chopping stones by the way-side. In a word, he was visibly sinking under gentility, and had already made his young wife the object of many gallant attentions from his *bosom friends*, when a sudden and unlooked-for accident restored him to his wonted animation, completely blighted the hopes of his eager rivals, and dispelled the dream of widowhood from the bosom of his blooming helpmate. He was made overseer of the poor:—and what with vagabond paupers, runaway 'prentices, assessment of lands, and collection of levies, his mind was in a continual state of effervescence; which, like a storm in the ocean, or a hurricane in the air, stirred up the depths of his thought, and purified the atmosphere of his brain. He is now gone to the home of his fathers, and on the monument that has been erected to his memory, it is recorded that "his life was

spent in ameliorating the condition of the poor, and his death occasioned by a too zealous discharge of the duties of philanthropy:"—the plain English of which is, that he built a new wing to the parish workhouse, and died by eating too much roast pig at a vestry dinner.

The name suggested by the next fragment is that of SCIOLUS, the learned father of a family of geniuses. Mrs. S. is a blue of the best worsted, and with equal talent superintends her boys in the study of their Latin grammar, and her girls in the mysteries of *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*. The young folks are all geniuses in one branch or other of science or the arts. This excels in geography; that in languages; another is unrivalled in the art pictorial; and a fourth remarkable for a critical sagacity in music: all which accomplishments are duly exhibited by the fond mamma on every fitting, or unfitting, occasion. I was once honoured by a display of this family cyclopædia; which, while it seemed likely to insure me the everlasting friendship of the whole house, became the means of exiling me for ever from the home of the Muses—the fireside of wisdom and learning. On this occasion, after a minute examination of master George's museum, as it was named, (in which I was particularly called upon to admire a large meteoric stone, under the appalling denomination of a thunderbolt,) master Henry, a geographical genius in a dirty pinafore, was summoned, to show, as his mamma termed it, how much he was "a man of the world." The following, as nearly as I can recollect, was the result of the investigation.

Mamma. Of what, my dear Henry, does the earth consist?

Henry. Of two parts, ma; land and water.

Mamma. Very well. Now we'll dodge him, *(aside.)* Name the counties of England and Wales.

Henry. Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and New Holland.

Mamma. O no, my dear; those are the five quarters of the globe. I said the counties of England and Wales.

Henry. Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, &c.

Mamma. Very well. Now tell me, which is the first city in the world?

Henry. London, ma.

Mamma. To be sure. The French say Paris, but that's quite a mistake. What are the chief cities in *Chaney?*

Henry. Pekin, Nankin, and—Pekin, Nankin—and—

Mamma. Well! Pekin, Nankin, and what?

Henry. Pekin, Nankin, and—

Mamma. Can—

Henry. Canterbury.

Mamma. No, dear; Canton.

Henry. O aye! Canton.

Mamma. What is the largest river in South America?

Henry. Please, ma, I haven't got to that yet.

Mamma. O! very well: then go and send your brother John with his Latin grammar, and tell Emily to bring her last drawing-book.

Master Henry accordingly moved off with great alacrity, and Master John made his entry with as much sobriety. His conjugations,

however, being found all irregular, and his verbs defective, he was sent away in disgrace; his mamma declaring that she had never known him so stupid in all her life before: and Miss Emily, a graphic genius of the first magnitude, was desired to come forward with her last drawing-book. This was a very interesting volume: on the first page were displayed about a score of dilapidated ten-mile stones: the second contained half that number of turnpike gates: a third disclosed regiments of mouths and battalions of noses: a fourth, like Argus, was covered with eyes: and on a fifth were seen some half dozen embattled towers, all engaged in a noble emulation of their renowned predecessor of Pisa.

This young lady despatched, Miss Louisa, the genius of music, performed a piece on the piano-forte in six or seven flats; which, through the assistance of the pedal, displayed very few gaps; and afterwards squalled a Scottish lament, which was indeed lamentable; and an Italian bravura, which nearly split my *membrani tympani*. This ended the juvenile entertainment, and thankful I was for it; but with very little reason, alas! for my patient endurance of the children's performances having stamped me worthy of an exhibition of the mother's, I was immediately dragged into her boudoir, and introduced to four volumes of Scrapiana, three albums, two sketch-books, and one repertorium of autographs. On these, of course, I lavished all my powers of encomium—excellent! capital! beautiful! very good indeed! But, after toiling through them all, (now and then, I must own, turning over two or three leaves at once, while the lady was looking another way,) judge of my chagrin when, on returning to the drawing-room, I found that Mr. S. regarded me with a marked coldness; and that his wife, as soon as she discovered the alteration, (the cause of which my modesty does not permit me more distinctly to allude to,) changed her smiles of flattering benignity to an aspect of freezing indifference.

The next and last relic of departed finery which our mop presents, happens, by an odd accident, to be a scrap from the coat of the reader's very humble and exceedingly obedient servant; a being of whom little can be said that is entertaining, less that is instructive; whose excellencies are no greater than other men's, and his absurdities not less; whose days have been passed without the obloquy of much evil, or the merit of much good.

ODE

TO THE

PROPRIETOR OF THE HYDRO-OXYGEN MICROSCOPE.

"These little things are great to little men."

Hail, lord of realms, in one small drop of water!
Columbus of new worlds long hid in light,
Where nature carried on her work of slaughter
So snug, till blazoned by thy magic light.

Thou'st made a rare discovery with thy gazes!
Pregnant with useful matter for reflection;
Puzzling old speculation with new mazes,
And making—water drinkers change complexion.

Much I enjoy to hear the bursts of pleasure,
With which the schoolboys greet thy revelations
Of monstrous giants—far too small to measure,
With all their various marine relations;

But more I'm pleased to catch the fine deductions,
Which older children make, so metaphysical,
Reflect with theo-ethical instructions,—
From all thou show'st them, so superbly quizzical.

Multum in parvo: what a world is bustling
Within thy object-glass's tiny span;
What hurry-scurry, pushing, jostling, hustling,
So very, very much like that of man!

Kill, and be killed; eat, and in turn be eaten,
Each on his neighbour lives aristocratically;
Væ victis! the sole law, woe to the beaten:
'Twere easy to demonstrate mathematically,

Thy world of stagnant water, where there's no land,
Ruled by the water-lion in his glory,
Is a precise *fac simile* of Poland,
Within the Russian's fang, mangled and gory.

I saw, myself, two of these aqueous Tories
Tearing a poor defenceless worm in two,
And fighting for the spoil: 'twas just our stories
Of Arbela—Pharsalia—Waterloo!

Lo! too, a race so candid and ingenuous,
That their whole surface is a mere glass window;
No motion passes inwards, slight or strenuous,
But by th' observer 'tis seen through, and into.

When their hearts beat with love or palpitation,
Or bowels yearn with pity or the cholic,
The case is clear to the whole wat'ry nation,
Participators in each pain and frolic.

Why what excessive dupes! But let that pass;
That's not the moral that I meant to draw:
I'd but infer from these live things of glass,
That hearts and gizzards seem a general law,

Which few escape: and creatures, large and small,
Thus rigg'd with *punctum saliens*, and with tripes,
Are doomed alike, God help them! one and all,
To pass their lives 'midst heart aches and the gripes.

Like causes, like effects: hunger and fear
Reign in thy show-box, as with human creatures;
War, famine, rage, *et cætera*, appear
Lords o' th' ascendant, with the self-same features.

How it must glad old E——'s heart to see,
All he imagined of pure constitutions,
Demonstrated of right divine by thee,
In this, thy lesser empire's institutions!

With what delight N——'s duke must view,
Upon thy whiten'd wall reflected clear,
The despots of thy new feudality thus "do
With their own what they like," in THEIR small sphere!

How pleased the editor of the "Morning Post"
Must view these living vouchers for his lies,
The greedy Toryism of the countless host,
Their deeds—his creed—in instinct just as wise.

Lord of the penny-a-liners! things are here,
Whose deeds are black as thy own printing ink,
A stercoraceous gang in miniature,
Like those who write thy lies for thee, and—stink.

E'en now a hungry, voiding batch I view,
Snapping to right and left with angry spleen,
Like C— —, W— —s, and the hireling crew,
Who slander, at thy beck, our Magazine.

Heavens, what a monster! how he takes them in,
Luring the simple creatures to his maw,
They must be authors, and the creature grim,
Is like to Colburn as I ever saw.

When on these things I look, and call to mind
All that poor man, on earth, or does, or feels,
I can't help thinking we of human kind
May be, perchance, but microscopic eels,

Placed in the lens of some still greater brute,
Who views our gambols with the like delight;
Drawing such inferences, as best may suit
With his own selfish schemes of lawless might.

Why may not he, like our own reasoners, dream
His magnifying glass has brought to view
Of natural theology a scheme,
To justify whatever Tories do?

And should HIS earth, awak'ning from long sleep,
Plain, open tyranny no longer bear,
He into Heaven will doubting take a peep,
But—find no despot's model* seated there.

M.

* Triangles, it has been said, if intelligent beings, would represent *their* gods with three sides. Church and state divines represent *theirs* as high Tory.

THOUGHTS ON LYRIC POETRY.

JULIUS SCALIGER has given a proud elevation to lyric poetry, placing it only second in degree to the heroic; and Horace, who is styled "the master of the Roman lyre," has also given his testimony, touching the difficulties attending this branch of the Parnassian art. But without quoting further authorities, which (despite our ignorance of classic lore) we could produce to the perfect satisfaction of all *Blue Stockings*, if any such "gaping deevils," as the Ettrick Shepherd calls them, should peruse these pages, it is a truism which all will admit, that good lyric poetry is as *rare a gem* in the cabinet of literature, as good dramatic. It is true, the one is but the epitome of the other: but still it *is* an epitome; and, like the Atargul, should contain the quintessence of that more diffuse garden of human life. Lyric poetry being one of the *master keys* to the heart, it must be kept free from the *rust of pedantry*, and applied with a gentle hand; for, by breaking rudely into the casket, the treasures of feeling it would seek, would be found, by the barbarian act, to have been dissipated for ever. Some of the exquisite productions of the olden time are good specimens of that beautiful and touching simplicity, which constitutes (in our humble opinion) one of the most alluring features of this style of composition. In the songs of those earlier bards, we meet with nothing laboured or far-fetched—nothing meretricious or affected: the feelings are depicted with a glowing faithfulness to truth; and the language and metaphors, drawn from the pure fountain of nature, are rich in all her unstudied graces; the characters and events of the fairy drama of the ancient ballad are all so graphic, and real, that, like the figures in a fine painting, they stand out, instinct as it were with life. Addison remarks, that "an ordinary song, or ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their *affectation or their ignorance*: because the same paintings of nature, which recommend it to the most ordinary mind will appear beautiful to the most refined." This might hold good in Addison's day, but we are not clear that it would at present, as the world now hangs poised, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven. The march of intellect, that great conqueror, (however the attic Lord Chancellor may shake his wig at us,) has, like every other conqueror, from Alexander to Napoleon, laid waste some of the fairest fields of nature, and given her, in place of her lovely Arcady, the gaunt wilds of Germany, and the weedy gardens of France, more chilling to her free mountain spirit, than the desert wilds of Siberia. Like all slaves, however, Nature has her hours of relaxation; and when she can escape from her hard *task-master, art*, she flies, like the fleet-footed Daphne, not *from* but *to* Apollo; and opening her sweet lips to the music of "Lang Syne," breathes over the moonlight waters of memory the wild lay, that passes on, spirit-like, to salute the ashes of her buried sons. Has Nature then no children left? Does she indeed, like another Niobe, weep over the last of her lyric sons? Not so: by her second marriage Nature has some fair and blooming props of her decaying years, on whom her heart reposes, with all a mother's pride. But as the

mother loves the father in her offspring, so the children of Nature's *first marriage* are dearer, because the husband of her *first vow* was so. Besides, the world is so changed from what it was in Nature's younger days; learning and *luxury* (the *antipodes of genius*) have so banished simplicity from the manners, and single-hearted sincerity from the tongue, that all, excepting a few of her most favourite sons, such as the *Ettrick Shepherd*, and others we could name, have imbibed more of the *world's love* "than bard beseems." Nature sometimes repines at this, till reason suggests that all habits will not suit all shapes; that the sick cannot be fed like the healthy, nor the child like the adult. To treat the present race of mortals after the manner of the olden school, would be to extinguish the light of song altogether. The bards of this polished era must not string their harps with black *horse-hair*, as the bards of Cambria did, to sing the valour of heroes, and the chastity of heroines. Our modern Jubal must have *golden* strings to his lyre, and perfumed fingers to elicit its music. He must forget the days when men were moral, and women holy; and sing, to some dreamy *waltzing* air, the lay of passion, from the *German* school, mysterious as voluptuous, till nature and virtue lose themselves in the labyrinth of the senses. Of all living bards, we consider *Moore* to be the most *genuine lyrist*, according to our notions of what a lyrist should be. We would not be invidious in our praises, nor throw the merits of his brothers in song into the shade; particularly as our unskilful pen can only add a feather's weight to the scale, that has so long justly preponderated in favour of Erin's gifted son; whose magic hand has conjured up, from the tomb of neglect, the treasured sounds of bygone years, wreathing with flowers imperishable that harp which vibrates to his lightest touch. Other lyrists may share with him the smiles of that wanton, the world; but none, (we speak it prophetically,) none will equally leave to posterity those *title-deeds* of an *inalienable* right to the lyre. Maga, the important Maga of modern Athens, has compared the genius of *Moore* to "a lady's palfrey:" and yet, when did ever the war-steed of eastern sultan, with all its gold and jewelled trappings, flashing a thousand glories in the noon-day sunbeams, look more fit to draw the chariot of Apollo, than the Pegasus of Moore? His songs are not like some we could name—a mere *Parisian negligée*, hung round the neck of fashion; but a chain of gems, linked to the stars—yes! linked to the stars. Man though he be, and often, *too often*, losing sight of the pure breathings *of a hallowed* love, still ever and anon we catch a glimpse of the distant heaven: and when he sweeps the strings to that sweet strain, beginning—

"No, not more welcome the fairy numbers,"

we could fancy ourselves *first* awakened in the *dead* night of infidelity, by the music of seraphic lips, proclaiming the birth of a *Saviour*, to whom might best be applied those exquisitely concluding stanzas of the same song.

"Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling,
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.

'Twas whispered balm, 'twas sunshine spoken ;
I'd live long years of grief and pain,
To have my dark sleep of sound broken
By such benign blessed sounds again."

Both the imagination and the heart are carried down the silver stream of his melodious numbers, till they lose themselves amid the elysium in which its meanderings terminate. Yes, the lyrics of Moore will live, *long* after the spirit that gave birth to them is fled. Fashion may raise its idol, may give a rich gilding to its *ephemeral* wing; but it is only the *divinity of genius* that can be worshipped by posterity: and that divinity, stamped upon his golden lyre, will make his name pass current, through the reign of reason, and the empire of time.

We have been more diffuse upon the merits of this great master of song, willing, if possible, to sooth our regrets for the *loss* of one bard by our recollections of another: as when death strikes some dear friend, we draw the remaining links closer to heart; or as the miser, when the casket is rifled that contained his greatest treasure, steals away to some cherished spot, there to count over and feast his eyes with the still untouched gold. Peace to the manes of *Scott!* A glorious immortality awaits that son of song; and the proud monument reared by his mighty mind, shall tell to future ages the no less wondrous virtues of his heart. Alas, poor Byron! he lies unhonoured by his country: but he was a fugitive and a wanderer from the penates of his domestic hearth: he loved not his father-land, nor the fair isle that reared him in her bosom of beauty. Yet we think England is somewhat too resentful of his filial disobedience. Like a mother, she may chide; but like a mother, also, let her remember her dead son; nor grudge him the tribute of a *tomb*, to cover his *still breathing ashes.* The mighty genius, the chivalrous spirit, and the filial devotion of her legitimate son, has made Scotland lift her head above the nations, like a proud mother, eyeing with maternal fondness the recovered treasures of her bosom—recovered from the wrecks of time, and the slumber of ages, to crown the mortal with immortal bays. And, though the voice of the charmer is now mute, that called into breathing life the chivalrous forms, and the faces of bloom; though the "harp of the north" shall awake no more to his wizard touch, yet all *that son could do, Scott has done* for his native land. Nothing can be added to his filial labours; not a gem from the mine of invention, not a flower from the garden of fancy, to enwreath the tresses of the silver-toned queen of song. The mouldering abbey, the lordly castle, and the lowly shieling, are alike the children of his adoption: "Not a mountain rears its head unsung;" not a green hill, or heathery moor, but echoes to "the lay of the last minstrel!" England perhaps feels this, and so loses her regret for Byron, who *never sang her praises.* Yet we are not sure that England could ever be the mother Scotland is. In her selfishness, she clings rather to those hardier sons that wield the sword in her defence, and spread her warrior fame over earth and seas, than to those who, under the sweet shade of the myrtle and olive, salute her with the strains of the immortal lyre.

THE PHYSICIAN'S VISIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

It was November. Desolate, soul-chilling, rainy, foggy, miserable November. What spirit can support thy weight, weary, dreary, dirty month?

It was night, rainy and foggy: the gas in the streets of London burnt as dimly as the lamps at Udolpho, seeming but the ghosts of themselves. The few passengers whom necessity forced into the outward atmosphere became sensible of each other's presence, only through the conviction of concussion, and an ocean of mud covered the granite of our streets, earning to them the well-deserved appellative of the Black Sea.

The equipage of Dr. Sutheran had been long striving to make its way through an obscure route of narrow, plebeian streets, towards some unknown point of the compass, seemingly as difficult of attainment as the North Pole. Patiently had Dr. Sutheran sat speculating possibly on some of the pharmacopœian mysteries unknown to our pen; but at length, his chariot wheels ceasing to revolve, the sudden check gave likewise a sudden check to his meditations, and he roused himself to share more fairly the dilemma of his servants.

"What now, Adams?"

"There is no getting further, sir. I have almost swallowed the whisp of straw, and here is the street dug up for the sewers."

"I will walk. Inquire for——"

Adams entered a shop, where the dim light showed that the dignified inhabitant was licensed to sell wholesale and retail, and came back to his master with the perspicuous information, that two turnings to the right, and three turnings to the left, and on a piece, and then down a court and up a lane, and three turnings this way and so many turnings that, and then straightforward, and then two to the right, and one to the left, and he would be in——

Thankful for so luminous a direction, particularly on so obscure a night, Dr. Sutheran for a moment paused whether he should proceed or return. We will not say whether compassion or a fee impelled him forward; but certain it is, that a black silk stocking, and a brilliantly black pump, in another moment emerged from the carriage, which, after receiving a dismissal, left the physician standing in the Stygian lake, and having evolved a halo of mud, whirled off, leaving its late master to all the horrors of his *dark* fate.

Long did Dr. Sutheran walk. Many were the dark alleys which he explored—many the labyrinths which he threaded; but at length, after a weary wandering, he found that he had gained his desired haven.

It was in consequence of a little note which had been put into his hands that evening at dinner, that Dr. Sutheran had undertaken his present expedition; and as it seems that women hold by charter a tenure for the credit of all mischief done in the world from Adam's days to our own, it may be concluded that this little note was in the handwriting of a woman. In fact, the characters were traced in a little feminine hand, and it told simply, but touchingly, that the mother of the writer had been long afflicted with a malady which country practitioners had pronounced incurable; but hearing that Dr. Sutheran had turned his particular attention to this peculiar disorder, and had been eminently successful in the restoration of some distinguished individuals, Helen Lee

had brought her suffering mother from a distant county to the metropolis, in the hope of benefiting from his skill.

Dr. Sutheran knocked at the door of a humble dwelling, to which his inquiries had conducted him. He was admitted, and conducted to a chamber on the second floor.

On a low and humble bed—how different from the downy pillows and luxuriant couches of the affluent!—lay a pale and haggard woman, whom suffering more than time seemed to have hurried into the vale of years. The hollow eye—the wan and sunken cheek—the pale waxen shrivelled lips—O sin, what sorrow is thy fruit!

The lowly bed was hung with a dark, sickly looking drapery, and covered with the same, while on its harsh texture one of the thin attenuated hands of the poor sufferer was lying. On a finger of that shrunken bony hand, affecting thought! was the circling hoop, the bond and pledge of wedded love. Could this be the same bright, happy creature, who had once been the object of love, of hope, of desire? Alas, mortality!

And of love still the object. Blessed light! that burns in the faithful heart more brightly as misfortune darkens round. Blessed love! that follows us with eyes of fondness when sickness makes us objects of loathing to all the world beside. How different in thy nature from the vain, selfish passion, which men feign!

We have said that this lone and suffering woman was the object of love still. By her bedside a young girl was kneeling, whose aspect and countenance plainly showed that the sufferings of the mind might fully equal those of the body. She was thin almost to attenuation. Thin with care, and anxiety, and suffering, and watchfulness. Thin with protracted hopes and delayed fears. Hope or fear deferred, which makes the heart most sick?

She was kneeling by the bedside. Her cheek was very pale, though a vermilion line skirted her eyelid; and the tears, the unbidden, irrepressible tears, were streaming with all the violence of youthful feeling—feeling that experience had not had time to blunt or make more difficult of excitation—down on an open page upon which one hand was resting. The other supported a head that was aching and throbbing with its sense of suffering. Her hair, simply parted over her brow, was confined behind without the slightest attention to grace or ornament, yet suiting the solemn and sorrowful character of her countenance, was not ungraceful; while the black dress, coarse in texture, and not unworn in condition, suiting the *ensemble*, gave her somewhat the aspect of a weeping Madonna. The dim light of a faint lamp alone rendered the scene partially visible, leaving it sufficiently obscure in its wretchedness for sadness and imagination; and there Helen Lee knelt with the fast falling tears of a daughter's love, dropping like gems upon the pledges of a Father's mercy; for the volume which her hand was pressing, and which she had been striving to read until the tears blinded her sight and choked her utterance, was none other than the sacred word of promise.

Dr. Sutheran entered: he was accustomed to scenes of sorrow, but there was a something so desolate, so forsaken in the scene before him, so different from the grief of the high-born and wealthy, where, if sickness or death come, there rallies round a hundred sustaining friends, all anxious to press consolation on the survivors, and where even bereavement brings circumstances of occupation, letters, condolements, and that dearest of all dear things, sweet money spending, that grief is often only another name for occupation:—a different thing entirely from the deep and awful apprehension which had settled over that narrow chamber.

We have said that Dr. Sutheran entered. At the sound of his footstep

Helen rose with precipitation. It seemed as though the climax of her destiny were approaching. There are moments when the timid are bold. Helen, bashful and fearful as a child, turned to meet Dr. Sutheran without a remembrance of herself.

"You are, I presume—I hope—Dr. Sutheran."

Dr. Sutheran bowed. His eagle eye had rested for a moment on Helen's kneeling figure, and he was now busy in taking in its accompaniments.

Helen motioned to her mother, and again burst into tears.

Is that peculiar rapidity and perspicuity of vision, which distinguishes the medical profession, the effect of a quickened intellect, or a part of education? We know not, but we have observed in nearly all who are of the staff, that one of their rapid, eagle, furtive glances, has comprehended more than a half hour's scrutiny from other eyes.

Dr. Sutheran approached his patient. She was under the influence of opium, taken to lull the consciousness of pain. Helen might lay aside the compulsion with which she suppressed her fears, for her mother lay in too heavy a stupor to be affected by any thing she could say.

With what unutterable, what thrilling anxiety, Helen watched Dr. Sutheran's countenance as he took the withered hand in his own, and proceeded to make himself acquainted with her state. She would not speak—she could have shrieked, but she so subdued herself, that not a sigh escaped her; and she leant towards him, almost devouring him with her large grey eyes, from which the heavy drops were falling, and with a parted lip as pallid as her cheek.

A few clear, luminous questions the doctor asked of Helen. She answered him concisely, without a superfluous word, for she had heard that he detested volubility. A few minutes' investigation to his quick eye and clearly organized mind made him master of all the circumstances of the case needful for him to know. He then turned his eye on Helen. "You are alone?" he asked inquiringly.

"Yes."

"And your father?"

"Is——" Helen's convulsed lip could not utter—"*dead;*" but her eye glanced down over her mournful attire.

"You must send for some friend to lighten your nursing cares, poor girl, or you will be ill yourself."

Helen's whole soul was in her face. With a burning complexion and upraised hands and eyes, the figure of breathless earnestness, she cried, "Is there hope? May I hope? Can you give me hope?"

The thrilling power of the most passionate feeling was in Helen's voice and eyes, and her agonized expectation made the moment's pause of his reply seem to her interminable. It was but a moment, however, before his deep quick voice clearly and distinctly said—"Yes, *hope.*"

The physician himself, who had seen not a little of the world, was startled by the passionate vehemence with which Helen threw herself upon him and embraced his hand. The warm tear glittered on it, and the fond caress passed over it before he could clearly know that he had been so honoured. It was but a momentary impulse, but it was like a fresh leaf in life to Dr. Sutheran. He was a reserved and a laconic man, and those who knew him best, seldom approached him with familiarity.

He wrote, however. Helen watched the motion of his pen, but she did not dare to speak even to ask him to forgive her. He rose to retire, and Helen timidly and softly dropped a fee into his hand. She could not speak; it looked so like insult to *pay* for such obligations. The physician looked on his fee, which glittered through his fingers, then on Helen, and then around the room; and it might be, the thought of returning it came across his brain, but the remembrance of Helen's note, written with the orthography and diction of a gentlewoman, gave him the fear that he

might wound more than benefit. The hurried movement with which it seemed that he was about to transfer the doubtful gold into his pocket, however, defeated his intention—it dropped through his fingers, and rolled on the floor.

"Do not trouble yourself," cried the doctor; "I have not time. I have another patient to visit to-night." And so saying, he hastily left the room.

"I was right," said the doctor, to himself, as he descended the stairs, "it was the last, or she would have offered me another."

"Anastasia, my dear, put on your shawl. That knock—it was the doctor. There, lie down on the couch. No, do not quite lie, it is ungraceful; only recline. Here, dear, take your vinaigrette. Emilia, have that lamp removed; it is too near."

"There is not time, mamma, to summons a servant."

"Then do it yourself. You are unsisterly, Emilia."

Emilia obeyed, but rather dilatorily. "I have a great mind to throw it down," she murmured to herself. "What a delightful hurry we should all be in! But no, it would seem so awkward: and I hate to seem awkward."

So the French lamp, which was shedding too vivid a light, was removed; and the fair Anastasia *reclined* upon the couch. It is true, that Anastasia was very pretty, and all her adjuncts were so arranged as to enhance that prettiness as much possible. She was naturally very fair, and as it was now her particular desire to be pale also, she had not on a particle of rouge, though its presence at other times had left the sallowness which always follows on its use. A low cap—not one of your three-story, high caps—but a pretty, modest, cottage cap, laced with pink satin ribbon, and pink satin strings—*tied*, not *streaming*—a striped white muslin dressing-gown, fastened down with bows—(we like to be particular in the minutiæ of ladies' dresses, it is so *important* and so *interesting*,) and black satin slippers sandalled with white, completed the equipment of the fair Arabella St. Vincent.

"That will do," said the fond, the tender, the anxious mother; "that will do charmingly—stay, a book. It looks too much like arrangement not to be occupied. A book, Emilia, a book! The Loves of the Angels! Psha, girl, not that! How I wish we had Harvey's Meditations; but here is Mrs. Chapone, we will make that do; so now——"

And all this for a grave, serious doctor—a fusty, musty, crusty doctor. Ah! but this doctor was not above five-and-thirty, and he had a practice of twelve thousand a year.

Dr. Sutheran entered. Mamma met him at the door with a head surmounted with a cap, and a cap surmounted with bows at least a yard high. Her welcome inundated him with words, but it was doubtful whether or not he heard them, as he walked straight up to Anastasia and her sofa. Anastasia looked soft as—as—Circassian cream; and her few murmured words were sweet as her lyre, and as silvery-sounded. It must have been Dr. Sutheran's want of taste, if he thought they breathed of affectation.

Anastasia relinquished the book which she had been *studying*, laying her golden vinaigrette upon the open page, and then daintily presented her soft, white hand to the doctor. He felt her pulse, but saw no more of the beauty of that hand than a blind man; or, at least, if he saw, he heeded it as little. He listened with a sort of desperate patience to the tender fears of the mother, and the murmured symptoms of the patient. The mother implored him, with a white handkerchief to her eyes, to tell her if there were danger; while the daughter fixed her soft, inquiring, patient eyes upon him, and looked beautiful with all her might.

"Danger! no, certainly: nothing but nerves," said the doctor; "but, however, let me have pen and paper."

"Nothing but nerves!" thought Anastasia, to herself. "What an unfeeling, insensible wretch!"

Mrs. St. Vincent took care that the required pen and paper should not appear too promptly, and employed the interim in persecuting the doctor with civilities. She had doubted at first whether it would be politic to notice his muddy shoes, but decided at length on making them the pretence of additional courtesies; so she took occasion suddenly to perceive them, and to feel great alarm lest Dr. Sutheran's valuable health should be endangered. She offered to his choice and use every possible variety of stocking, which had ever been manufactured, from the coarse knitting days of our antediluvian ancestors to our own, without even implying that they might be too small; but Dr. Sutheran was inflexible, and in spite of her soft solicitude, after waiting for the means of writing nearly as long as though he had desired a pen from the Rock's wing, he at length said, and said it like a bear, as Anastasia afterwards affirmed, "Your paper, madam; you do not know the value of my time."

We need not say that the implements of writing were not long in forthcoming, after this uncouth speech. The nauseous mixture was soon inscribed, though destined to advance no further in approximation; for Anastasia had no design further to punish herself by approaching her fair lips to any such vile decoction; the doctor had received his fee, and transferred it to his pocket, without the slightest mischance, and, with an inflexion of the body that none but the most observing eyes could have discovered, had left the room.

But mamma had not done with him yet, bear though he was. She followed him down stairs, conducted him into the parlour, and there opened to him the fulness of her maternal heart, implored him to be quite candid, and dwelt upon the manifold perfections of her dear Anastasia as the cause and excuse of her extreme anxiety—so good a daughter, so sweet a disposition, so angelic a temper, &c. &c. &c.

Dr. Sutheran chafed internally; all the relief that he afforded to her agonizing solicitude, was comprehended in the brief words, "Madam, your daughter will be as well as yourself in a few days, if she be not now."

Mrs. St. Vincent returned up stairs. "Remember, Anastasia, that I cannot afford more than twenty guineas. Ten visits, two guineas a visit. You must make the most of them."

Very different, meanwhile, had been the effect of his visit in that abode of misery which he had last left. Like May, he had caused flowers to spring up where he had trod—a simile for which Dr. Sutheran ought to be very much obliged to our pen, considering that he was not particularly remarkable for an elastic foot.

Helen Lee lived again. All her powers rallied—all her strength revived. Dr. Sutheran's word "*hope*," seemed the ægis which was to shield her from all harm, to support her under every exigence.

O happy stage of life! would that we could feel again but one of thy up-springing thoughts, one of thy bounding hopes, one of thy fearless emotions, one of thy full trusting feelings, one of thy generous confidences! One of thy glowing thoughts were worth a year of the life of him who hath tasted of the tree of knowledge!

And much need was there for Helen Lee's exertions, and nobly did she make them. Nobly, we say, though it was in the mean detail of daily cares, poor and trifling in themselves, yet making up the sum of daily comfort, if not of daily happiness. It was Helen, that with sylph-like step hovered round that miserable bed, fruitful in contrivances and re-

sources to make it less miserable. Helen, who supported the aching head, and made the nauseous cup less bitter with the sweetenings of her love. Helen, who could now smile away poverty and want, sickness and sorrow.

Dr. Sutheran's medicine had produced an instantaneous change in the state of his patient. When he entered that obscure apartment on the ensuing day, he saw, at a glance, that a change had passed over its aspect. The neatness of arrangement had materially lessened the dismalness of its poverty; while Helen's glad eyes welcomed him, and consciousness was in the countenance of the sufferer. In spite of the rigidness and reserve of his character, Dr. Sutheran never felt a sweeter emotion than when sitting by that lowly bed with the thankfulness of relieved suffering before him, and followed by the adoring gratitude of Helen's looks.

A faint streak of the fairest sunshine gleamed through the narrow casement, and fell on Helen's figure as she stooped over her mother's pillow, opposite to where Dr. Sutheran sat. The physician's eye took in both patient and attendant; and, while looking in the glassy eyes, and feeling the parched hands of the one, a something like comparison glanced across his mind, as the fair image of his fair patient Anastasia presented itself. He thought of the soft affectation of the one, and he saw the noble disregard of self displayed in the other. He *had* seen Miss St. Vincent's white hand and pretty foot, her flowing robe, and her cottage cap, for few things escaped the doctor's observation; and he now saw as clearly Helen's simply braided hair, and her serge-like black dress—a garment but one degree removed from poverty.

"And what sort of night?" asked the physician. "No, do not you attempt to speak;" for the pale lips of the invalid opened to reply. "You can tell me, perhaps," said he, as he nodded over the bed to Helen.

Helen told him, in her fervent words, that the stupor had not passed away till morning.

"Who watched her?"

"I did," said Helen. "I could not leave my mother in a strange place."

"She never leaves me," murmured the poor sufferer.

"You will disable yourself," said the doctor; "I told you last night to send for some friend."

"We are without friends," said Helen; "the unfortunate have no friends."

"The unfortunate!" repeated the physician.

"Forgive me," said Helen; "I am ungrateful to Heaven and to you. You bid me "*hope*;" and can I call myself unfortunate? I should have said, we are strangers in London."

Dr. Sutheran lingered a moment in silence. Helen thought that he waited for his fee, and she hastened to present his first and second in company together. The doctor, however, laid the two on the table, hastily saying, "We do not take fees from widows, so never mention it again;" and before Helen could clearly understand his meaning, he had gone.

It was a fortunate circumstance that our physician did not take fees from widows, for Helen's exertions could scarcely keep pace with her necessities.

Still she sank not, but, upborne by the spirit of hope, she was cheerful under a load of bodily fatigue and destitution, the extent of which she never paused to contemplate.

Day after day did Dr. Sutheran visit the poor widow and her daughter. To Helen his visits were the golden moments of life. All that he said became to her the hoarded treasure of memory—and let men say what they will, the memory of some hearts is sweet, aye, even sweeter than their hopes.

Dr. Sutheran, too, learned to unbend. Reader, take it on our philosophy that the rigid without, are seldom the austere within. The aspect is only one of those natural deceptions which nature innocently assumes to hide its own sensibilities. The heart veils itself from the gaze of the unfeeling, because its feelings are too proud for exposure, too delicate for sympathy.

Dr. Sutheran knew that he was repulsive, knew it while he continued the habit, for we have said it was the disguise under which his softer nature hid itself. It was his torment, for the softness of that nature required sympathy, which its own repulsive veil for ever distanced.

But Helen's nature, on the contrary, was all fresh, all open, undisguised. Her mother had been long a sufferer, and Helen, through her girlhood, had been chained to her sick pillow. Their little family had resided in Northumberland in comparative competence, until some twelve-months back, when, on her father's sudden death, their income had died with him, and Helen was left to struggle with poverty, and to maintain her parent.

That parent was to Helen's affectionate heart its all. She had never through her life left her for a day, scarcely for an hour—and that she should die! O death, thou art the crowning curse!

She had exhausted the medical skill of their country vicinity, when the hope of Dr. Sutheran's skill was suggested to her. Helen had decision. She immediately converted their household treasure into money; had her mother conveyed on board ship; endured a suffering voyage; entered London as a stranger; and sent to Dr. Sutheran.

Through all this Helen's trusting hope had borne her, but when, through an aching day and night, she had watched her mother lying in stupefaction, unable to exchange a word of sympathy, without a human being to feel interested in her sufferings, and alone in a vast and inhospitable metropolis—then Helen's heart gave way, and despair was fast possessing her soul, when Dr. Sutheran's "*hope*" anew inspired her.

He had given her back her parent from the grave, as far as human means can act under the divine will; that parent who could now smile upon her, talk with her, and enter into her plans and hopes; and Helen loved him, innocently and gratefully loved him, as the kindest and greatest of human beings.

It is sweet to be loved. Love, the highest and dearest gift of the Deity. It is sweet in every change, at every time, in every place. Sweet from all and to all. O disgusting feignings, what are ye to the light of true affection, though it beam in the eye of an infant, without interchange of intellect, and resting only on the divinity of its emanation! Of an infant said we? aye, even in the caress of a dog it is sweet.

To Dr. Sutheran the consciousness was precious. He carried about with him an acme of happiness which he had never known before. Helen's eyes, her large, full, trusting, loving, innocent eyes, followed him wherever he went, and our physician was *happy*. All the world had respected Dr. Sutheran. Thousands had done justice to his talents, but it was the first time he had known how very sweet it was to be disinterestedly loved. He could even smile at Anastasia and her folly, and sympathize with Mrs. St. Vincent's maternal fears.

It was at this period that that dreadful scourge which ravaged not only Europe, but most of the portions of the earth where man has fixed his dwelling, burst out among ourselves in its most fearful violence. Dr. Sutheran was one of those philanthropic men who had offered to incur the hazard of its investigation, in that place where its virulence was the most fearful, its form the most terrific.

It was needful that these patriot men—patriots not to their country but

to their species—should be culled from those most distinguished in talent; it seemed to be a costlier sacrifice, but 'verily they had their reward.' At the time when Dr. Sutheran had made his offer of service, he had not paid his first visit to the solitary dwelling of Helen Lee; in the interim arrangements had been making; they were now completed, and the physician proceeded to pay that visit which might haply be his last.

Their little apartment was arranged with even more than its ordinary care. Helen's mother looked more grateful, Helen more happy. We have said that our physician had unbent in his intercourse with Helen, and the consequence was, that Helen had forgotten all her awe, her fear, her reserve towards him. There was something in her open-hearted innocent confidence, so cheering, so amusing, from the aching study of his life, that he had insensibly learnt to think that his chatting with Helen was the relieving sensation of his existence. Independent of her grateful affection there was a raciness in the natural suggestions of her unsophisticated thoughts which carried a peculiar charm to his philosophical and somewhat metaphysical mind.

On this day it would not have displeased him to have found Helen sad. On the contrary she was gay. She smiled in his face, and told him he was grave.

He denied the charge.

"Then worse, Dr. Sutheran—you are sorrowful."

"No, Helen, no."

"No, doctor, no. You may be grave and even sorrowful in every place in the wide world, but never here, never in this little room. At balls, and banquets, and in palaces, but never in our little chamber. O, how I should like to be rich, and then I would build such a beautiful temple over this place, and dedicate it to you, as the ancients used to do to their heroes."

"You little heathen."

"O I don't mind your calling me names: but no, I would not change this dear room. I would not move an article of furniture. I would keep it all precisely as it is, to remind me where you had been, and what you had done. But I think I should like to be rich too, but then you must be poor, or else it would be of no use."

"Would it not be as well, Helen, for me to be rich?"

"No, not quite, because then I could give you nothing."

"Might I not give to you? Would not that be the same?"

"No," said Helen, "no. It would be such a delightful thing to make presents to you. And yet," surely the thought was womanly, "perhaps you are so proud that you would rather *give*. You would not have the kindness to *take*. It is only women who have affection enough to be the inferior. So it is better perhaps as it is;"—and Helen breathed a discontented sigh.

"Perhaps it is better, Helen, as it is," replied Dr. Sutheran, "but remember that affection knows no inferiority; and now, tell me, could you be content to take? Be candid, my little Helen."

Helen felt instantly that Dr. Sutheran was forsaking imaginary ground for their real position. Her cheek flushed as she said, "Would you place me on ground upon which you would not stand yourself? Unkind Dr. Sutheran!" And she tried to speak playfully.

"Unkind Helen," responded Dr. Sutheran, in a reproachful tone; "and more than unkind thus to embitter my farewell visit."

Helen's face turned from the deepest crimson to the deadliest white. She rose and left the room.

Dr. Sutheran kindly and calmly repeated to Mrs. Lee all those directions which he thought might conduce to her final re-establishment. He told her that he should be absent for a time, as he was going a journey,

but that she should hear from him again on his return; and he took his leave.

Dr. Sutheran had carefully concealed from Helen the nature of his absence. He wished not to prove her feelings by her misery. He wished to save her from all anxiety.

Our physician went home and wrote a codicil to his will. He would gladly have saved her from present toil. Helen's interdict did not reach the future.

Dr. Sutheran's hope was futile. Helen saw in a public paper the nature of his expedition; saw his name, his talents, his philanthropy, his self-immolation, lauded to the skies.

From that hour Helen's energy had gone. Her soul withered, her spirit died within her. She thought of that one word "*hope*," but it was only to loathe a feeling that she could not feel.

Pale, sickly days succeeded to each other. Her duties round her mother were performed mechanically; but where was the buoyancy that had once lightened them?

Helen was sitting by the lonely window. She was working. It was for their subsistence.

"Cease, my dear Helen," said her mother; "the light is too dim. You will blind yourself."

Helen knew it, and it was therefore that she dared not weep. Not weep even for him, lest she should see her mother starve. How are we governed!

Her head drooped upon her hand. She was living in the past, and probably the din of battle would not have aroused her, when an indistinct sound, a measured footfall, that to indifferent ears would have been scarcely audible, struck not on her ear alone, but on her heart. The blood rushed to its strong-hold in eddying whirls, the brain reeled—Helen felt and knew that Dr. Sutheran had returned.

Women are strange compounds. A month ago Helen would almost have thrown herself into his arms. Now she knew that she loved him, and with that sudden hypocrisy, that it may be delicacy teaches, she controlled her deep delight, her passion of joy, and was in a miraculously little time prepared to receive him with an indifference that would have disgraced the commonest acquaintance.

Had Dr. Sutheran had time to see that frigid indifference, he might have doubted Helen's affection, and suppressed his own. Happily they had for a time exchanged characters. The cold, the austere physician, abandoning himself to his happiness, took Helen's hands within his own, and in a voice of unutterable affection, said, "Welcome me, *my* Helen. You who have been so good a daughter will not as a wife be less precious. *Be mine!*"

A LEE SHORE ON THE COAST OF JUTLAND.

The clouds from the north they drove swiftly by,
And the lightning flitted across the sky,
While the dark sea chaf'd, as, with curb represt,
Chafes the black war-steed with his foam-white breast;
And the porpoise sported right merrily—
Nothing he loves like a mountainous sea—

And the curlew shriek'd as he wing'd his way
From the howling storm, for some shelter'd bay,
And the tiny pet'rel, that elf of the gale,
Bade the seamen prepare for reducing sail,
As a gallant crew, from the Baltic bound,
Were wending their way to their native ground—
Britannia's isle—but, alas! how drear
Was the prospect which spread before them here!
The land lay leeward—'twas the Jutland coast,
Low, sandy, and flat, and a league at most.
Farewell to the ship, and her freighted store,
If once she strike foot on that treacherous shore;
Yet weather she might that too fearful strand,
If the masts that bore her stretch'd canvass would stand.
At one sudden gust this hope disappear'd,
And the thing occurr'd which alone they fear'd.
For the storm-sails forth from the bolt-ropes flew,
Yet nought could dishearten the dauntless crew,
Who were cradled in billows, by dangers nurst,
And they only smil'd when the storm did its worst.
The anchors plung'd in the sand-colour'd wave,
But forlorn indeed were the hopes they gave;
For at the first surge of that dreadful sea,
The foremast and bowsprit went both by the lee.
"Away, veer the cables," the captain roar'd;
"Cut main-mast and mizen quick by the board!"
The command was obeyed, and each heart beat high,
And firmly too, though Death hover'd nigh.
On came rolling a mountainous wave—
May the cables hold, or it proves a grave!—
It burst o'er the ship, and each boat from her deck
Was swept with the surge; and the quivering wreck,
Half buried, seem'd able to rise no more,
As she plung'd in the yawning gulf afore.
But rise she did, and shook from her prow
The spray, gemm'd o'er with brilliants now;
For the sun had pierced through his hazy screen,
And the land astern was more plainly seen,
Which distant now a few furlongs lay,
Like a crouching beast, awaiting its prey.
But God commanded the storm to cease,
And He hush'd the winds and the waves to peace;
And the weary crew to their distant home
Once more permitted their thoughts to roam.
But no rest was theirs till the land-wind blew,
And the anchors were stow'd which had proved so true;
And a jury-mast rigg'd, and its scanty sail
Woo'd the gentle breath of a favouring gale.
Then, banish'd all care the jovial bowl—
And it cheer'd the heart of each gallant soul.
Huzza! of no danger we 've cause to beware,
Since there 's sea room enough, and the breeze is fair.

JACOB FAITHFUL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

"JACOB, this is Marables, who has charge of the Polly barge," said Mr. Drummond, who had sent for me into his office, a few days after my arrival at his house. "Marables," continued my protector, addressing the man, "I have told you that this lad is bound 'prentice to the Polly. I expect you will look after him, and treat him kindly. No blows or ill treatment—if he does not conduct himself well, (but well I'm sure he will,) let me know when you come back from your trip."

During this speech, I was scrutinizing the outward man of my future controller. He was stout and well-built, inclining to corpulence; his features remarkably good, although his eyes were not large. His mouth was very small, and there was a good-natured smile on his lips, as he answered, "I never treated a cat ill, master."

"I believe not," replied Mr. Drummond; "but I am anxious that Jacob should do well in the world, and therefore let you know that he will always have my protection, so long as he conducts himself properly."

"We shall be very good friends, sir, I'll answer for it, if I may judge from the cut of his jib," replied Marables, extending to me an immense hand, as broad as it was long.

After this introduction, Mr. Drummond gave him some directions, and left us together. "Come and see the craft, boy," said Marables; and I followed him to the barge, which was one of those fitted with a mast which lowered down and hauled up again as required. She plied up and down the river as far as the Nore, sometimes extending her voyage still further, but that was only in the summer months. She had a large cabin abaft, and a cuddy forward. The cabin was locked, and I could not examine it.

"This will be your berth," said Marables, pointing to the cuddy-hatch forward; you'll have it all to yourself. The other man and I sleep abaft."

"Have you another man, then?"

"Yes, I have, Jacob," replied he; and then muttering to himself, "I wish I had not—I wish the barge was only between us, Jacob, or that you had not been sent on board," continued he, gravely. "It would have been better—much better." And he walked aft, whistling in a low tone, looking down sadly on the deck.

"Is your cabin large?" inquired I, as he came forward.

"Yes, large enough; but I cannot show it to you now—he has the key."

[1] Continued from p. 287.

"What the other man, under you?"

"Yes," replied Marables, hastily. "I've been thinking, Jacob, that you may as well remain on shore till we start. You can be of no use here."

To this I had no objection; but I often went on board during the fortnight that the barge remained, and soon became very partial to Marables. There was a kindness about him that won me, and I was distressed to perceive that he was often very melancholy. What surprised me most, was to find, that during the first week the cabin was constantly locked, and that Marables had not the key. It appeared so strange that he, as master of the barge, should be locked out of his own cabin by his inferior.

One day I went early on board, and found not only the cabin doors open, but the other man belonging to her, walking up and down the deck with Marables. He was a well-looking, tall, active, young man, apparently not thirty, with a general boldness of countenance strongly contrasted with a furtive glance of the eye. He had a sort of blue smockfrock over all, and the trousers which appeared below were of a finer texture than those usually worn by people of his condition.

"This is the lad who is bound to the barge," said Marables; "Jacob, this is Fleming."

"So, younker," said Fleming, after casting an inquiring eye upon me, "you are to sail with us, are you? It's my opinion that your room would be better than your company. However, if you keep your eyes open, I'd advise you to keep your mouth shut. When I don't like people's company, I sometimes give them a hoist into the stream—so keep a sharp look out, my joker."

Not very well pleased with this address, I answered, "I thought Marables had charge of the craft, and that I was to look to him for orders."

"Did you, indeed!" replied Fleming, with a sneer. "I say, my lad, can you swim?"

"No, I can't," replied I—"wish I could."

"Well, then, take my advice—learn to swim as fast as you can; for I've a strong notion that, one day or another, I shall take you up by the scruff of the neck, and send you to look after your father."

"Fleming! Fleming! pray be quiet!" said Marables, who had several times before pulled him by the sleeve. "He's only joking, Jacob," continued Marables to me, as, indignant at the mention of my father's death, I was walking away to the shore, over the other lighters.

"Well," replied I, turning round, "if I am to be tossed overboard, it's just as well to let Mr. Drummond know, that if I'm missing, he may guess what's become of me."

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Fleming, immediately altering his manner and coming to me where I stood, in the barge next to them. "Give us your hand, my boy; I was only trying what stuff you were made of. Come, shake hands, I wasn't in earnest."

I took the proffered hand, and went on shore. "Nevertheless," thought I, "I'll learn to swim; for I rather think he was in earnest." And I took my first lesson that day; and, by dint of practice, soon

acquired that very necessary art. Had it not been for the threat of Fleming, I probably should not have thought of it; but it occurred to me that I might tumble, even if I were not thrown overboard, and that a little knowledge of swimming would do no harm.

The day before the barge was to proceed down the river to Sheerness, with a cargo of bricks, I called upon my worthy old master, Domine Dobiensis. "*Salve puer!*" cried the old man, who was sitting in his study. "Verily, Jacob, thou art come in good time. I am at leisure, and will give thee a lesson. Sit down, my child."

The Domine opened the Æneid of Virgil, and commenced forthwith. I was fortunate enough to please him with my off-hand translation; and as he closed the book, I told him that I had called to bid him farewell, as we started at daylight the next morning. "Jacob," said he, "thou hast profited well by the lessons which I have bestowed upon thee. Now take heed of that advice which I am now about to offer to thee. There are many who will tell thee that thy knowledge is of no use, for what avail can the Latin tongue be to a boy on board of a lighter? Others may think that I have done wrong thus to instruct thee, as thy knowledge may render thee vain—*nil exactius eruditius que est*—or discontented with thy situation in life. Such is too often the case, I grant; but it is because education is not as general as it ought to be. Were all educated, the superiority acquired or presumed upon by education would be lost, and the nation would not only be wiser, but happier. It would judge more rightly, would not condemn the measures of its rulers, which at present it cannot understand, and would not be led away by the clamour and misrepresentation of the disaffected. But I must not digress, as time is short. Jacob, I feel thou wilt not be spoilt by the knowledge instilled into thee; but mark me, parade it not, for it will be vanity, and make thee enemies. Cultivate thyself as much as thou canst, but in due season—thy duties to thy employer must be first attended to—but treasure up what thou hast, and lay up more when thou canst. Consider it as hidden wealth, which may hereafter be advantageously employed. Thou art now but an apprentice in a barge; but what mayst thou not be, Jacob, if thou art diligent, if thou fearest God, and art honest? I will now call to my mind some examples to stimulate thee in thy career."

Here the Domine brought forward about forty or fifty instances from history, in which people from nothing had risen to the highest rank and consideration; but, although I listened to them very attentively, the reader will probably not regret the omission of the Domine's catalogue. Having concluded, the Domine gave me a Latin Testament, the Whole Duty of Man, and his blessing. The matron added to them a large slice of seed cake; and by the time that I had returned to Mr. Drummond's, both the Domine's precepts and the matron's considerate addition had been well digested.

It was at six o'clock the next morning, that we cast off our fastenings and pulled into the stream. The day was lovely, the sun had risen above the trees, which feathered their boughs down on the sloping lawns in front of the many beautiful retreats of the nobility and gentry, which border the river, and the lamp of day poured a flood of light upon

the smooth and rapidly ebbing river. The heavy dew which had fallen during the night studded the sides of the barge, and glittered like necklaces of diamonds: the mist and fog had ascended, except here and there where it partially concealed the landscape; boats laden with the produce of the market-gardens in the vicinity were hastening down with the tide to supply the metropolis; the watermen were in their wherries, cleaning and mopping them out, ready for their fares; the smoke of the chimneys ascended in a straight line to heaven; and the distant chirping of the birds in the trees added to the hilarity and lightness of heart with which I now commenced my career as an apprentice.

I was forward, looking down the river, when Marables called me to take the helm, while they went to breakfast. He commenced giving me instructions, but I cut them short by proving to him that I knew the river as well as he did. Pleased at the information, he joined Fleming, who was preparing the breakfast in the cabin, and I was left on the deck by myself. There, as we glided by every object which for years I had not seen, but which was immediately recognized, and welcomed as an old friend, with what rapidity did former scenes connected with them flash into my memory! There was the inn at the waterside, where my father used to replenish the stone bottle; it was just where the barge now was, that I had hooked and pulled up the largest chub I had ever caught. Now I arrived at the spot where we had run foul of another craft, and my father, with his pipe in his mouth, and his "Take it coolly," which so exasperated the other parties, stood as alive before me. Here—yes, it was here—exactly here—where we anchored on that fatal night, when I was left an orphan—it was here that my father disappeared; and, as I looked down at the water, I almost thought I could perceive it again close over him, as it eddied by; and it was here that the black smoke—— The whole scene came fresh to my memory, my eyes filled with tears, and, for a little while, I could not see to steer. But I soon recovered myself: the freshness of the air, the bright sky overhead, the busy scene before me, and the necessity of attending to my duty, chased away my painful remembrances; and when I had passed the spot, I was again cheerful and content.

In half an hour I had shot Putney Bridge, and was sweeping clear of the shallows on the reach below, when Marables and Fleming came up. "How," exclaimed Marables, "have we passed the bridge! Why did you not call us?"

"I have shot it without help many and many a time," replied I, "when I was but ten years old. Why should I call you from your breakfast? But the tides are high now, and the stream rapid, you had better get a sweep out on the bow, or we may tail on the bank."

"Well," replied Fleming with astonishment, "I had no idea that he would have been any help to us; but so much the better." He then spoke in a low tone to Marables.

Marables shook his head. "Don't try it, Fleming, it will never do."

"So you said once about yourself," replied Fleming with a laugh.

"I did—I did," replied Marables, clenching both his hands, which

at the time were crossed on his breast, with a look of painful emotion; "but I say again, don't try it; nay, I say more, you *shall* not."

"Shall not," replied Fleming haughtily.

"Yes," replied Marables coolly; "I say shall not, and I'll stand by my words. Now, Jacob, give me the helm, and get your breakfast."

I gave up the helm to Marables, and was about to enter the cabin, when Fleming caught me by the arm, and *slewed* me round. "I say, my joker, we may just as well begin as we leave off. Understand me, that into that cabin you never enter; and understand further, that if ever I find you in that cabin by day or night, I'll break every bone in your body. Your berth is forward; and as for your meals, you may either take them down there, or you may eat them on deck."

From what I had already witnessed, I knew that for some reason or another, Fleming had the controul over Marables; nevertheless I replied, "If Mr. Marables says it is to be so, well and good; but he has charge of this barge." Marables made no reply; he coloured up, seemed very much annoyed, and then looked up at the sky.

"You'll find," continued Fleming, addressing me in a low voice, "that I command here—so be wise. Perhaps the day may come when you may walk in and out of the cabin as you please, but that depends upon yourself. By and by, when we know more of each other——"

"Never, Fleming, never!" interrupted Marables, in a firm and loud tone. "It *shall* not be."

Fleming muttered what I could not hear, and, going into the cabin, brought me out my breakfast, which I despatched with good appetite; and soon afterwards I offered to take the helm, which offer was accepted by Marables, who retired to the cabin with Fleming, where I heard them converse for a long while in a low tone.

The tide was about three-quarters ebb, when the barge arrived abreast of Millbank. Marables came on deck, and taking the helm, desired me to go forward and see the anchor clear for letting go.

"Anchor clear!" said I, "why, we have a good hour more before we meet the flood."

"I know that, Jacob, as well as you do; but we shall not go further to-night. Be smart, and see all clear."

I went forward, and when the anchor and cable were ready, we let it go, and swung to the stream. I thought, at the time, that this was not making the best of our way, as in duty bound to our master; but as I was not aware of what Marables' orders might be, I held my tongue. Whether Fleming thought that it was necessary to blind me, or whether it was true that they were only obeying their orders, he said to Marables in my hearing, "Will you go on shore and give the letters to Mr. Drummond's correspondent, or shall I go for you?"

"You had better go," replied Marables carelessly; and shortly after they went to dinner in the cabin, Fleming bringing me mine out on deck.

The flood tide now made, and we rode to the stream. Having nothing to do, and Marables as well as Fleming appearing to avoid me, I brought the Domine's Latin Testament, and amused myself

with reading it. About a quarter of an hour before dusk, Fleming made his appearance to go on shore. He was genteelly, I may say fashionably, drest in a suit of black, with a white neckcloth. At first I did not recognize him, so surprised was I at his alteration; and my thoughts, as soon as my suspense was over, naturally turned upon the singularity of a man who worked in a barge under another, now assuming the dress and appearance of a gentleman. Marables hauled up the little skiff which lay astern, Fleming jumped in and shoved off. I watched him till I perceived him to land at the stairs, and then turned round to Marables. "I can't understand all this," observed I.

"I don't suppose you can," replied Marables; "but still I could explain it, if you will promise me faithfully not to say a word about it."

"I will make that promise if you satisfy me that all is right," answered I.

"As to all being right, Jacob, that's as may be; but if I prove to you that there is no harm done to our master, I suppose you will keep the secret. However, I must not allow you to think worse of it than it really is; no, I'll trust to your good-nature. You wouldn't harm me, Jacob?" Marables then told me that Fleming had once been well to do in the world, and during the long illness, and subsequent death of Marables' wife, had lent him money; that Fleming had been very imprudent, and had run up a great many debts, and that the bailiffs were after him. On this emergency he had applied to Marables to help him, and that, in consequence, he had received him on board of the barge, where they never would think of looking for him; that Fleming had friends, and contrived to go on shore at night to see them, and get what assistance he could from them in money: in the mean time, his relations were trying what they could do to arrange with his creditors. "Now," said Marables, after his narration, "how could I help assisting one who has been so kind to me? And what harm does it do Mr. Drummond? If Fleming can't do his work, or won't, when we unload, he pays another man himself, so Mr. Drummond is not hurt by it."

"That may be all true," replied I; "but I cannot imagine why I am not to enter the cabin, and why he orders about here as master."

"Why you see, Jacob, I owe him money, and he allows me so much per week for the cabin, by which means I shall pay it off. Do you understand now?"

"Yes, I understand what you have said," replied I.

"Well then, Jacob, I hope you'll say nothing about it. It would only harm me, and do no good."

"That depends upon Fleming's behaviour towards me," replied I. "I will not be bullied and made uncomfortable by him, depend upon it; he has no business on board of the barge, that's clear, and I am bound 'prentice to her. I don't wish to hurt you, and as I suppose Fleming won't be long on board, I shall say nothing, unless he treats me ill."

Marables then left me, and I reflected upon what he had said. It appeared all very probable, but still I was not satisfied. I resolved to

watch narrowly, and if any thing occurred which excited more suspicions, to inform Mr. Drummond upon our return. Shortly afterwards Marables came out again, and told me I might go to bed, and he would keep the deck till Fleming's return. I assented, and went down to the cuddy, but I did not much like this permission. It appeared to me as if he wanted to get rid of me, and I laid awake, turning over in my mind all that I had heard and seen. About two o'clock in the morning I heard the sound of oars, and the skiff strike the side of the barge. I did not go up, but I put my head up the scuttle to see what was going on. It was broad moonlight, and almost as clear as day. Fleming threw up the painter of the skiff to Marables, and as he held it, lifted out of the boat a blue bag, apparently well filled. The contents jingled as it was landed on the deck. He then put out a yellow silk handkerchief full of something else, and having gained the deck, Marables walked aft with the painter in his hand until the skiff had dropped astern, where he made it fast, and returned to Fleming, who stood close to the blue bag. I heard Fleming ask Marables, in a low voice, if I were in bed, and an answer given in the affirmative. I dropped my head immediately that I might not be discovered, and turned into my bed-place. I was restless for a long while; thought upon thought, surmise upon surmise, conjecture upon conjecture, and doubt upon doubt, occupied my brain, until at last I went fast asleep—so fast, that I did not wake until summoned by Fleming. I rose, and when I came on deck, found that the anchor had been weighed more than two hours, and that we were past all the bridges. "Why Jacob, my man, you've had a famous nap," said Fleming, with apparent good humour; "now go aft, and get your breakfast, it has been waiting for you this half hour." By the manner of Fleming, I took it for granted that Marables had acquainted him with our conversation, and indeed, from that time, during our whole trip, Fleming treated me with kindness and familiarity. The veto had not, however, been taken off the cabin, which I never attempted to enter.

On our arrival off the Medway, I had just gone down to bed, and was undressing, when I heard Fleming come on deck and haul up the boat. I looked up the hatchway; it was very dark, but I could perceive Marables hand him the bag and handkerchief, with which he pulled on shore. He did not return until the next morning at daylight, when I met him as he came up the side. "Well, Jacob," said he, "you've caught me. I've been on shore to see my sweetheart; but you boys ought to know nothing about these things. Make the boat fast, there's a good lad."

When we were one night discharging our cargo, which was for government, I heard voices alongside. From habit, the least noise now awoke me; a boat striking the side was certain so to do. It was then about twelve o'clock. I looked up the hatchway, perceived two men come on board and enter the cabin with packages. They remained there about ten minutes, and then, escorted to the side by Fleming, left the barge. When the barge was cleared, we hauled off to return, and in three days were again alongside of Mr. Drummond's wharf. The kindness both of Marables and of Fleming had been

very great. They lived in a style very superior to what they could be expected to do, and I fared well in consequence.

On our arrival at the wharf Marables came up to me, and said, "Now, Jacob, as I have honestly told you the secret, I hope you won't ruin me by saying a word to Mr. Drummond." I had before made up my mind to say nothing to my master until my suspicions were confirmed, and I therefore gave my promise; but I had also resolved to impart my suspicions, as well as what I had seen, to the old Domine. On the third day after our arrival I walked out to the school, and acquainted him with all that had passed, and asked him for his advice.

"Jacob," said he, "thou hast done well, but thou mightst have done better; hadst thou not given thy promise, which is sacred, I would have taken thee to Mr. Drummond, that thou mightst impart the whole instanter. I like it not. Evil deeds are done in darkness. *Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.* Still, as thou sayest, nought is yet proved. Watch, therefore, Jacob—watch carefully over thy master's interests, and the interests of society at large. It is thy duty, I may say, *Vigilare noctes que diesque.* It may be as Marables hath said—and all may be accounted for; still, I say, be careful, and be honest."

I followed the suggestions of the Domine: we were soon laden with another cargo of bricks, to be delivered at the same place, and proceeded on our voyage. Marables and Fleming, finding that I had not said a word to Mr. Drummond, treated me with every kindness. Fleming once offered me money, which I refused, saying that I had no use for it. I was on the best terms with them, at the same time that I took notice of all that passed, without offering a remark to excite their suspicions. But not to be too prolix, it will suffice to say, that we made many trips during several months, and that during that time I made the following observations: that Fleming went on shore at night at certain places, taking with him bags and bundles—that he generally returned with others, which were taken into the cabin; that sometimes people came off at night, and remained some time in the cabin with him, and that all this took place when it was supposed that I was asleep. The cabin was invariably locked when the barge was lying at the wharfs, if Fleming was on shore, and at no time was I permitted to enter it. Marables was a complete cypher in Fleming's hands, who ordered every thing as he pleased; and in the conversations which took place before me, with much less restraint than at first, there appeared to be no idea of Fleming's leaving us. As I felt convinced that there was no chance of discovery without further efforts on my part, and my suspicions increasing daily, I resolved upon running some hazard. My chief wish was to get into the cabin and examine its contents, but this was not easy, and would, in all probability, be a dangerous attempt. One night I came on deck in my shirt. We were at anchor off Rotherhithe; it was a dark night, with a drizzling rain. I was hastening below, when I perceived a light still burning in the cabin, and heard the voices of Marables and Fleming. I thought this a good opportunity, and having no shoes, walked safely on the wet deck to the cabin door, which opened for-

ward, and peeped through the crevices. Marables and Fleming were sitting opposite each other, at the little table. There were some papers before them, and they were dividing some money. Marables expostulated at his share not being sufficient, and Fleming laughed and told him he had earned no more. Fearful of being discovered, I made a silent retreat, and gained my bed. It was well that I had made the resolution, for just as I was putting my head below the hatch, and drawing it over the scuttle, the door was thrown open, and Fleming came out. I pondered over this circumstance, and the remark of Fleming, that Marables had not earned any more, and I felt convinced that the story told me by Marables relative to Fleming was all false. This conviction stimulated me more than ever to discover the secret, and many and many a night did I watch, with a hope of being able to examine the cabin, but it was to no purpose, either Fleming or Marables were always on board. I continued to report to the Domine all I had discovered, and he agreed at last, that it was better that I should not say any thing to Mr. Drummond until there was the fullest proof of the nature of their proceedings.

The cabin was now the sole object of my thoughts, and many were the schemes revolved in my mind to obtain an entrance. Fatima never coveted admission to the dreadful chamber of Bluebeard, as I did to ascertain the secrets of this hidden receptacle. One night Fleming had quitted the barge, and I ascended from my dormitory. Marables was on deck, sitting upon the water cask, with his elbow resting on the gunnel, his hand supporting his head, as if in deep thought. The cabin doors were closed, but the light still remained in it. I watched for some time, and perceiving that Marables did not move, walked gently up to him. He was fast asleep; I waited for some little time alongside of him. At last he snored. It was an opportunity not to be lost. I crept to the cabin-door; it was not locked. Although I did not fear the wrath of Marables in case of discovery, as I did that of Fleming, it was still with a beating heart and a tremulous hand that I gently opened the door, pausing before I entered, to ascertain if Marables were disturbed. He moved not, and I entered, closing the door after me. I caught up the light, and held it in my hand, as I hung over the table. On each side were the two bed places of Marables and Fleming, which I had before then had many a partial glimpse of. In front of the bed places were two lockers, to sit down upon. I tried them—they were not fast—they contained their clothes. At the after part of the cabin were three cupboards; I opened the centre one, it contained crockery, glass, and knives and forks. I tried the one on the starboard-side; it was locked, but the key was in it. I turned it gently, but being a good lock, it snapped loud. I paused in fear—but Marables still slept. The cupboard had three shelves, and every shelf was loaded with silver spoons, forks, and every variety of plate, mixed with watches, bracelets, and ornaments of every description. There was, I perceived, a label on each, with a peculiar mark. Wishing to have an accurate survey, and encouraged by my discovery, I turned to the cupboard opposite, on the larboard-side, and I opened it. It contained silk handkerchiefs, in every variety, lace veils, and various other articles of value; on the

lower shelf were laid three pairs of pistols. I was now satisfied, and closing the last cupboard, which had not been locked, was about to retreat, when I recollected that I had not re-locked the first cupboard, and that they might not, by finding it open, suspect my visit, I turned the key. It made a louder snap than before, I heard Marables start from his slumber on deck; in a moment I blew out the lamp, and remained quiet. Marables got up, took a turn or two, looked at the cabin doors, which were shut, and opened them a little. Perceiving that the lamp had, as he thought, gone out, he shut them again, and to my consternation, turned the key. There I was, locked up, until the arrival of Fleming—then to be left to his mercy. I hardly knew how to act: at last I resolved upon calling to Marables, as I dreaded his anger less than Fleming's. Then it occurred to me, that Marables might come in, feel for the lamp to relight it, and, that as he went on one side of the cabin, I might, in the dark, escape by the other. This all but forlorn hope prevented me for some time from applying to him. At last I made up my mind that I would, and ran from the locker to call through the door, when I heard the sound of oars. I paused again—loitered—the boat was alongside, and I heard Fleming jump upon the deck.

"Quick," said he to Marables, as he came to the cabin-door, and tried to open it; "we've no time to lose—we must get up the sacks, and sink every thing. Two of them have 'peached, and the fence will be discovered."

He took the key from Marables, and opened the door; I had replaced the lamp upon the table. Fleming entered, took a seat on the locker on the larboard-side, and felt for the lamp. Marables followed him, and sat down on the starboard-locker—escape was impossible. With a throbbing heart I sat in silence, watching my fate. In the meantime Fleming had taken out of his pocket his phosporous match box. I heard the tin top pulled open—even the slight rustling of the one match selected, was perceived. Another second it was withdrawn from the bottle, and a wild flame of light illumined the deck-cabin and discovered me to their view. Staggered at my appearance, the match fell from Fleming's hand, and all was dark as before; but there was no more to be gained by darkness—I had been discovered.

"Jacob!" cried Marables.

"Will not live to tell the tale," added Fleming, with a firm voice, as he put another match into the bottle, and then re-lighted the lamp. "Come," said Fleming, fiercely; "out of the cabin immediately."

I prepared to obey him. Fleming went out, and I was following him round his side of the table, when Marables interposed.

"Stop: Fleming, what is it that you mean to do?"

"Silence him!" retorted Fleming.

"But not murder him, surely?" cried Marables, trembling from head to foot. "You will not; dare not do that."

"What is it that I dare not do, Marables? but it is useless to talk; it is now his life or mine. One must be sacrificed, and I will not die yet to please him."

"You shall not—by God, Fleming, you shall not," cried Marables, seizing hold of my other arm, and holding me tight.

I added my resistance to that of Marables; when Fleming perceiving that we should be masters, took a pistol from his pocket, and struck Marables a blow on the head, which rendered him senseless. Throwing away the pistol, he dragged me out of the cabin. I was strong, but he was very powerful; my resistance availed me nothing: by degrees he forced me to the side of the barge, and lifting me up in his arms, dashed me into the dark and rapidly flowing water. It was fortunate for me that the threat of Fleming, upon our first meeting, had induced me to practise swimming, and still more fortunate that I was not encumbered with any other clothes than my shirt, in which I had come on deck. As it was, I was carried away by the tide for some time before I could rise, and at such a distance that Fleming, who probably watched, did not perceive that I came up again. Still I had but little hopes of saving myself in a dark night, and at nearly a quarter of a mile from a shore. I struggled to keep myself afloat, when I heard the sound of oars; a second or two more and I saw them over my head. I grasped at and seized the last, as they passed me, crying "Help."

"What the devil? Oars, my men, here's somebody overboard," cried the man, whose oar I had seized.

They stopped pulling: he dragged in his oar, till he could lay hold of me, and then they hauled me into the boat. I was exhausted with cold and my energetic struggles in the water, and it was not until they had wrapped me up in a great coat, and poured some spirits down my throat, that I could speak. They inquired to which of the craft I belonged.

"The Polly barge."

"The very one we are searching for. Where about is she, my lad?"

I directed them: the boat was a large wherry, pulling six oars, belonging to the River Police. The officer in the stern sheets, who steered her, then said, "How came you overboard?"

"I was thrown overboard," replied I, "by a man called Fleming."

"The name he goes by," cried the officer. "Give way, my lads. There's murder, it appears, as well as other charges."

In a quarter of an hour we were alongside; the officer and four men sprang out of the boat, leaving the other two, with directions for me to remain in the boat. Cold and miserable as I was, I was too much interested in the scene not to rise up from the stern sheets, and pay attention to what passed. When the officer and his men gained the deck, they were met by Fleming in the advance, and Marables about a yard or two behind.

"What's all this?" cried Fleming, boldly. "Are you river pirates come to plunder us?"

"Not exactly," replied the officer; "but we are just come to overhaul you. Deliver up the key of your cabin," continued he, after trying the door, and finding it locked.

"With all my heart, if you prove yourselves authorized to search,"

replied Fleming, "but you'll find no smuggled spirits here, I can tell you. Marables, hand them the key; I see that they belong to the river guard."

Marables, who had never spoken, handed the key to the officer, who, opening a dark lanthorn, went down into the cabin and proceeded in his search, leaving two of the men to take charge of Fleming and Marables. But his search was in vain; he could find nothing, and he came out on the deck.

"Well," said Fleming, sarcastically, "have you made a seizure?"

"Wait a little," said the officer; "how many men have you in this barge?"

"You see them," replied Fleming.

"Yes; but you have a boy; where is he?"

"We have no boy," replied Fleming; "two men are quite enough for this craft."

"Still I ask you, what has become of the boy? for a boy was on your decks this afternoon."

"If there was one, I presume he has gone on shore again."

"Answer me another question; which of you threw him overboard?"

At this query of the officer, Fleming started, while Marables cried out, "It was not me; I would have saved him. O that the boy were here to prove it!"

"I am here, Marables," said I, coming on the deck, "and I am witness that you tried to save me, until you were struck senseless by that ruffian Fleming, who threw me overboard, that I might not give evidence as to the silver and gold which I found in the cabin; and which I overheard him tell you must be put into sacks and sunk, as two of the men had 'peached."

Fleming, when he saw me, turned round, as if not to look at me. His face I could not see; but after remaining a few seconds in that position, he held out his hands in silence for the handcuffs, which the officer had already taken out of his pocket. Marables, on the contrary, sprung forward as soon as I had finished speaking, and caught me in his arms.

"My fine honest boy, I thank God—I thank God. All that he has said is true, sir. You will find the goods sunk astern, and the buoy-rope to them fastened to the lower pintle of the rudder. Jacob, thank God, you are safe; I little thought to see you again. There, sir," continued he to the officer, holding out his hands, "I deserve it all. I had not strength of mind enough to be honest."

The handcuffs were put on Marables as well as on Fleming, and the officer allowing me time to go down and put on my clothes, hauled up the sacks containing the valuables, and leaving two hands in charge of the barge, rowed ashore with us all in the boat. It was then about three o'clock in the morning, and I was very glad when we arrived at the receiving house, and I was permitted to warm myself before the fire. As soon as I was comfortable I laid down on a bench and fell fast asleep.

MATRIMONY IN THE EAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN."

From Balkan hills to Yemen's musky dales,
Where'er the tide of Moslem faith prevails,
Which still maintains that heaven fair woman gave
To charm the sense, man's minister and slave;
How sunk the female's lot, how rarely twine
Flowers of domestic joy 'round Hymen's shrine!
Torn from her sire, and vales to childhood dear,
Or, haply, sold by him, without a tear,
The fair Circassian decks the Turk's Serai,
And for a stranger lights her lovely eye;
Yet oft 'mid incense, melody and flow'rs,
She thinks of home, and weeps o'er vanished hours;
Sighs for the love that blest her early youth,
When passion's flame was purified by truth,
And Hope drew wedlock, what it e'er should be,
Union of lots, when minds and hearts agree.

E'en she, most favour'd, hail'd the harem-queen,
Wedded in honour, proud in soul and mien,
For whom rings sparkle, diamonds flash their ray,
Perfumes arise, and lutes of softness play,
While crouching slaves each costly luxury bear,
Tinge her soft eye, or braid the coal-black hair—
E'en she, 'mid splendour, drags a silver chain,
A captive bird for whom earth smiles in vain;
No male, save one, her guarded charms beholds,
For her no mosque * its holy door unfolds;
No lore t' inform, no Koran hopes to bless,
Her life a lake of glittering listlessness;
Oh! if she love, calmness itself will flee,
Her soul all doubt, her bosom jealousy,
Doom'd but a part of that dear heart to share,
So many rivals claim a portion there;—
He loves to-day, and fair Zulaide is blest,
Curls his moustache, and smiles on Hassan's breast;
Ay, for a moon he owns her 'thralling charms,
Then quits her side for some new favourite's arms;
Defends by Koran law his roving part,
Nor heeds her fruitless tears, and breaking heart.

* The reader probably needs not be informed, that no female in Turkey is permitted to attend public service at the mosque.

AN INCURSION INTO TURKEY.[1]

LOUNGES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

The first sight which particularly impresses itself on a stranger, on his arrival at Constantinople, is the extreme beauty of the burial grounds. Thick groves of cypress surround the city, and clothe the broken banks of the hills on which it stands; while beneath their mournful shade tombs of white marble, with sculptured turbans, and rich with gilded inscriptions, come forth in bold relief from the dark background. Here, alone, the Turks seem to respect the graves of their forefathers; and the elegance of the cemeteries of the capital is only equalled by the misery of those in the provinces. As we entered the suburbs, our road wound down the hill through one of these places of interment, and led us to the "Fanal," the Greek suburb, on the shores of the Golden Horn. Constantinople is built in the form of a triangle, on a delta of land formed by the junction of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus; the former, an arm of the sea, running about seven miles into the land. The apex of the triangle is towards the sea, and, on the opposite side of the creek, Galata emerges from the water, crowned by Pera, the residence of the Franks. On the Asiatic shore Scutari, separated from the former by the Bosphorus, stands with its dark cypress grove, and marks the entrance of the sea of Marmora. We unloaded our horses at the water's edge, and embarked with our baggage in two caïques for Pera, on the other bank. As we crossed over, the proud Stamboul stood on our right, her lofty domes and minarets contrasting their glaring whiteness with the sombre colours of her countless painted houses, which rose one above another as they climbed the rising hills, or dipped into the sea, which reflected them on her surface.

At the extreme point, the seraglio stood at the water's edge, its lovely gardens and fairy architecture adding to the fascination with which mystery clothes its recesses. The picturesque, though less gorgeous, Galata covered the opposite bank; and the numerous vessels which crowded its quay, bespoke it the purveyor of its splendid neighbour. Several fine ships of war, which bore the blood-red flag of the Crescent, proved that Navarino has not completely annihilated the fleet of the empire. On the summit of the hill, Pera stood deprived of her glory by the fire of 1830, which nearly levelled it with the ground; and at the end of the strait rose the distant mountains of Olympus on the Asiatic coast, covered with snow, and Scutari and the Princes Isles appeared before them. We employed our first day in enjoying the beautiful views which Pera affords, and from nowhere does Stamboul appear more lovely, than when her "pride of life and light" is viewed from where the sad and picturesque burial ground of Pera forms the foreground. The following day we crossed over the Golden Horn, and landed at the Ambassador's Stairs, to visit the interior of the city. The moment you enter her streets all the magic of the scene vanishes—narrow dirty lanes of wood-built houses confine the view and hide the splendid cupolas and minarets you so lately admired—the innumerable habitations which stretched along the shore, reflecting their image in the deep-blue waves, or, crossing up the hill, traced their outline in the sky, now appear one mass of filth and ruin; and though a marble fountain, with its gilded cornices, or a burial chapel of some vizier, with its garden, may attract the eye, yet their very grandeur, rising amidst the scene of ruin, makes the contrast more forcible, and

[1] Continued from p. 311.

they appear but the sad monuments of Stamboul's departed greatness. In vain you look for the haughty Mussulman, with his glittering train, his prancing Arabs, and gorgeous retinue; in vain you seek the dashing Mameluke or reckless Janissary; in vain you search for beings worthy to inhabit the city of palaces you so lately beheld—even they themselves have disappeared, and all seems a dream which fancy had created; or like the fairy cities of Eastern tales, which fascinate the traveller at a distance, but vanish into air at his approach. Constantinople is "like the whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful without, but within are full of all uncleanness."

We first directed our steps to the Armeidan or Hippodrome, and in our way visited the "Sublime Porte," the palace of the grand vizier, where all public business is transacted. It has nothing to interest but its name. At a small distance from it, we saw the Seraglio gate, called Babi-Humaioun, where, in niches on either side, the decapitated heads of all public officers who have been executed are exposed. The last criminals of consequence who figured there were Ali Pasha and his sons, after his defeat at Janini. We entered into the first court, but were not allowed to proceed into the garden beyond. In the former, is an immense plane-tree, sixty feet in circumference at its base, and in whose hollow trunk a poor Turk had formed himself a house. These trees are indigenous to the opposite coast in Asia, and grow to an enormous size. The celebrated one at Bajukderj, a village on the Bosphorus, near the mouth of the Black Sea, is now divided into ten separate trees, six of which are united at the base; but if they ever formed one entire whole, it must have been twice the circumference of the one above mentioned. In the centre of the open space, outside the gate, was one of those fountains which so greatly adorn the city. It is a square building of white marble, with a wide projecting roof, richly carved and gilt all over with arabesques and verses from the Koran. On the seats of the gilded trelliced windows, beakers filled with limpid water are placed for the service of the public, and persons are appointed to keep them continually supplied. Some of these fountains are particularly splendid, and all that costly marbles and gilded ornament can effect, is lavished in adorning them. Opposite stood the celebrated mosque of St. Sofia, formerly one of the early Christian churches. Its interior is hid to the infidel, but the exterior is not so fine as others of the seven royal mosques of Constantinople.

The Armeidan occupies the greater part of the ancient Hippodrome, and is the scene where the factions of the Greens and Blues threatened the life of Justinian, and required the genius and promptitude of a Belisarius to save the tottering throne. Of the three obelisks, round which the chariots raced, two still remain; the most celebrated is the Egyptian, formed of a single block of granite, nearly sixty feet high, and bearing hieroglyphics on each face. On one side of the base is a Greek, and on the other a Latin inscription, both stating that the obelisk was raised from the ground by Theodosius, after having lain prostrate many years. The other two sides are occupied by bas-reliefs, one representing a plan of the Hippodrome at the time, with the Emperor crowning the victorious, and the chariots racing below. The other, Theodosius superintending its erection, accompanied by his sons, Arcadius and Honorius, and his whole court. The second obelisk is built of hewn stone, without inscription, and was originally covered with bronze plates, bearing fine relievos, which are all wanting; it is much dilapidated. Between them stands a finely excecuted bronze column, composed of three serpents entwined with each other, their heads once diverged in a triangle at the summit; but they are now all three missing. It is supposed formerly to have supported the golden tripod in the temple of Apollo at Delphos. On one

side of the Armeidan is the beautiful mosque of Sultan Achmet the 2nd, one of the most magnificent in Constantinople. The inner court, which we entered, is surrounded by a corridor, supported by twenty-four superb columns of rare marble, robbed from ancient temples on the coast of Asia Minor, and in the centre stands a fountain of white marble with gilded trellises. Its six lofty minarets, surrounded with three balconies at equal distances, seem lost in the clouds, and contrast well their fairy lightness with the immense cupola they surround. In the outer court, small pipes are arranged under a portico round the building, for the faithful to perform their ablutions before entering the mosque, and noble plane-trees protect the lounger from the heats of the summer sun. As we sat under their shade, and heard the muezzins call the faithful to evening prayers, from the tops of the lofty minarets, we could not but prefer their musical exhortation to prayer, to the cold tolling of the Christian's bell. The stone base of a modern building opposite is said to be the remains of the palace of Belisarius.

Near the street leading to the Adrianople gate, is a splendid porphyry column, erected by Constantine the Great; it is a plain shaft surrounded with six wreaths of laurel leaves in relief, at equal distances, and with an inscription on the summit, stating that it had been restored by Manuel Comminus. Owing to the numerous fires which have taken place round it, it is much discoloured and damaged, and is hence called by the Turks Tchembelli-tash, or the burnt column. The city also contains a granite Corinthian column, about forty feet high, erected in honour of Marcian. On the summit is a square stone, with an eagle carved at each corner, and is supposed to contain the heart of the emperor. Of the noble column to Arcadius and Honorius, mentioned by Spon and Wheler, as existing one hundred and fifty years ago, only the base remains. The most remarkable ancient edifices, however, at Constantinople, are the two cisterns which formerly supplied the city with water during a siege. The one I visited consisted of a large square subterranean chamber, with a vaulted roof supported by one hundred and sixty-nine stone pillars, at equal distances, and capable of holding several months' supply. The pipes which filled it are destroyed, and though the town chiefly depends upon the aqueduct, built by Valens, for its subsistence, and which might easily be destroyed on the investment of the place, the Turks are too indifferent to render effective these copious reservoirs.

Of all the numerous works of art which Constantine brought from Rome to adorn his modern capital, and of all the innumerable buildings erected by his successors to commemorate its grandeur, the few relics above mentioned are alone extant; the hand of time and the more relentless Mussulman have swept the rest away; and of those few which still remain, the most perfect belong not to the history of the place, but stand amidst the ruins of the ancient city, as if in triumph over the fall of her who neither respected the religion of the Ptolemies, nor the sacred shrine of the Delphic Apollo. It is over the ruins of the Christian faith that these splendid remains triumph.

One species of buildings which particularly adorn the capital, are the mausoleums of the sultans and their relations. That of the uncle of Sultan Selim and his family is very beautiful. A small domed building of white marble, with gilded trellised windows, contain the coffins wrapped in rich brocades, and placed in frames of tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl. The turban of the deceased is placed upon it, and, at the end are erected immense wax candles, gradually diminishing from the base. The walls are carved and ornamented with gilding, and the floors covered with costly carpets; while, adjoining, are seen a beautiful little garden prettily arranged with flowers, and a marble tank for golden fish.

The two most beautiful views of Constantinople, are from the Seraskier's Tower in the city, and the Genoese at Galata, opposite. Both embrace the three cities, with Scutari and her immense burial ground on the Asiatic coast; while the sea of Marmora with her clustered islands lie before the distant mountains of Olympus.

Amongst other places of interest which we visited, was the Slave Bazaar. The merchants, seated in the portico before the door, smoked their pipes in silence, waiting the arrival of a purchaser; while the slaves, in little rooms behind, beheld the forming of the contract with the greatest indifference. The traffic is at present on the decline, as the acquisition of Georgia and Circassia by the Russians, and the Morea by Otho, has greatly diminished the supply. We met a few negroes for sale, one of whom was promenaded before her owner, who cried out her merits as he went round the bazaar, and as she passed the merchants, they closely examined her eyes and teeth before they hazarded an offer. Occasionally a white woman peeped out from the little room she was confined in, and laughed as we passed, apparently desirous of being purchased; for slavery is milder in Turkey than elsewhere, and has few horrors but the name. From thence we went to the mad-house, where those only are confined who have rendered themselves dangerous to the public. We entered a large court, surrounded with a corridor, with small stone cells, opening into it. In each of these we found three maniacs, attached by enormous chains round their necks to the bars of the open windows. The doors were open to the public, on whose alms the prisoners chiefly depend for support, as the allowance of food from the government is scarcely sufficient for their maintenance. The Turks, above all nations, are remarkable for their charity; and of the people present, few departed without giving something to those suffering under a malady which they hold in the greatest veneration. One of the sufferers, who had been formerly gate-keeper to the sultana's palace, bore two chains, apparently too heavy for a man to support, yet in spite of their size he had frequently escaped, and required the force of six men to restore him to his prison. He had murdered a man in one of his fits of frenzy before being confined. Upon seeing us he broke into violent fits of abuse, and was only reconciled to our appearance by receiving money. They all begged for alms as we visited them. The cells are kept tolerably clean, but in comparing the establishment with similar ones in Europe, the most cruel neglect is remarkable, and the inmates have rather the appearance of wild beasts chained in their dens, and living on the food thrown to them by the public, than human beings suffering under the direst calamity with which Heaven chastens mankind. No attempt is made at a cure, and when once confined, the prisoner passes the rest of his miserable existence in the cell, without hopes of liberation, though the disease should abate; should he be immured without cause, happily the horror of his situation would soon produce the evil under which he was supposed to labour. Some of them had held very respectable situations in life before their incarceration, and amongst others we met a mollah, and a once wealthy merchant. Few had been confined till somebody had lost his life by their fury.

The bazaars of the East have obtained a celebrity which they little deserve, or which, at least, is little supported by their degenerate representatives of the present day. On both sides of the narrow arcade the merchants sit cross-legged before their open shops, while behind are exhibited in gaudy show the objects of their traffic. The bazaar of Constantinople comprises several streets, and each trade has a separate quarter allotted to it, but the exhibition is mean and trumpery, after the gorgeous shops of Paris and London. Whether fear of exciting the cupidity of their rulers, causes them to conceal their riches, I know not, but a single necklace at Rundel's or Hamlet's, would outvalue the whole show in the diamond bazaar.

Nothing can be more civil than the present behaviour of the Turks to the Franks, who frequent their capital. Although in the daily habit of promenading the streets, unaccompanied by any one of the country, or who could talk the language, I never met with any thing but civility and politeness; and though I must frequently, either from ignorance or curiosity, have offended their prejudices, I never received the slightest insult. I must, however, exempt a ludicrous circumstance which one day occurred. I was eating some rice-cake at a pastrycook's shop, and not finding it to my taste, threw the remains of the piece on the ground. I had no sooner done so, than to my surprise, I felt a smart blow on my wrist from a thick stick, and turning round, perceived a crippled old woman, with angry gestures reprimanding me for throwing on the ground to be trodden under foot, what might satisfy the hunger of another. I afterwards discovered that this is a great crime among them, and the old lady took it upon herself thus to punish me with a blow of her crutch, much to the amusement of the by-standers, who all broke into a loud laugh, in which I heartily joined. The general character of the people is very amiable, and I have nowhere met a nation who better deserve the epithet of *de très braves gens*, than the Turks. One of their favourite places of resort on Fridays, their day of prayer and rest, is a palace of the sultan's, situated in a beautiful little valley, about three miles from Constantinople, through which a river empties itself into the Golden Horn. The spot is called by the Turks *Gek-soïri*, or the heavenly waters, by the Franks *les eaux douces;* and the brook, planted with an alley of trees on both banks, forms small waterfalls from marble dams, as it passes by the palace situated in a verdant meadow. The building is extensive, and a beautiful "kiosk" stands over the stream, as it runs through the walled court, were the Turkish women of the upper classes resort with their households during the fine weather. Sentries are placed at the gates to prevent the intrusion of the other sex, who sit smoking outside. The day I was present the scene was very gay. The little brook, as it serpentined on its way to the sea, was covered with picturesque caïques, some filled with laughing women, whose dark eyes flashed the more brightly from the close contrast of the white "yasmuck," some bearing along, in solemn silence, their lords and masters, smoking their long "chibouks." On the banks, numerous light *arabahs*, with gilded canopies, and drawn by white oxen richly caparisoned, were following their drivers and bringing fresh parties to the scene, while others arrived on their handsome horses. In the garden, small bevies of women, accompanied by their black slaves, were seated on their outspread carpets, some eating the cold refreshments they had brought with them, some listening to the music of a band of minstrels. Outside, parties of Turks were smoking under the trees, or a few Franks near the walls were trying to get a glimpse of the hidden faces of the women. Every thing was conducted with that quiet decorum characteristic of the people, and the contented appearance of all around, united to the freshness of the scene, gave it the appearance of one of those happy valleys described in eastern tales. During the summer, the Franks make journeys on Sundays, and resort here as much as the Turks.

On Friday we rode beyond the walls of the city to witness a *fête* held at the burial-ground at Banoucli. The cemetery is divided into three parts, for the interment of the three religions, and each holds his *fête* in the territory of his own dead. In their own quarter, on the top of the hill, the stupid-looking Armenians, with lustreless eyes, and their long ears protruding from their lofty calpack, danced their graceless dance in circles, to the sound of a bagpipe, the brutal expression of their countenances, and their awkward motions, giving them the appearance of so many drunken bacchanals, while their women, in their sad coloured cos-

tume, sat around on the flat tombstones, looking on with indifference. Below, a band of Greeks, in the splendid costume of their country, danced the Pyrrhic dance to the music of the lyre, collecting crowds of every nation to witness their grace and activity, and rendering their cemetery the scene of general attraction. Here a staring Frank stood admiring their motions, the mean appearance of his dress contrasting with the classic elegance of the Albanian garb—there a Persian paraded himself with self-complacency before the women who were present, priding himself on the perfection of his dress; by the side sat a group of every faith, listening with intense interest to the tales chanted by some Meddah, occasionally breaking their attention to take a drink of sherbet from the long glass cylinder of the seller, while, opposite, a party of laughing Greek girls sat eating cakes and sweetmeats, some in flaming coloured turbans, contrasting with their mournful-looking neighbours, or with veils of white muslin, picturesquely folded round their heads. Whirligigs, puppet-shows, and weighing-machines, afforded amusement to others, and the latter seemed greatly in request, for the Turks are fond of being weighed, and sometimes turn their scales to some use, as an anecdote of Ali Pasha will show. When at Janina, the case of a poor man, who accused another of the theft of all his property, was brought before him, but the plaintiff having no witnesses, the charge was dismissed, as the other asserted his innocence, insisting, as a proof, that he had not a para in the world. On their leaving his presence, Ali ordered both to be weighed, and then released them without further notice. A fortnight afterwards he commanded both into his presence, and again had them weighed; the accuser had lost as much as the defendant had gained in weight—the thing spoke for itself, and Ali decided that the accusation was just.

Among the carved turbans, and gilded inscriptions of their own erect tombstones, the Turks sat below, smoking their pipes under the cyprus shade, apparently lost in meditation on the fallen glory of Islamism, among the graves of those who not three centuries ago overran the empire of the East, and formed the breach in the city walls, still left unrepaired, and then almost in their view. But the Turk no longer appears the haughty Mussulman who once spurned all before him, as with lofty turban and graceful drapery he strutted through the crowd. A frightful red cap, with purple tassel, is substituted for the one, and the tight dress of the modern European has succeeded the other. The jewel studded yataghan, and silver-handled pistols, are no longer stuck into his belt of cashmere schall, and the rich *shakshear* has resigned its ample fold to narrow trowsers of the Frank. Humbled in his pride of dress, the Turk is also humbled in his pride of bearing; he now gives place to those whom he formerly spurned aside, and the Giaour usurps an independence in his capital, which he formerly never dreamed to possess. Near their lords, the Turkish fair sat in groups, surrounded with their hand-maidens, their faces well concealed from profane view, and wearing grey coloured feridgees, and yellow boots, the envy of the unqualified Armenians. But the great interest of the *fête* to the pious, are the holy fish in the subterranean chapel, situated in the Greek part of the cemetery. When the Turks were battering the walls of the city, and it was told to the Emperor Constantine Paleologus that a breach was formed, he replied, "That it was as unlikely as that those fish before him on the grid-iron, (I never heard why the emperor was broiling his own fish,) should leap off, and swim in the water." The words had no sooner been uttered, than lo! the fish, already fried on one side, sprung from the frying-pan, and swam about in a vessel of water below. They were after the miracle transported into the holy well in the chapel above mentioned, and shown to the people at the feast of Banoucli, who paid for the edifying ex-

hibition. For some years since, however, they have refused to appear, and the devout are obliged to content themselves with a draught of the holy water in which they live. The priests formerly obtained a species of fish, black only on one side, which they showed as the fried heroes of the Constantine miracle. Amidst this scene of gay confusion, I was attracted aside into the dark grove of cyprus, by the wailings of a poor Turkish woman, prostrate over the new-made grave of her daughter. As she poured forth her sorrows in wild shrieks of despair, her female attendants stood around, and offered their vain consolations. But her's was a grief which refused all solace, and, as she buried her face in the fresh-turned earth, and wrung her hands in agony, her convulsive shuddering showed how deeply the arrow had penetrated into her soul. At length nature could bear out no longer against her paroxysms of grief, and, exhausted by her exertions, I left her in a swoon, stretched on the grave of her daughter, as senseless as the unconscious being she so feelingly deplored. In this country, joy and grief go hand in hand, and before leaving the cemetery, I witnessed another proof of it in an Armenian interment. The small procession, headed by the priest, passed through the crowd, and the corpse, wrapped in its shroud, and decked with rich shawls and flowers, was laid in an open shell, by the side of the grave. At its feet a golden cross was erected, and the minister, in the garments of his order, chaunted the burial service opposite, while fresh flowers were strewed into the opening, and the corpse, deprived of its ornaments, was let down into the earth. The service being finished, the crowd which had collected returned to renew their sports, leaving the relatives of the deceased to finish the ceremony: not the slightest feeling of seriousness seemed expressed on the countenances of the spectators, for life and death are here so nearly united, that the daily habit of witnessing the latter, has disarmed it of all its terrors. In Constantinople, above all places, it may be said—"In the midst of life we are in death."

Our next visit was to a review of the Russian troops, by the sultan, opposite to Terapia, a village situated on the Bosphorus, near the entrance of the Black Sea, and the summer residence of the French and English embassy. Having hired a three-oared caïque, we started from Topana, a suburb of Galata, and enjoyed on our way the beautiful scenery of the shores. A continued chain of villages cover the abrupt hills on the European side, only intersected by a rocky ravine, or a bay formed by the windings of the strait. At the water's edge countless houses of variegated colours repeat their forms upon the surface, and, towering in tiers above, others intermingle with the vineyards and gardens, which delight the eye with their gay pastures, or scent the air with the perfume of the orange and citron groves. Beautiful villas of the richer Turks stand over the clear waves, their marble terraces covered with roses and jasmine, while the latticed windows, with close-shut trellices, mark the sacred precincts of the harem. At times, the bank breaks into precipices of grey rocks, from whence the wild shrubs hang in bright luxuriance, or the verdant turf of its sloping sides is covered with the sombre groves of their burial-grounds. In the midst of the villages the stately cyprus lifts its dark form, in contrast with the glittering minaret, and occasionally an embattled wall, or Genoese fort, show that the Mussulman was not always master of these shores. On the face of the water countless light caïques fly past the noble vessels anchored in the strait, as they enter and quit the chain of lakes of which the Bosphorus is composed. Shoals of porpoises in pursuit of their prey, raise their shining backs, glittering in the sun, as they shoot by like witches on an errand of mischief; and flocks

"——————— of those weary birds of Thrace,
Whose pinions find no resting place,"

continually whiz by, like the souls of the tormented in the seventh circle of the Inferno. The general appearance of life and activity, the varied hues of land and sea, the picturesque outlines of the hills and the dazzling habitations on the shore, all blended together in masses of light and shade, form together, a scene of loveliness not easy to describe. Upon arriving at Terapia, we found the opposite bank dotted with the tents of the Russian army of fifteen thousand men; while below, in the bay of Bujukderé, ten ships of the line were anchored to support them. The sultan, no longer relying on his own resources, has disbanded a part of his troops, and called in the assistance of the Russians against the rebellious Ibrahim. Hated by his subjects, crippled in his finances, his national credit destroyed, he has recourse to his bitterest enemy to save him from present danger, without perceiving the peril of forming a greater for the future, by the remedy. Russia's designs upon the Bosphorus must ever be suspected, and their assistance will be, if permitted by the other powers, such as the barbarians afforded to Rome—to save her from her enemies in order to take possession of her themselves. Their pretence for interposing is the sum of about four millions sterling, due to them for the expenses of the last war, and that they must support the sultan to eventually obtain it. A short time since, every thing was supposed to be settled, and the Russians were to withdraw their forces, as Ibrahim had agreed to retreat. The latter, however, remained in his position, and five thousand fresh troops reinforced the army of the former. The Russians are but too willing for an excuse to stay, for the Bosphorus is a prize well worth hazarding for. Once well fixed in Constantinople, the European powers united would not easily turn them out; for our own history proves the strength of the Dardanelles, and some of the finest lines which ever protected a city cross the neck of land on which Constantinople is built. The consequent advantages of the possession to them are incalculable: the entire commerce of the Euxine, and the chief monopoly of the Mediterranean—thence an immense nursery for their navy, and the quick civilization of the interior of their country, by the continual intercourse between the western and eastern capitals.

On landing at the camp, we found the Russian troops drawn up to await the sultan; and as his serene highness did not arrive till nearly two hours afterwards, we had sufficient time to inspect them. Their numbers amounted to about ten thousand, and in general they were a strong-set powerful description of men, rather under size. Their appearance was very soldier-like, and looked "like business." As if in contrast to them some regiments of Turkish infantry, in their modern uniform, were drawn up on each flank, and made a most absurd effect. A red cloth night-cap, with purple tassel, shaped like an inverted flower-pot, covered their heads and ears; a blue jacket with red facings, and trousers with immense plaits before and behind, constituted their dress; and as they stood in the ranks, as uneasy as fresh-breeched children, and in the amplitude of their nether garments much resembling them, they cut a most ridiculous contrast with the well-dressed troops with which they were brigaded.

The cavalry consisted of a few picked Cossacks, who acted as orderlies, and a regiment of the sultan's new organized Lancers. The high Tartar saddle, with short stirrups, had been changed for the European; and the German seat, though diametrically opposite, been substituted for the Turkish. The poor Mussulmen were ill at ease in their stiff positions; and as they stood in open order, seemed sufficiently occupied in keeping down their toes in the long stirrups, without further difficulty. As the sultan rode down the ranks, they salamed him by raising their hands to the breast and forehead, at the same time bowing their heads low before him; and as, in performing this manœuvre, they were obliged to let go their lances, it created some confusion among them. The troops then

marched past in quick time, and the miseries of the cavalry increased as they broke into a trot. The straightened knees quickly bent up into their usual position, the pummels of the saddles were fondly embraced, and with some difficulty, horse, man, and lance, continued to form one whole. The men evidently seemed sensible of the *exposé* they were making; for the Turk prides himself on his equestrian dexterity, and on his high Tartar saddle will yield to none. But here, as in all his reforms, Mahmoud has entirely failed. Instead of engrafting improvements on the old Turkish system, and of availing himself of the character of his people to introduce a better, he has wantonly insulted their prejudices, and rendered himself abhorred without obtaining his end. In place of the celebrated Delhis, the finest irregular cavalry in Europe, he possesses an ill-disciplined band perfectly unfit for service; and the "volunteers" which we met on our road to Constantinople, chained together in pairs, show with what reluctance they enlist.

A different coloured sash and turban would have been a sufficient regimental distinction, and "the green," the sacred colour, granted as an honour to particular corps, would have acted as a spur to the ambition of all true believers. With a slight introduction of European discipline, and mounted on their high Tartar saddles, the Delhis might have inspired more terror to their enemies than ever; and not degraded in their own estimation by wearing the dress of a race they both hate and despise, they might have proved a check to the conquering career of the Russians. But, alas! a blind fury for reform has seized the mind of the sultan, who, with perception to appreciate the superior results of a higher civilization, is unable to fathom the causes from whence they originate. Convinced from infancy of his own omnipotence, he conceived that "to will was to execute;" and not until half his kingdom had departed from him, and the love and devotion of his subjects was irremediably lost, did he awake from his deceitful dream, but awake too late. Russia and Egypt hover like vultures over the dismembered carcase of Turkey, waiting to divide the spoils, while with his resources exhausted, broken credit, and disaffected subjects, she is every moment ready to become their prey, should France and England neglect their own interests, and not scare away her invaders.

G. M——T.

PLANTING DAGGERS.

"Planted a dagger in his heart."
Vide all Novels.

Said the florist, John Knox, looking drolly askant,
"I laugh at you poets, your ignorance showing;
"In the heart of your heroes a dagger you *plant*—
"Oh! why will you *plant* where's no chance of *growing*?"

"No chance of *growing!*" said the ape of Lord Byron;
"'Tis a *planting* whose growth follows quick, may it please ye!
"In your breast if I *planted* some inches of iron,
"You 'd soon find it *grow*—most confounded uneasy."

Pindarus Punever, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. &c.

CONSISTENCY.

" Essere immobilmente ognor constante,
E il pregio de 'pilastri e delle piante."

GLI ANIMALI PARLANTI, xii. 48.

OBSTINACY, it has often been said, is precisely the same intellectual quality, which, when exerted in a good cause, we so much admire under the more eulogistical appellation of firmness. The case is by no means singular. There is much in a name; and, however stubborn facts may be thought, names effectually bend them at pleasure to any and every purpose, just as steam will bend " the unwedgeable and knarled oak." Mr. Shandy's hypothesis about names is by no means so hobby-horsical as the author seems to have imagined. The merest dolt, when he sees " Charles " in the dramatis personæ of a comedy, knows at once, that the character so called, must be a good-humoured, careless, *tant-soit-peu*-dissipated sort of personage; while every body acknowledges the poetical justice with which Addison christened the ungrateful lover of Yarico, by the unsentimental denomination of " Mr. Thomas Inkle." There was fine tact also displayed by Sheridan, in calling his arch-hypocrite, Joseph; and I would as soon be " Nicodemised into nothing " at once, as be compelled to accept knighthood, if my godfathers and godmothers had not properly prepared me for the operation. There is a reason for every thing, if a man has but the wit to find it out; and if Sterne had thought it worth his while to have gone to the bottom of the matter, he could not have failed to discover the *modus operandi* of names upon destiny, to the equal edification and delectation of himself and his readers. Names in the beginning, were all descriptive, or as we say, in modern parlance, they were all nick-names. They implied, therefore, the passing of a judgment of some sort on their bearers, and so inveterate is this association in the human mind, that if a man were to christen his three children X, Y, Z, in order to get rid of the consequence, those incognito letters would eventually acquire a specific meaning, from the character and dispositions of the parties they represented. There is, however, an especial class of appellatives, in which the sly, sleight-of-hand, smuggling of a judgment, under the guise of a simple nomination, is of especial efficacy and importance—I mean those substantives, which represent the results of long trains of thinking, and are employed to persuade the hearer to take that for granted, which it is the bounden duty of the speaker to endeavour to prove. These convenient appellatives are the great hinges upon which modern debates turn; and upon the skill in using them, or rather, perhaps, on the dexterity in concealing their use, depends the character of the public orator, and his influence with the multitude. They save a world of trouble both to the hearer and to the speaker; to the latter, in exempting him from the necessity of finding arguments which might be canvassed, if not confuted; and to the former in leading him agreeably by the nose to the conclusions to which he desires to come without the labour of examining the premises, and picking his own way out of the mire of doubt. Who, for instance, can hear the word " religion " pronounced, with a due turning up of the eyes, and a solemn composure of the outward man to an expression of awe and humility, without experiencing an irresistible access of zeal in favour of the action of which it is predicated? Yet call that self-same thing " a superstitious practice," and stoning, or civil incompetence, is the least that may be expected by the unfortunate individual who indulges in the act. To the common sense of ordinary mortals, (which for the most part is no better than common nonsense,) these distinctive appellatives imply something respectively, superabundantly excellent, or abominably wicked; whereas,

they are, in reality, mere abbreviated expressions for whole libraries of theology, which few would take the pains to consult, and fewer still would be capable of understanding, if they did. The convenience of such terms is well known to all practical men. If Saint Dominick (to take a familiar example) had been compelled to demonstrate the errors of his opponents at the tribunal of an enlightened public opinion, before he was permitted to roast the rogues alive, an immense quantity of good wood might have been saved to the community, but he would have been most unpleasantly cramped in his operations. This, however, was by no means necessary: by a judicious use of the word "heretic," which craftily prejudged the whole matter in dispute, he brought the passions of the multitude over to his own side; and he was thus enabled to indulge his fancy, *usque ad delicias votorum*, and was as busy in his culinary office, as a Roman *restaurateur* at the close of the carnival. In the same manner, did that modern St. Dominick, the venerable Earl Polythrene, contrive to uphold for years the rotten fabric of "old father Antic, the law," by calling all improvement "innovation;" whereas, had he simply called it "change," half the world would have thought it a good thing from Capel Court, and have adopted it without examination; and the better informed few would have floored him like an ox, by the simple rejoinder of an "And what then?" Did not the great O'Connell, with singular felicity, drive Mr. Stanley to the Colonies, by simply calling him a "shave beggar;" and does not Mr. Cobbett himself lead the chawbacons at pleasure, by the imposition upon things and persons of nicknames, that are by so much the more significant, inasmuch as they very generally have no meaning whatever. In these cases, the hearers very complaisantly club their ignorance and their apprehension, to furnish forth a meaning to the speaker or writer, and lead themselves to the desired judgment, which, being formed without adequate motive, is unsusceptible of future modification or appeal.

To the utility of this figure of rhetoric there is a slight drawback. The terms employed being often rather of the vaguest, their current value with the multitude is liable to occasional variations, which detract from the universality and safety of their employment, and render a due regard to times and seasons, a necessary concomitant of their successful application. The term "Methodist" was once a very sufficient and proper invective, but, by being adopted by the sect against which it was launched, it has lost more than half its force, and has grown to be acknowledged without shame, as it is employed without censure. So too, radical, from having been synonymous with rogue and raggamuffin, is now currently assumed as a symbol of self-glorification, and as an equivalent for political honesty and patriotism. Bishop, on the contrary, which was within the memory of man an accepted inuendo of many virtues and respectabilities, now, alas! passes muster for no more than the incumbent of a see, and a staunch upholder of every antiquated abuse. Not that a word of this kind is a bit the worse for having ratted to the enemy, so long as its meaning is well defined, and its new value has received the stamp and authority of usage. It is during the epoch of transition, and while society is making up its mind on the matter, that the unlucky appellative occasions so much confusion, and so frequently disappoints the orator. Thus it happened during the reforming sessions of parliament, that when the Tory lords meant to set the public weeping, by an oratorical employment of "glorious constitution," they took nothing in the world by their motion but a horse laugh; but now the value of this cabalistic form is so completely settled, that Philpots himself would not venture upon it, except in fun.

The æra in which we write is pre-eminently an epoch of transition; and the orator who would succeed in giving a dog an ill name for the purposes of retributive justice, must be very careful in the selection of his nuncupative. Words are just now shifting their meaning with such

harliquinade rapidity, that, like Mrs. Quigley, "no man knows where to have them." The dictionary is in absolute anarchy. The vocabulary of St. Giles's has marched upon St. James's, and the technology of the "Honourable House" has migrated to the Fives Court. Among many words in this perilous state of transmigration, let the reader stand on his guard against "Consistency" and its opposite "Inconsistency." In this year of our Lord 1833, it would puzzle a Johnson or a Webster to decide whether either of these terms be confined to a simple statement of the fact, or include a subaudition, in the case, of something honest and commendable, or, in the other, an insinuation of knavery, or of dupery, or of both? In other words, to determine whether consistency is a virtue or a vice, or a something indifferent to either? In the present state of opinion, the equivocating substantive coquets so equally with wrong and right, that the charge is almost divested of all *gravamen*. A formidable body of critics opine that the assumption of political consistency is an empty boast; and that to forfeit it altogether, is no very great loss. Inconsistency, they say, like *homo*, is common to all mankind. A consistent person they hold for a mere *lusus naturæ*, and, like all other monstrosities, a mere useless curiosity. No principle, they assert, is of universal applicability; nor is it in all cases equally true, that even twice two make four; so that nothing can be more illogical or perverse than the obstinate blockade who sticks through life to any opinion; or, as Pope has it, "never changed his politics or wig."

Opposite to this sect of philosophers, stand the whole tribe of country gentlemen, the admirers of the wisdom of their ancestors,—a highly respectable and rather formidable body, who protest that such reasoning is mere metaphysics; that opinions, like port wine, improve by age, and that to think one thing twenty years ago and another now, is the best proof of weakness or of insincerity. On this point, as upon most others, there is much to be said on both sides the question; and examples of popular usage are not wanting to justify either theory. No one, for instance, can deny that in Euclid, consistency is a very commendable virtue. Consistency in morals as yet, also, does not precisely exclude all claim to respectability, and, even in mere manners, it is not yet regarded as a proof of downright straight-lacedness. Consistency, on the contrary, is less absolutely required in the hero of a novel, and its absence is regarded as a very pardonable fault, if it be deemed not altogether essential to the full developement of his heroical qualities. In a milliner, inconsistency is the fundamental principle of successful action. To-day her bonnets are modelled on the scale of Brobdignag, to-morrow on that of Lilliput. Last week her sleeves were ample as those of the right reverend bench, and the next, perhaps, they will fit as tight as if they were built by contract; and, on this special tenure she holds her popularity and fashion. In dress, the Quakers alone are consistent, and a pretty figure they make in the world. Consistency, again, is not expected in a wit, upon whom it sits ungracefully, while it cramps his genius: and, in a lover, it is absolutely conclusive against the reality of his passion. *Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea modo?*

Looking more closely to the subject, consistency will be found of two kinds. A man's actual conduct or thought may be placed in comparison with his past life; or it may be examined in relation to the sum total of his principles and professions at the present moment. He may be inconsistent with his former self; and he may hold concurrently two incompatible dogmas. Generally speaking, the former defect is considered as the most venial: but to this there are some exceptions. The most consistent life is at best but a series of contradictions. The boy and the youth, the lover and the statesman, the prodigal dandy of twenty-five and the "respectable" miser of sixty, scarce think or act alike in any one contingency. Yet as each of these phases of life is strictly natural, they are regarded with complacency by the world, provided they succeed in due

order, and observe their physiological fitness with some show of decency. Simultaneous inconsistency, or the disagreement of a man with himself at any one moment, has less mercy shown to it. If, like Cataline, he be at once *alieni appetens, et sui profusus;* or if he be only stingy in trifles, while he is prodigal of large sums; if he be proud and mean—a back-stair patriot—a sceptic yet superstitious; a "*tertius Cato*" yet a haunter of Crocky's; he is straight set down as "mad" or "bad:" that is, provided he has not at least ten thousand a year, and a French cook to justify his eccentricities. In matters of mere thought, there is more allowance for this species of inconsistency: and in argument, more especially, the orator may contradict himself as often as he shall think prudent. He may assume a fact in one sentence, and reason on its presumed falsehood in the next; he may adopt both horns of a dilemma; in short, he may violate every rule of logic, and thereby add to his reputation as a dexterous debater. (*Vide* Lords' Debates on the Reform Bill, *passim.*)

In theology, we see the gravest high churchmen employ authority and tradition against Calvin; and the right of searching the Scriptures against the Pope; thus, most ingeniously, making the Dissenters and the Catholics mutually confute each other. Casuistry, if not the invention of the church, is at least its favourite weapon; and in casuistry, all sorts of self-contradiction may be reconciled by a *distinguo.* The polemical writer is not bounded by time or space: he may place co-eternals in relations of dependency to each other: he may circumscribe ubiquity between four walls: he may confound freewill with predestination, and especial grace with universal justice. He may also explain the same text in opposite senses, and opposite texts in the same sense: and if any one presumes to dispute his right, he is held to have made his ground indisputably good when he has replied with a bitter invective, and an awful denunciation. Inconsistency is also the very sheet-anchor of the law. Contradictory pleas are made to support each other; and a criminal may, in the same indictment, be charged with committing the same offence in twenty different ways. The pecuniary interest of three farthings may be sufficient to invalidate the testimony of the richest witness; while a woman is permitted to swear away a man's life, in a case where her own reputation, and all that is dear to her in life, stands committed to the issue. This sort of inconsistency is admitted even in the very sciences. It is strictly allowable to hold one set of opinions as a philosopher, and another as a Christian; and a political economist is not damaged by advocating doctrines, which, if he were to advance as a theologian, would subject him to all the horrors of bell, book, and candle. This distinction between thought and action is too obvious to pass over, and it throws much light on the theory of consistency; but as I have already stated, it has its exceptions. It is not every inconsistency of conduct that is treated with equal rigour. A fox-hunting parson is an admitted *état* in society: and though none but the privileged can venture with impunity to accumulate external sanctity, with direct criminality, yet within certain limits, which are none of the narrowest,

> "Libertinaggio e bacchettoneria
> Stanno perfettamente in compagnia."*

The reason of this exception is clear. Decent vices befit decent professions; and it must be a very heinous sin, of which the scandal is not the worst part. Coarse, vulgar swearing, is not tolerated in a divine, because the church is a gentleman's profession; but a parson may transport a poacher, or send a beggar to jail, for default in paying his tithes, without impugning his good name as a pastor, or forfeiting his reputation for Christian charity. A knowledge of what are called "nice distinctions," will explain many similar exceptional cases: and this truly English science being

* Cant and corruption go together,
As birds still flock of the same feather.

among the very "*prima elementa*" of the *blandi doctores* of this happy land, no one of my readers can be presumed to stand in need of further instruction on that head. There is much even in a locality. The same thing done at Brookes' or at White's, with perfect consistency, may be marvellously incorrect, if perpetrated in a hell: and betting, which is legal at a horse-race, becomes a punishable offence, if committed in an adjoining tent round a little go. Observe, further, that there are certain inconsistencies, which are not only tolerated, but are even expected, *virtute officii*, from men in particular stations. Such are the *nolo episcopari* of a bishop, the *non sequiturs* of a judge's charge, an attorney-general's eulogium on the liberty of the press, and the like. The dean and chapter are desired to pray for the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, in their choice of a bishop, notwithstanding that the king's *congé d'élire* has already decided the question. But enough of this: for enough has been said, to prove that in this, as in so many other matters, men judge as they feel: which explains at once the real meaning attached to a charge of inconsistency; and gives the much-required fixation to this very useful invective.

By an attentive reflection on the foregoing particulars, the reader will have no difficulty in following me to the conclusion, that inconsistency is, or is not, criminal, *according to the side of the question to which a man rats.* Whenever the party deserts an old opinion (no matter with what good reason) against our wishes and interests, we are justified in esteeming him a turncoat, a *girouette*, an unprincipled scoundrel; but when from the most sordid motives, a man wheels round from south to north, and contradicts the even tenor of a long life, to quit the ranks of our opponents, and join with us, through thick and thin, he is a hearty fellow, a man whose judgment is highly to be respected, and whose honesty is beyond all reproach. It is in this spirit that we regard the converts *to* our own church as consistent witnesses to the truth; and censure the converts *from* our church as fickle bigots or dissembling knaves. The basis of consistency must be sought in the "*sapit et mecum sentit;*" and if time and place make occasional differences in the consistency of actions and opinions, it is only because the judges who decide are not the same; and their views and interests have a different scope. *Bref, donc,* consistency in religion must be taken as synonymous for orthodoxy; in politics, for partizanship; in morals, for compliance; and in literature, for community in taste with the critic. In elections, the consistent voter is the man who gives his voice on the right side, just as the truly independent elector is the man whom *I purchase* for ten pounds. With this interpretation, there is no longer any difficulty in drawing a broad line of discrimination between that versatility which constitutes the unforgivable sin, and that "openness to conviction," which is so highly meritorious and honourable.

The new principle here developed, I take to be not only singularly ingenious and recondite, but of infinite practical value to the nation, and as well worthy of a reward as the discovery of the longitude. In the see-saw of parties, the people have long been most vexatiously puzzled by the variations of language employed by honourable members towards each other, and by the changing spirit of newspaper leaders during times of difficulty. The mystery is here cleared up: and I am bold to assert, that this paper would make a very desirable appendix to Jeremy Bentham's Book of Fallacies, or to the Parliamentary Reports. But as nobody reads philosophy now-a-days, or troubles his head about last year's politics, I think it better to communicate with the world, through the medium of the *Metropolitan*, as the surer means of procuring a general hearing: that is, provided there be no Spanish war toward, no new revolution, no new tragedian, dancing dog, pig-faced lady, nor other green ass, to pre-engage and pre-occupy the attention of the most thinking people of civilized Europe. M.

THREE SCENES IN A STUDENT'S LAST ILLNESS.

SCENE I.

Heinrich on a couch; on either side, Hermann and Goltz.

Hein. (Starting up, as from a brief slumber.) Dreams!—sleeping!
—then have I lost the hour—
The precious hour of midnight! Lie ye there,
False, cheating phantoms, that have tempted me
Till my stretch'd, reeling, tortur'd brain became
A hell of quenchless flames! Baffled once more—
Deluded—lie ye there.
The lightning glare of your fierce, mute regard,
Falls harmlessly on me:—ye cannot scathe
The fearless mind—I laugh at ye!

Goltz. Raving still.
Then must we fear the worst! The fever gains
More strength as he is weakening; and Art,
When Nature fails, can do no more. He dies!—
But soft, his glance seems milder now. Heinrich!
Thy friends are by thee.

Hein. Friends! who speaks to me?
Friends! I have none—I know them not—the earth
Hath long since taken them. Out, fiend, avaunt!
Thou temptest me! Friendship! for ever thus
My hopes are mock'd. Back, back, I know
And hate thee!

Her. 'Tis bootless to address him.
O what a wreck is here! He knows us not:
Thy voice sounds strangely to his fevered ear;
And reason, by the shaft of madness struck,
Like the gor'd eagle on the mountain top,
Is winging far away a headlong flight.
'Twere better that he die.

Hein. Aye, better die.
Well said; but death is terrible—the mind
Can ne'er survive. Who told me this? Who speaks?
'Tis he, yon callous and contemptuous fiend,
Whose midnight supplication oft invok'd,
Amid the bones of charnell'd dead, my aid,
And gib'd at me when I perceived him false!
What dost thou here? I will not bear thee help—
I will not clasp that lean, lank hand again,
And call thee mine. Ah! what—who speaks to me?

Goltz. (Aside to Hermann.) Mark well his fancies. He has sought to be,
Or to perform, what man cannot; though much

He has accomplish'd. Yet, Hermann, mark the end
Of his vain purpose.
Her. (To Goltz.) Even so, my friend,
Thy words have too much truth. The tale,
A weary and a melancholy one,
I will unfold to thee anon.
Hein. (More wildly.) They pass
In slow review before me. Come here to me,
And sit thee down, and let us talk. Let 's tell
The secrets of the grave. They 're safe with me;
For I have search'd in dreary solitude,
And labour'd midst a host of enemies,
Who, jealous of their empire, thwarted me.
To gain—gain what? Dost thou then jeer at me?
By force I have assailed thee once, and now
To wrest thy secret knowledge from thee—swear!
Come on, false, treacherous fiend. *(After a pause.)* What, jeering still!
Goltz. His eyes upon the vacant air are fix'd;
His features by a rigid chill are blanch'd;
His teeth are firmly set. The fever's rage
Hath gained a fearful crisis in this fit—
One moment more, and we are left with death!
Her. No, no; a change, a blessed change: he moves:
His brow hath lost its rigidness; and see,
Life's freshness, like the balmy dew of eve,
Is mantling o'er his wan and wasted cheek.
Thank Heaven for this!
Hein. (Very faintly.) I should know that voice,
So heavenly sweet; and I should know those sounds,
Whose harp-like thrillings thro' the silent air,
Are to me now, as once they fondly were.
An angel beckons me! O beauteous form!
Where are my fierce tormentors? Gone from me,
And thou art here; and thy wild music breathes
A floating and a whispering harmony!
Smile on: a long, long age of happiness
Is heralding its blessings by that smile!
How blissful is this change! and now I feel
My soul's light pinion eager for the flight.
Thy look seraphic points to me. I come!

[*Sinks into a deep sleep.*

SCENE II.

Hermann and Goltz.

Goltz. Proceed, thy tale awakes my sympathy.
Her. He grew in grace, yet not the less in good;
Knowledge was all to him: he knelt to her,

And breath'd his prayers to her, and seemed to live
For her, the goddess of his vows; till thought,
From out the night of mental darkness, smil'd
A beacon ray to herald him the love
That sympathizing science rendered back.
He liv'd in a calm reverie: or read
Until the midnight lamp was spent, and morn
Broke on his heedless eye. Much fearful then,
Lest lonely communings like these might tinge
His fancy with a cast of gloom, to outward things
The powers of his ever-ardent mind,
From musing reveries, I strove to turn.

Goltz. What followed then?

Her. I spoke to him
Of many occupations. First, of those
That wore a fanciful and winning garb,
By intellectual charms to please the sense.
I told of poetry, a more than mortal art,
Whose throne is Nature's loveliness, her train
A galaxy of smiles—the fairy queen
Of Fancy's dazzling kingdom. Then I spoke
(It seemed to me a more aspiring theme)
Of spirit-stirring eloquence: of those
Who lov'd their father-land far more than life,
Who quail'd not at a tyrant's frown, nor shrunk
Abash'd beneath his nod. Amidst the wreck
Of prostrate nations, nerv'd by eloquence,
Thus arm'd, how dauntlessly they rose—hurl'd back
A firm defiance in a liquid strain
Of such melodious heart-appealing sounds,
As call'd on loit'ring courage, and infus'd
A patriot's ardour in a bondsman's chain!
This mov'd him sensibly.

Goltz. Did he say aught?

Her. Once he essay'd to speak, but silence chill'd
The rising accents, and he mus'd again.
Perceiving that he answered not, I spoke
Of death upon the battle-field, outgasped
In swan-like notes of triumph; but a frown
Pass'd o'er his lofty brow, and a strange look
Of unaccustom'd anger wreath'd his lip.
'Twas difficult to fathom the deep wish
His soul had garner'd there.

Goltz. Perchance
This silence brooded o'er the airy dreams
Imagination conjur'd up.

Her. Yes: at length,
By my solicitations urg'd, he spoke.
"Talk not," he said, "of fame—such empty fame
As blood, or pain, or treachery hath won.
Man was not made to prey on man—to rear,

From out the woes existence has, a shrine
For his false worship; or to mar this earth
He should have fondly cherish'd—he, the first,
The noblest work of all—creation's king!
These are base aims for him, whose lofty thoughts
Lead onward to their purposes divine,
Glowing thro' every vein, thro' every sense,
And bearing down mortality beneath
Their proud up-soarings. O! we should learn
To make the world the paradise it was,
To conquer vice by reason's powerful aid,
And be the noble delegates below
Of excellence immortal from above."
This, and much more, he said; and on his course
The pilgrimage of mercy went. Disease,
Despair, and desolation, he did tend,
Yea, nurs'd with a fond parent's tend'rest love,
And with compassion's softest lullaby,
Heart's affliction sooth'd, till it grew calm——
But why continue this?—suffice to say,
That misery look'd on him and liv'd.

Goltz. How long
Did he pursue this youthful task?

Her. Awhile,
And then a change came o'er him. First he grew
More sadly thoughtful than had been his wont;
For heretofore his musings wore a look
Of deep-felt solitary peace—the calm
Of an unruffled brain, that ponders well
And happily on many a vivid scene
Imagination pictures. But this gaze
Of peaceful contemplation pass'd away,
And, in its stead, a troubled restlessness
Bespoke the inward stirring of his thoughts.
Then turned he once again to science, and
Ne'er wearied on the pregnant stores of earth,
On medicinal herbs, and, strange to say,
On reft and writhing limbs of animals
Intently por'd.—But let this sad tale end,
For tears are trembling in mine eyes, as thus
I call to mind the past.

Goltz. Pr'ythee! say on—
The sun hath yet a short half hour to shine
Ere we proceed with Heinrich on our path:
Be speedy, lest he wait.

Her. 'Tis very brief—
What yet remains to tell. One winter's eve,
Cold as the morning of the year can be,
I watch'd him forth and follow'd him: he went,
By moonlight guided, through yon gloomy grove,
Fast by the vale beyond, and onward still

To the grey village church: his steps were wild,
Until amidst the monuments of death,
Within the dreary portal of a vault,
He disappeared.——I paus'd to nerve myself
One moment, and the next pursued his track,
With shuddering beheld his frightful task:
Beside a coffin was he knelt, whose lid
Upturned, serv'd as a charnell'd couch, on which
There lay a fetid and dismembered corse,
Yellow with death's last taint: its grinning head
All that told of life, bereft, he held,
And with a trembling hand that scarce could guide
The scalpel, turn'd and turn'd the wither'd brain.
O God! that scene! the atmosphere of death,
Whose dewy vapours crept into my heart—
The haggard aspect of my poor lost boy—
The tomb's still solemn solitude, that frowns
An ever silent fearfulness on life,
Unmann'd me quite; and when a deep-drawn groan
Burst from my heaving bosom—there arose,
In wild reply from him, a maniac's shriek!
I feel it now, shrill, shrill upon my ear!—
Enough of this:—thou know'st the rest.

Goltz. Be calm,
His madness hath o'erspent itself: he lives,
And though the frame be weak, his mind hath gain'd
Its empire: now away to him—the calm
Of evening suits the troubled soul. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

TIME—SUNSET.

Heinrich pale and languid within a bower, overlooking an extensive prospect—his two friends beside him.

Hein. Pause here my friends: this spot befits the hour;
I lov'd—I love them both; full oft hath day,
As even now, gone silently to meet
(While I within this perfum'd arbour sat
In meditation lost) the spangled train
Of sable night; gone beautifully forth!
Her dew-lit gems around her, and the smile
Of drowsy eve upon her; pause even here—
It will be ne'er again, for I am weak,
Weak as the tott'ring infant!

Her. Ah! he faints—
Support him.

Goltz. Thy hand, my Heinrich, here;
'Tis but a temporary weakness; see,

The hectic burns upon his cheek again!
Art thou not better now?
Hein. Yes! a slight pang
Shot through me, but 'tis pass'd—kind, constant friends,
Bear with me yet a little longer—soon
Your cares must end: nay, never weep for me,
Death doth not sting the confident in God,
But kindly helps the dying faithful on
To what they most desire. Yet wherefore speak?
At so sublime an hour of a worm's death!
Here am I but a stranger!
Yon fair earth,
Its landscape stretch'd before me, with the stream,
Whose silver'd, summer-whisp'rings blandly woo
Th' admiring wood above! and yon tall tree
So nobly bending to the wild blast's strength,
That many a year hath harm'd it not—the sky,
Vast, fathomless, and beautiful as vast,
Fit palace for eternity's great king!
Yon clouds, too, flocking to the gorgeous west,
As if to share the sun's last ling'ring smile,
Or be his graceful messengers to night!—
Our glorious altar shrine—are His, all His!
How strange it is! a month has scarcely gone
When even this calm scene, with all its peace
And more than tongue-told charms, had roused a storm
Of passion in my soul, and on my brain
Affix'd a signet-seal, engrav'd a pang
To mock, and tear, and fiercely torture me
By hope delusive! now 'tis wholly pass'd!
These doubts have perish'd all, and Faith at last,
Amid the wreck triumphant, takes her throne!
Who could think otherwise! think doubtingly
Of what an immortality conceals
From mortal knowledge, or could vainly ask
A question of Omnipotence? 'twas ill,
And yet, methinks, not wholly so: the work
I would have fain perfected. [*Speaks musingly.*
Her. He speaks as if alone—those muttered words
Tell of his former studies. I will ask,
But cautiously, their purport.
Wherefore thus,
Dear Heinrich, dost thou talk of doubt?
Hein. Ha! doubt,
Unhallow'd doubt—the foulest taint of sin,
Mortality's worst foe! but it is past!
Her. Did study baffle it?
Hein. Why, why recall
This weary, aching memory; I wish'd
'Twere dead—entomb'd within oblivion's grave!
Her. Nay pardon me! I would not give thee pain!

Hein. Forgive me, too, for having answered thus!
Is there a thought I should conceal from thee,
At this the evening of my life? not one,
My blessed Hermann; thou too, my kind Goltz,
Art worthy of my confidence, shouldst bear
The tale I sicken to commence: 'tis brief—
'Tis of a shipwrecked heart, of blighted mind,
Of strength that in its proud green youth preserv'd
A jealous watching—but is drowsy now!
Ah! I might tell, how rich was once my soul,
How fully freighted with the wealth of hope,
To the far distant port of happiness,
While gentle thoughts, like zephyrs from the west,
Bore the proud cargo on life's azure wave;
How on a treacherous shoal it struck, and then
From out the tempest's darkly fringing frown
How fiery scorching bolts of fierce despair
Hurl'd death upon the shiv'ring wreck! Alas!
What matters it? I die, as many have,
A martyr to a visionary scheme!
Her. Speak not of death!
Hein. Nay, interrupt me not.
The scheme was glorious, and befitted Him
Whose children are we—for it had its birth
From a fair atmosphere divine, of love
Begotten, to upraise the lofty soul
In communings with loftiness—to speak
In thrilling whispers to a weeping world
His will benevolent! Yet, were the means,
The instruments I used, unworthy it—
Unworthy too the artificer: this, this,
But not the scheme was arrogant. Mark well!
When the deep mental rubicon was pass'd,
The utmost that mortality could do, was vain,
Though science was my creature, flew to give
Her aid, though all her excellence was mine.
She fail'd, all fail'd me then—to the dark veil,
Yea, to the very veil of mystery
Whose curtain'd jealousy outhid from me
The rest, I madly came; but powers withheld,
By baffling arts invisible, the aim
Of my most maddened efforts—held my hand,
Denied me sense—e'en when I made the grasp
That should have gained and rent the mystic screen!
Thus ever disappointed, Hope began
To glimmer faintly on me, till at last
She faded—seen no more!
Goltz. There was not doubt in this.
Hein. Hear me again!
I would have moulded man a perfect race,
Angels indeed—have trac'd the hidden link

Of soul and immortality within
The closet of the brain—have deeply search'd
And deeply scann'd the secrets of the mind!
Enough of this—hence bitter weary thought
Of hours mispent, of life's gay visions gone,
Of ignorance, with pride of heart, as once
A well-divided sway ye shar'd. If life
Have bitterness with bliss, it teaches us
Of higher ends to think—far different,
Womb'd in the vastness of eternity!
Now homewards to my couch, for I am faint.
Goltz. My arm, my Heinrich—take my arm.
Her. And mine,
It long hath cherish'd thee!
Hein. Aye, very long!
But never, never more beyond to-night;
Yet shall we meet again, and happily.
Sweet, peaceful scene, farewell! there is a pang
In parting from thy loveliness—but 'tis
The last, the very last I have to feel.
Dear friends, our separation will be short! [*Exeunt slowly.*

LA FEUILLE MORTE.

Par Arnauld.

De la tige détacheé,
Pauvre Feuille dessecheé,
Ou vâs tu? "Je n'en sçais rien,
"L'Orage a brisé la chêne,
"Qui etait mon seul soutien,
"De son inconstante haleine.

Le Zephyr ou L'Aquilon
Depuis ce jour me proméne
De la forêt a la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon;
Je vais ou le vent me mêne,
Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer,
Je vais ou va toute chose,
Ou va la feuille de rose,
Et la Feuille de Laurier.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

Translated from the French of Arnauld.

Swept from thy parent bough,
Poor withered Leaf! where tendest thou?
"Forsooth, I cannot say!
"The fickle storm's relentless stroke
"Has overcome the aged oak,
"My sole and only stay.

"Westward and North since morning's dawn,
"The sport alike of every gale,
"I 've crossed the forest and the lawn,
"The mountain's summit, and the dale—
"I go were lists the wind!
"Devoid of fear, devoid of grief,
"I seek the common goal—where goes
"Alike, the vermeil of the rose—
"The verdure of the Laurel Leaf."

J. D. S.

We give the original as well as the translation, leaving the reader to decide which of the two is the more exquisitely beautiful.—Editor.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

History of Moral Science. 2 vols. Robert Blakey. James Duncan, Paternoster Row; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and Ogle, Glasgow.

Moral philosophy, a science that may be said to be placed midway between the abstractions of metaphysics and the working-day utility of political economy, partaking largely of the natures of both, yet holding a distinct station of its own, may be justly averred to have employed more useless learning, and consumed in its pursuit more valuable lives, than any other of the magnificent, yet futile speculations, that ever embarrassed the human mind. It would consume a series of long lives only to read all that has been published on this subject—a series of ages would not suffice to study it, and, as the reasoning powers are now constituted, an eternity would be too short to understand it. A thousand, and a thousand thanks, are therefore due to Mr. Blakey, for the useful work he has given to the public; a work which gives an abstract of the opinions of the best authors, and showing shortly what they thought upon the matter, gives quite sufficient information, without the bewilderment that the very operose lectures of the authors themselves would almost certainly produce. Justinian, by an edict, put down all the lecturers upon moral philosophy; and when we remember that it is to him that we owe the Pandects, and that the Roman law is still the text-book from which civilized nations derive the principles of their institutes, we must suppose that there was something more in the act, than the mere wanton display of authority in a tyrannous pedant. We think that it is Gibbon who informs us that immorality of conduct kept pace with the multiplicity of moral philosophers. The question of what is morality, like the abstract points and unfathomable depths of metaphysics, will never meet a satisfactory solution without the aid of revelation. Much praise is due to the author of this work for the candid manner in which he has given the opinions of the different writers on this interminable subject, not flinging about lavishly the epithets of "atheist," "sceptic," "fool," or "villain," upon those who may view things in a different light from that which he does himself. Indeed, forbearance is particularly requisite in considering a science where men of acknowledged ability have maintained a range of opinions, embraced between the two extremes, that every thing was ideal as asserted by Berkeley, and every thing material as maintained by Priestley. The author of this work has shown the wonderful similitude between Pope and Paley, both, in different manners, advocating the fitness of expediency. There is, we think, some undeserved sarcasms in-

dulged in against the doctrines of utilism; for it ought to be remembered that a real utilitarian will be as virtuous, as feeling, and as honourable, as he possibly can be, for he knows that in so doing he will make himself more an utilitarian. To conclude, those who read much, and those who read but little, are equally indebted to Mr. Blakey for the publication of this work; the former class will, by reading his work, save themselves much time for studying works more practically useful than those written by persons who dream about moral philosophy; and the latter, by being able to conquer, in small compass, all that is absolutely necessary to know about the matter. As a composition, the style is both luminous and elegant, not overloaded with, nor yet free from ornament, at once graceful, dignified, and philosophical.

Voyages to Africa, &c. By Capt. W. F. W. Owen, R.N. Bentley.

Africa semper aliquid novi offert, is as true at the present day, as it was one thousand years ago. The slave trade, that curse of man, has, during the last century, been almost the sole inducement to visit its pestilential shores; and commerce, the handmaid of civilization, is only now extending its beneficent influence over a few spots of a fertile, well-peopled, and extraordinary continent. Of eastern Africa, and its numerous and valuable islands, we knew little or nothing until the completion of the expedition which the pages before us relate to, notwithstanding the proximity and magnitude of our eastern possessions. Unfortunately, of this expedition few have survived, and those few appear unable, or too much depressed with recollections of the melancholy past, to afford a distinct view; even Captain Owen himself has shrunk from the task, and committed to a mere compiler a *few* of the journals or notes made by different officers during the period of their desperate and destructive labours. The result is, that with the most inexhaustible and novel materials, we have two volumes, which might have been more scientific, historical, and commercial, and which (with the exception of those voyaging to the eastern hemisphere) will be interesting to few but to the relations of the many who perished. Instead of attempting the form of a voyage, or journal like Cook's, the compiler or editor should have concentrated in one view all the particulars relative to the principal places visited, and a chart delineating the progress of the vessels. What, we may ask Mr. Robinson, has become of Mr. Badgeley's, Mr. Durnford's, Mr. Galler's, and others' note-books and sketches? We acknowledge fully the great value of that enterprizing and meritorious officer's, Lieut. Boteler, observations; but poor Boteler was more frequently picking shells off the reefs, and adding to his entomological collections, than deriving information as to the resources and capabilities of the country or islands visited. If Captain Owen would give to the public his acute and numerous observations on the policy and measures which our government should adopt in reference to Madagascar, and the whole of the eastern and western shores of Africa, we should indeed prize them as of national importance. It is disgraceful to the short-sighted policy of our country, that Capt. O.'s occupation of Mombaz, (latitude 4° 4′ S.) was not followed up; we should thereby have not only destroyed the slave trade along that coast, but formed a nucleus for our commerce, for which we have no station from the Cape of Good Hope to Bombay. This course is still open; or we might induce the Portuguese to give us up Mozambique, which is now a disgrace (excepting its magnificent fort) to a European power. We have not, however, room here to expatiate on these important subjects; if our government knew the national advantage to be derived from a settlement on eastern Africa, they would appoint some officer to

follow up the plans of Captain Owen, by which much would be done towards opening a commerce with the extensive and fertile regions to which these volumes relate, which we trust will direct public attention to shores of great fertility and beauty, that await the hands of civilized men to bring forth every blessing with which Nature rewards industry.

Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, British Envoy at the Court of Tuscany. Now first Published from the Originals, in the possession of the Earl of Waldegrave. Edited by Lord Dover. 3 Vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

As, from the character of the author, and that of the regretted editor of this important work, it must necessarily be read by all who have any pretensions to general education, recommendations to procure these volumes would be altogether superfluous. It is completely a library book. It is well got up, and the notices by the editor are carefully correct; and, to those who amuse themselves, as to who married whom, and what issue such and such a lord had, must be highly entertaining. The whole of these volumes is a satire upon the aristocracy. A more disgusting display of all the meaner vices, we firmly believe that no other class of men in England could have displayed, than do those personages that form the principal subjects of these letters. He has painted them vividly, we believe faithfully. Himself the sinecurist of four places, employing a long life in strenuous trifling—idle he never was—forms a pitiable picture, of the ornamental fringe that corruption so plentifully produces among those classes in which all public virtue should originate. With his position in society, and with his talents, had he been a noble-minded character, of how much service he might have been to his country; had he had even the principles of common justice, he ought not annually to have received so much money from the public purse, without exerting himself, at least, moderately, for the public weal. We ardently wish that these volumes may be read, not by the educated classes only, but by almost all that can read; and we think that they will extract from them a great political moral lesson, that will, in due time, be forced upon the attention of all, and to all bring ultimate good. As compositions, we do not think so highly of these letters as most persons who have passed an opinion upon them. They have about them a laboured facility, that seems to us very apparent; he intended them always for the public eye, and they remind us of that studied nonchalance, with which a great man bows in public, and that is so highly characteristic of many years at the dancing school. Some of Horace Walpole's opinions upon his contemporaries are curious, as they show in how different a light a very recent posterity holds them, than did this arbiter upon taste and belles lettres. He seems to have held Garrick in but little estimation, and Sterne in less; yet these two are master minds whose reputations are likely to outlast all recollections either of the politically profligate father, or the voluptuary son, that made the name of Walpole, at one time, so conspicuously notorious.

Great Britain in 1833. By Baron D'Haussez, a Minister of Marine under Charles X. 2 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

This is all fair. We inundate America with observers, who publish their strictures upon what they see and do not see—upon what they hear,

and upon what was never heard—upon what they remark, yet do not understand. Therefore we say that it is all fair, that a Frenchman should come and tell us how we live, eat, drink, sleep, and die; of course, the information will be new to us, and our gratitude should be co-extensive with the obligation. America is fully revenged. We are barbarians: there is no manner of doubt of it. A century—no, centuries—behind France in all the refinements of civilization. We have no native music, no painting, no sculpture. But then we have fox-hunts, cock-fights, and, what is more barbaric still, our courts of law. The trifling progress that we had previously made from a state little superior to that of savages, we are now retracing, impelled in the retrograde movement by the many-headed monster, radicalism. This is the opinion of a French ex-minister of marine. Burns said, we should

> "Pray to God the grace to gie us,
> To see ourselves as others see us."

We don't think so; for did we, we should be the most miserable dogs in existence. The best way to make others think well of us, is to think well of ourselves; so we intend most devoutly to believe all the good Baron D'Haussez has said of us, (it will not require *much* faith,) and utterly to disavow, abrogate, and spurn all the evil. The book is a useful book, we think it will become a popular one. We recommend it heartily. It will be a coat of sackcloth to put on occasionally, wherewith to mortify our national vanity; a draught of senna to purge away the megrims of pride; a shoeing-horn to draw on our feet the low-heeled shoes of humiliation, that we may henceforth walk modestly in the paths of self-knowledge. Monsieur D'Haussez, we take our leave of you with all the cordiality of good-nature; and while we leave you in rapt astonishment at the Roman and heroic sayings of little Henri Cinque, we will rub on quietly as we used to do, and woe to the nation that shall unadvisedly rub too hard against us.

The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden, with his Life. By PETER CUNNINGHAM.

The editor of these poems has done as much for his author as it was possible to do for one who did so little for himself. There is not much of the real spirit of poetry in the works of Drummond, his imagery seldom goes beyond appealing to, or employing the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, and his wit never rises above scholastic conceits. But still, we think, that Mr. Cunningham has done good service to the republic of letters in producing this book. Though Drummond will never be cherished, he ought not wholly to be forgotten, were it only for the sake of the melody of his verse, which, to have attained, must be to him a great subject of commendation, when we reflect with what rugged materials he had to work. We think that Mr. Cunningham has rated too highly the genius of his author, but it is a venial, nay, even a graceful fault; for if we take a writer under our protection, and reproduce him, as it were, to the world, it is almost a sacred duty to be jealous of his reputation; and when brought forth from the shadows of a fast approaching oblivion, we should place him in the best light possible. All this the editor has done, yet still he feels, as we do, that Drummond will scarcely become popular; but still he ought to be known, and that he may be so generally, and through the medium of this publication, is our hearty wish. We have looked through the work for some short extract, but we really cannot find any that would tell well with the reader. The best part of the book is the prose at the beginning.

A Vision of Death's Destruction; the Creation; the Last Man, &c. Poems by T. J. Ouseley. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster Row: Combe, Leicester; Dunn, Nottingham; and Harlow, Birmingham.

In our notice of these poems, we shall address ourselves to Mr. Ouseley, not to the public; for, as yet, the public ought to have nothing to do with them. The author has asked us to a banquet, but the viands are disgustingly raw. There is there all the material of substantial food, but nothing of the grace, the elegance, and the refinement that could make that food digestible to any but the voracious and uncultured savage. To follow up our metaphor, and, in so doing, the author must perceive that we think highly of him, he has not invited us to a lenten fare of trumpery weeds, garnished by Birmingham finery; but he gives us rich crudities, at which the appetite revolts—but as there is plenty at his board, there is hope of him. He says in his preface, "It depends on the reception of these pages, whether he ever makes" (*make*, we would have said,) "another attempt." We say, make another attempt, and withdraw these pages. You have talent—you have caught the genuine spirit of poetry—and, believe us, it is an acquisition well worthy of the most laborious culture. Your ideas are grand, sometimes vast, but very chaotic. Reflect, that violence is not strength; and that strength does not consist in piling the horrible upon the unnatural. You have been admitted into the fane of the Muses, (how few can make that boast!) and have lighted your torch at the sacred fires of their altar; but do not wave it about your head like a maniac. In very friendship, we say to you, re-write your poems. Throw your ideas first into sober prose; see that they are all consistent one with another; that they never soar beyond the regions of common sense; then get some friend, disinterested as ourselves, but more capable, and read your work to him in that shape; and when they have passed this ordeal, versify them as rapidly as you may—and may the Muses give you a good deliverance! You are worth advising. No one who reads your rhapsodies, will think of insulting you by saying, "Ah, well, all this is very pretty." You must do either much better, as your gifts lead us to hope, or much worse, should vanity and misplaced encomiums get the better with you against really friendly criticism. You cannot stop at mediocrity; but up, or down, you must go.

Montague; or, is this Religion? By Charles B. Taylor, M.A., Author of "May You like It," &c. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

Had Mr. Taylor been a little more mundane, he would have been much more effective. He is writing to improve a class, which he thinks, and with justice, of all classes, require the least improvement—the serious. We hope that his work will find its way into the hands of the more worldly, but its style is something against it. He could write an excellent moral novel, and perhaps, a still more excellent religious essay, but he fails to do all the good of which he is capable, by endeavouring to combine both in one. We recommend the work strenuously, as it inculcates a piety foreign to sectarian pride, and teaches the ascetic that cheerfulness is one of the modes of thanksgiving, not the least acceptable to a beneficent Creator. The scenes and characters of the college are vividly drawn, and the conversation upon the profitless course of education—no, we mean training—too often pursued at the universities, is in the best taste, and ought to be most keenly felt. Though we think, as a whole, that the work is too serious to become popular, yet we say, most emphatically, that it ought to do so.

Village Belles. A Novel. 3 vols. Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row.

Here are three volumes, rather prosy, about Rosina, *alias* Rosy, which make the reader somewhat dozy. We have commenced our notice in the true D'Israeli style, which the authoress of the Village Belles must take as a great compliment to her merits; for some she certainly has displayed in this work—gentle, quiet, composing ones. In the perusal it is hard to resist two impulses, apparently contradictory—to sleep, and to read on. Our first impression was, that the hero was to have been an artist. We rejoiced at the idea—we anticipated the glorious course that he would run, and, we are sure, had he been properly sustained, he would have put to the blush many a mailed warrior; for his victories would not have been soiled with blood, and his glories would have been as imperishable as the canvass on which they were displayed. Armed *cap-à-pie*, in the hands of a clever writer, what celebrity might he not attain! His painting stick for a lance, his brushes darts, and his palette a shield;—thus caparisoned, he would go forth, not to destroy, but to create—yet all this the author has missed. The painter would have been a hero good for something; but a gentleman was preferred, who is good for nothing but to swell out the story into three tediously pleasing volumes. We allow this work to have a good moral tendency, to be correct, and somewhat elegant in style, happy in the delineation of character, not by the broad outline and glowing colours of genius, but by the elaborate working of oft-repeated delicate touches; yet with all these merits we have, and many more that we have not, enumerated, we found the work too long; but that the class of readers who delight in novels may find it otherwise, we believe and trust, and to them we heartily recommend it.

Demetrius, a Tale of Modern Greece, and other Poems. By Agnes Strickland. James Fraser, Regent Street.

We concede to these poems the praise of a polished and harmonious metre, correct imagery, and an elegant turn in the expressions, which, though all these be not poetry, are very nearly akin to it. It would be difficult, through the whole volume, to point out any glaring fault; yet, at long intervals, we may easily cite striking passages—even beautiful ones. It is to be regretted, that the tale that our authoress has selected, around which to weave the tracery of her elaborate and elegant numbers, should be so very common-place. It is of the everlasting stock of which sixpenny stitched books, with a flaming coloured engraving attached, are universally made, and that are so rife at the shops of second-rate stationers. It is like a barber's pole decorated with a garland. Were the unsightly prop wholly covered with green leaves and fresh flowers, it would be well, but Demetrius allows the poverty of its support to be too glaringly visible. Had Agnes Strickland, (we are thus quaker-like, not from lack of courtesy, but lack of knowledge, as to the propriety of the prefixing madam or miss,) had Agnes Strickland fallen upon a more exciting story, we have no doubt but that her muse would have swept her lyre with sublimer passion, and the listeners would have felt a warmer sentiment than that of mere approval, or, at most, cold admiration. The songs in the larger poem, as well as the short pieces at the end of the book, are of a very superior order; and yet, we think, had the lady taken a little less pains to be so correct, she would have often succeeded better. Not to know how to use the literary file is a reproach—to use it too much, is a mistake.

The Buccaneer, a Romance. By the Author of Sketches of Irish Character. 3 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

This work has already been some time before an approving public, and has now attained a second edition, a consummation rare enough with the novels of the present day, the repetition of which, would, in general, remind one of the quotation, "A twice-told tale, vexing the ear of a drowsy man." This is not the case, however, with Mrs. Hall. Her tales will bear a repetition, and, at each reading, they will disclose fresh merits. She is decidedly a pupil of the Walter Scott school, and ably imitates her master. The principal character whose mind she has attempted to pourtray, is Oliver Cromwell; but she has overlooked one very pleasant and important feature, that would have afforded to her well painted picture considerable relief. Noll was a wag. We need not remind the lady of that well-authenticated anecdote of the canting warrior, when, in his council chamber with a few of his intimates, being at a loss for an instrument wherewith to uncork his wine, a deputation of long-faced puritans waiting without, Noll exclaims, as he and his company sought in vain for the article, "Our friends without think that we are seeking the Lord, whereas, we are only seeking a corkscrew." Old Noll was not half so bad as he is described by royalist historians, for he was the creature of circumstances, that controlled him, more than he directed them; nor by any means so good as represented by the puritans and democrats, for he was a thorough-paced hypocrite. However, he served England well, and taught kings a salutary lesson of respect for their subjects, that will never be forgotten. We think that Mrs. Hall has put him to a few ignoble uses in her romance, and has at times touched on the very verge of probability; but she has written an exciting story, and "gained herself a name" among the booksellers.

Sketches in Greece and Turkey, with the Present Condition, and the Future Prospects of the Turkish Empire. James Ridgway, Piccadilly.

A sensible, well-written work, which will tend to increase the flood of light that has been recently thrown upon the interesting countries of which it treats. It is full of well-related anecdotes, some of which are pathetic in the extreme; but Greece is the land of romance, of high daring, and of all those coincidences that are the parents of deep emotions, violent passions, and their usual attendants, misery and crime. The author of this volume has done England, and Europe in general, no small service in giving so deep an insight into character. Events are certainly valuable, and graphic descriptions of towns, and forts, and soils, should not be neglected by the intelligent traveller; but he who thinks and writes philosophically, will do more, he will do what our author has done, trace events up to their causes, in displaying the leading features of the minds of those, from the actions of whom the country must, in a great measure, take its destinies. That part of the book that is exclusively devoted to the Turkish empire, should be read by the merchant as well as the legislator, the politician, and the man of letters; for it conveys information that may be eminently useful to those who have to promote commerce in that quarter. We fearlessly state, that among the multitude of books that are daily appearing, and then sinking around us, this deserves to be kept by a liberal encouragement above water; and we most cheerfully buoy it up with our disinterested approbation.

The Hermit of Eskdale side, and other Poems. By J. A. M. R. Kirby, Whitby; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

We have only to put the reader in mind of the schoolboy of some ten years, attempting to copy in his writing book one of Langford's engraved, "Avoid bad companies," in bold text hand, and he will have a very commensurate idea of J. A. M. copying Sir Walter Scott. The words are the same, even to the dots of the i's—but how different! To rhyme, "I wean," with "seen"—and to write "for the nonce" and other little verbal antiquities, is not enough to entitle such verses to the name of poems. The authoress says she fears her pieces are too much

Sicklied o'er
With the pale cast of thought.

We wish they were; and not only her pieces, but many of those also that it is our unhappy destiny to notice. Recollected ideas, and idioms that poetry delights in, are not sufficient, even when assisted by polished verse, to excite the public attention, in these fastidious times. J. A. M. is well fitted to be the sun of her social circle—even the load-star of a provincial town—but she is not calculated for the meridian of the metropolis. From this little work we can believe every thing that is good of her—excepting that she is a good poet.

An Authentic Narrative of the Melancholy Occurrences at Bilston, Staffordshire, during the Visitation in that Town of the Cholera. By Rev. W. Leigh, A.M., Incumbent of Bilston. William Parke, Northampton; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

The interest of this work must necessarily be merely local. We notice it briefly, for the purpose of showing how much the severest visitations of Providence may be alleviated by an alliance of judgment with generosity. If the mortality was dreadful and soul-sickening, the philanthropy opposed to it was splendid and heart-reviving; and we doubt not, but that in the midst of this field of the dead, there was sown the beautiful seeds of that lovingkindness of man for man, that will hereafter be admired in the blossom, and enjoyed in the fruit of a really and heartfelt good will between the higher and lower classes of that district; the former feeling proud of the bent reeds that they have supported, the latter grateful for that support, which stood by them in the hours of darkness, and that saw them safely through the valley of the shadow of death. Mr. Leigh has drawn up his relation with the most elaborate perspicuity, and with all the elegance of which his very distressing subject admitted. We can well conceive, from his relation, that he is not only a good parson, but, what is a praise still higher, an excellent pastor also. May his flock long continue to prosper under his superintendence!

Tales from Chaucer in Prose, designed chiefly for the Use of Young Persons. By Charles Cowden Clarke. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is a purified translation of the almost obsolete verse of Chaucer, into a very simple, yet energetic modern prose. It is prefaced by a clear and not inelegant biography of the father of English poetry. The whole forms a most pleasing work, and as useful as it is pleasing, as it creates an incentive to young persons to study the original in its own peculiar yet dignified costume. What is done in this little volume is done well. In the name of the enlightened youth of this, we trust, improving empire, we thank the author for his work, and we trust that he will have other reward than the barren acknowledgments of us, his pleased critics.

Gleanings from the Scrap Book of the Author of Sydenham. Dalton, Cockspur Street.

These are gleanings in pleasant fields, and the gleaner has not hesitated to pick up flowers, as well as wheat, and here and there a somewhat gaudy weed. But what the compiler has picked up so easily, he parts with as freely. We will instance his little bits of advice to young men of fashion, authors, &c. But as advice must be sweetened still more than physic, ere it be administered, we are afraid the bitterness of the satire in these doses will prevent their being generally taken; and they will evince more skill in the practitioner than cure in the patients. The isolated thoughts in this small volume are neither so deep as a well, or as those of Rochefoucault; yet they are sufficiently valuable to be preserved; and it is something to say so much of any man's thoughts, in these very thoughtless times.

Pride and Prejudice; a Novel. By JANE AUSTEN. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. No. XXX. of the Standard Novels.

Who ever more gracefully garlanded with the sweetest flowers the brow of virtue, than did Miss Austen? She has made moral worth so lovely, that even the worldly sensualist must prefer it to meretricious and highly-decorated vice, as being more conducive to mere sublunary enjoyments, as well as being the earnest of something infinitely better hereafter. We may safely hazard the opinion, that this lady's novels will be coexistent with the best English classics, and not to be acquainted with them will be reckoned almost as humiliating as to plead ignorance of the works of Shakspeare. We think that Mr. Bentley should have given this novel an earlier insertion among his valuable collection. It deserves precedence as well as preference. The getting up of these volumes is very creditable to all the parties concerned; and we are happy to learn that the public patronage is equal to the pains taken to deserve it.

Valpy's National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture, with a description of each subject, and a brief Memoir of the Artist. Part II. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

We trust that this undertaking, when completed, will not be so voluminous as to prevent it being a pocket companion to the visitors of our public institutions. The critiques on the pictures are judicious, and the engravings more than sufficiently elaborate, sketchy as they are, to indicate the pictures, and give a general idea to those who have not an opportunity of visiting them. We hold, that the publication of this work is one step onward in the path of the fine arts, for the whole British community, *c'est le premier pas que coute,* says the French adage. We trust that we are far beyond the first step, but, as we advance, every step becomes the more difficult, and gratitude is due to those who enable us to advance even one.

A Father's Present to his Son. By the Editor of the Sacred Harp. ***And a Mother's Present to her Daughter.*** William Frederick Wakeman, Dublin.

Altogether a very elegant little affair. The selection that it contains is such, that, without being heavy, it is sufficiently impressive to the juvenile reader: and neatness and elegance form the characteristics of the outside of this truly parental offering.

Stray Flowers. JAMES CLARK. Charles Darby, 109, Fetter Lane.

This little book is little among the least, and we can sincerely compliment the author by saying, that when we come to the end of it we find it too small. Rarely, indeed, is that the case. Looking at the elegant binding, and still more elegant contents, we pronounce that it would make a very pretty demonstration of the initiative of love, in the form of a present from any enamoured youth to his selected fair one. Certainly there is nothing startling and "trumpet tongued" in these verses; they are what their title designates them, nothing more, in a poetical sense, than flowers—pleasing, glittering—and perhaps, fading, though the last, the "Beings of the Mind," seems to be something more of the perennial genus than the rest. We thank Mr. Clark for his nosegay.

A Journey to Switzerland, and Pedestrian Tours in that Country. L. AGASSIZ, ESQ. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

This book is valuable only for its utility. Had the history of Switzerland been omitted, it would have formed an excellent itinerary. The author seems only to have used his eyes and his teeth. We have a detailed account of all that he saw, of how he was lodged, and of much that he has eaten. Indeed, in these three operations he seems to have been so fully occupied, that he has had but little time to make reflections. However, he has given the reader much matter, on which to exercise his reasoning faculties, and, as we generally like our own thoughts the best, Mr. Agassiz acted wisely in not overburthening his work with much deep rumination. To those who wish to go over the same ground, as did the indefatigable writer, we repeat the work must be eminently useful,—and to those who do not—if they are not very fastidious, it will be certainly amusing.

The Van Diemen's Land Almanack for the year 1833. Hobart Town. Elizabeth Street. Edited and Printed by H. MELVILLE.

This looks like civilization. We unhesitatingly say, that for useful purposes, it is better than the Vox Stellarum of John Moore, physician. It forms, altogether, a very considerable volume, and contains every necessary information concerning the geography, climate, soil, and general history of this rapidly advancing colony. The type is good, but put up rather too closely; and the whole getting up very creditable to the infant—we beg pardon—the adult colony. This almanack, which we should regard here as a curiosity, may be had of Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

The Young Cricketer's Tutor, and the Rest of a Long Title to a Short Book, all about Cricket. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

If this book have not a large sale, parliament, we mean the cake, is at a discount, and hardbake is growing obsolete. In the days of our scholastic juvenility, when our hearts were much more light, and our arms nearly as strong as they now are, we often thought that we played cricket. We find that we laboured under a delusion. We did not know even how to hold our bats. If the rising generation should remain in such miserable darkness, the atrocity must lay at their own doors; for here is the game reduced to a science, and the laws and customs thereof, irrevocable as those of the Medes and Persians, clearly laid down, and amply commented upon. It is, altogether, a pleasing little work, both to those who do, and those who do not, play.

Valpy's Shakspeare, No. X. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

This number contains Troilus and Cresida, Timon of Athens, and the epicene play of Titus Andronicus. The illustrations contain the usual degree of merit that has hitherto distinguished this elegant publication; and as time, while he is adding his years to the sum of eternity, seems to add reputation to Shakspeare's writings, even the numerous editions that have appeared are not too many, though of the indifferent class; when, like Valpy's, the work is so excellently got up, it must be but a bare administering to the wants of the day.

First Steps to Latin Construing and Composition. ANON. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row.

We notice this little affair, trifling as it may appear, as we think it may originate great good, not only to the very young pupil, but also to the preceptor, as it will save him time, and peradventure temper. We think that a child of ten years—of what use is it teaching him Latin before?—could conquer this work in two months—and after that, most other books he would find easy to master.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Germany and Agricola of Tacitus, with an English Version and Notes, by D. Spiller, 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.
Select Orations of Cicero from the Text of Orelius, with English Notes, by the Rev. M'Kay, post 8vo. 10*s*.
Agassiz's Journey to Switzerland, &c. demy 8vo. 12*s*.
British and Foreign State Papers, for 1830 and 1831, 30*s*.
Herne Bay Guide, with three maps and plans, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Dr. Uwins on Disorders of the Brain and Nervous System, 8vo. 7*s*.
Voyage of the Amherst, 8vo. 8*s*.
Finch's Travels in the United States and Canada, 8vo. 12*s*.
Gray's Entomology of Australia, Part I. 4to. 21*s*.
Biographical Borealis; or Lives of Distinguished Northernes, by Hartley Coleridge, 8vo. 16*s*.
H. Coleridge's Poems, 8vo. 6*s*.
The Outcast of Naples, and other Poems, by H. Dalton. 12mo. 6*s*. 6*d*.
Johnson on Indigestion, 8vo. 6*s*. 6*d*.
Squarey's Rules of Court, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
The Philoctetes of Sophocles, with English Notes and Examination Questions, by G. Burges, B.A. 12mo. 5*s*.
Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, with the Improvements and Additions of Anthony Barker. Abridged for Schools. 12mo. 8*s*. 6*d*.
Valpy's Shakspeare, illustrated with Boydell's Plates, Vol. II. 5*s*. cloth bds.
Valpy's National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture. No. III. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Valpy's Classical Library. No. XLV. (Æschylus.) 4*s*. 6*d*. cloth
Memoirs of Baron Cuvier, by Mrs. R. Lee, (formerly Mrs. T. Bowditch,) 8vo. 12*s*.
Memoirs of the Court of Charles the First, by Lucy Aikin, 2d edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s*.
The Diary of Mr. John Lamont, of Newton, 1649—1671, 4to. 25*s*.
Luni-Solar and Horary Tables, with their application in Nautical Astronomy, &c. &c., by Janet Taylor, roy. 8vo. 13*s*. 6*d*.
Mothers and Sons, by the Author of "Hyacinth O'Gara," &c. 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.
Baptism Discussed in favour of the Baptism of Infants by Daniel Isaac, 3d edition, 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.
Rev. H. T. Burne, on the Person and Humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ, 12mo. 1*s*.

Brief Introduction to Astronomy, by way of Question and Answer, by George Lindsay, 2d edition, 12mo. 2*s*.

Concise Summary of General Geography, by George Lindsay, 12mo. 1*s*. 4*d*.

Vérités Amusantes et Intéressantes, by W. H. James, with English Translation, 12mo. 5*s*.

Cruikshank *v*. the New Police, 12mo. 2*s*.

A Treatise on some Nervous Disorders, to illustrate those Varieties which simulate Structural Disease, by E. Lee, 8vo. 5*s*.

Observations on Injuries and Diseases of the Rectum, by H. Mayo, 8vo. 7*s*.

An Essay on Inflammation, by P. L. Phillips, 8vo. 6*s*.

Alphabet of Zoology, by James Rennie, 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

An Analysis of the History of Joseph, upon the principles of Lee's Hebrew Grammar, by the Rev. A. Ollivant, M.A., 2d edition, 8vo. 6*s*.

Practical Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, by the Rev. R. Anderson, 12mo. 7*s*.

The Converted Jew, a Poem, by T. K. Verdon, 12mo. 5*s*.

The Boy's Latin Construing Book, by the Rev. W. Thistlethwaite, 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Selection of Psalms and Hymns, adapted to the Church of England, (printed at Leeds,) 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Letters from Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, 1741-1760, second edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l*. 2*s*.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The Pilgrims of the Rhine, by the Author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," &c, This volume will be most splendidly illustrated, in a novel and characteristic style. from original paintings made expressly for the work, by David Roberts, and E. T. Parris, Esqrs.

Deontology; or, the Science of Morality: in which the harmony and co-incidence of duty and self-interest, virtue and felicity, prudence and benevolence, are explained and exemplified. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham. Arranged and edited by John Bowring. In 2 vols. 8vo. The First being—'the Theory of the Social Science;' the Second—'the Practical Part.'

The Oriental Annual. This forthcoming new Annual is designed to present whatever is most grand and beautiful in the natural or artificial features of the Eastern World—commencing with India, owing to its immediate interest and connexion with this country. It will be published on the 1st of October, containing twenty-five Engravings executed in the first style of the art, from original drawings, by William Daniell, Esq., Royal Academician.

The Biblical Annual. New supplies of this valuable companion to the Holy Scriptures will be issued on the 1st of October.

A small volume, entitled "Reasons for Christianity," is just ready for publication.

Landseer's illustrated Edition of the Romance of History. This new Edition of the Romance of History is to be published in Monthly Volumes, each containing one plate, illustrative of its most striking and interesting scenes, from original designs, by Mr. Thomas Landseer. It will be commenced on the 1st of November, and continued on the first of every succeeding month until its completion.

The Geographical Annual for 1834 will include all the latest discoveries and changes that have taken place, and will be published early in October.

Biographical Notices and Remains of Alphonso H. Holyfield, for several years a clerk in the office of the London Missionary Society. Compiled and edited by the Assistant Secretary of that Institution.

The Magazine of Botany and Gardening, British and Foreign, edited by J. Rennie, M.A., Professor of Natural History, King's College, London; assisted by some of the most eminent Botanists in Europe. Each Number will contain Eight Plates, of the most rare and valuable specimens of plants, executed by an eminent artist, and coloured from nature. Also, Sixteen Quarto pages of original matter.

Part II. of a Dictionary of Practical Medicine; with numerous formulæ of Medicines. By James Copland, M.D. To be completed in Four Parts, forming one volume, uniform with Mr. Cooper's Surgical Dictionary.

An Investigation into the Origin, Religion, Manners, Customs, Language, and History of the Ancient Inhabitants of Celtic Gaul and the British Islands, including Ireland. Intended as an Introduction to the History of the British Islands. By Sir William Betham. 1 vol. 8vo.

Europe; a Political Sketch, and other Poems, by Mr. C. O. Apperley.

The Editors of the excellent little work entitled "The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction," have just completed the second volume, comprising the last six monthly numbers, and judging from the pleasing variety and interest of its contents, we may safely award it the same meed of praise so justly bestowed upon the former volume, as "decidedly the best work of its kind which we have ever seen."

The first Volume of a most splendid Library of Natural History, under the title of the Natural History Miscellany. Each volume will be the size of the Waverley Series, and will contain, for the trifling sum of Six Shillings, Thirty-six beautifully coloured Plates, with descriptive Letter Press. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Captain Brown, and J. B. Kidd, Esq. are the joint Conductors of this excellent work, assisted by the first artists in the kingdom. Such combined talent cannot fail of securing that extensive success and popularity, to which this splendid and astonishingly cheap publication is so justly entitled.

It gives us pleasure to announce that the very excellent system of Arithmetic which has been practised with so much success in Merchant Taylor's School, is now to be published for general use. Amongst the great objects attained in this little work is a very judicious abridgment of the labour of teaching and learning each portion of this necessary and most useful branch of education.

Sermons on various subjects, by Samuel Warren, LL.D. In 1 vol. 12mo.

Dialogues, Moral and Scientific: intended principally for Young Persons connected with Wesleyan Sunday Schools. In one thick vol., royal 18mo.

The Biographical Record: or, Sketches of the Lives, Experience, and happy Deaths of Members of the Wesleyan Society, in the Salisbury Circuit. By James Dredge. In 1 vol. 12mo.

Travels and Researches in Caffraria: describing the Character, Customs, and Moral Condition of the Tribes inhabiting that Portion of Southern Africa: with historical and topographical Remarks, illustrative of the State and Prospects of the British Settlement in its Borders, the Introduction of Christianity, and the Progress of Civilization. By Stephen Kay, Corresponding Member of the South African Institution, &c. In 1 thick vol. 12mo.

Two Letters on Tithes and Corn Laws. Addressed to William Duncombe, M.P. By Thomas Mease.

Ten Minutes' Advice to the Consumptive, by a Physician.

The Mother's Oracle, for the healthful and proper rearing of Infancy.

Counsels and Consolations for those in Trouble and Affliction, by Jonathan Farr, is reprinting from the American edition, and may be expected at the beginning of September.

The Encyclopedia of Romance; consisting of Original Novels, Romances, and Tales, conducted by the Rev. Henry Martineau.

In demy 8vo., printed entirely with type cast expressly for the Work, the first Number of a New English Version of the Great Work of Cuvier—"Le Regne Animale," or "The Animal Kingdom." This illustrious Naturalist, shortly before his decease, put forth a final Edition of his Animal Kingdom, and in so altered and improved a form as to give it a completely new character. This publication consequently has had the effect of superseding the old Edition, together with all the Translations made from that Edition, including the large Work published under the superintendence of Dr. Griffiths. The Plates, which constitute the most important source of expense, will amount to no fewer than Five Hundred; they will be engraved on steel, and coloured in the most beautiful manner, in conformity with the great object of illustrating, according to nature, those characteristics of animals which depend on colour. The advantages of this new Work will at once be demonstrated, when it is stated, that, for the sum of thirty-six shillings, the Version of a celebrated standard Work, richly illustrated, will be obtained, which, in the original, with its plates, costs more than thirty-six pounds!

A New Theoretical and Practical Grammar of the Spanish Language, in Thirty Lectures, by E. Del Mar.

A little book, which has been often republished, but is at present scarce, entitled, "A Present for an Apprentice," is now reprinted with additions from modern authors.

FINE ARTS.

Portraits of the principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels. **Chapman and Hall, 181, Strand; Moon, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall; James Fraser, Regent Street; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; J. Cummin, Dublin; Rittner and Gampil, Paris; and Wardle, Philadelphia. Part IX.**

We have, in this number, Lucy Ashton, by Etty, correctly drawn, forcible as to light and shadow, in countenance beautiful, with the exception of the eyes, and a good personation of the character that Scott conceived, in all but that the face is not sufficiently girlish. We know that artists hate the formality of the curling tongs, and abominate the culture of the hair-dresser, but has not Etty, in the chevelure of this portrait, carried his laudable enmity too far? However, like Dr. Johnson, we like a good hater—as well as good piece of art, *ergo*, we like Etty, and we like his Lucy Ashton. Janet Forster is very characteristic but not so pleasing a picture as the former. Ellen Berenger is well draperied, and spiritedly engraved; the hair too massive and ill-defined—but the portrait is, as a whole, interesting. Kilchurn Castle, by Copley Fielding, is a delightful view elegantly treated. The sky and distance are sweetly mingled, the water is placid and transparent, and the whole scene quiet and romantic. Part X. of the same work contains Catherine Leyton, by Landseer, which is accurate in costume, appropriate in attitude and sweetly engraved: the expression of the countenance we do not like—*de gustibus* &c. Mary Queen of Scotts, engraved by Thomson from a drawing by Wright, from a picture by Zacchero, is fairly of itself worth the money paid for two numbers; it is elaborately engraved, and the portrait is at once stiff, beautiful, and unique. Queen Mary was a lovely Mary even had she not been a queen. Scott says, "that her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that, even at the distance of three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the reader of the parts that characterize that remarkable countenance." If it were not so before, this will make it unnecessary now. The portraits finish with Hermione, by Paris—and finish like a rocket in a blaze of glory. We condense our remarks on this engraving in one word—"beautiful." We have still the romantic scenery of Loch Tay to notice, with its accurately pencilled foreground, its tender middle distance, and well-arrayed masses; whilst the sunlight comes flooding down upon the mountains, making a fair division of the scene into two parts, the one of brilliancy and the other of tranquillity. With this these portraits conclude. The parts have run their course triumphantly, and have reached the goal with *eclât*. We cannot praise them more (and they really deserve the praise) than by saying these illustrations are worthy the works illustrated. We are pleased to perceive that the publishers, having done so much justice to the prose works of Sir Walter, are about to undertake a similar course for his poetical publications, and, as we have no doubt they will evince equal judgment and industry in the coming as they have in the past undertaking, we confidently predict them equal success.

Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, with Portraits of the principal Female Characters. **Part XXII., XXIII., and XXIV. Chapman and Hall, 181, Strand; Moon, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall; James Fraser, Regent Street; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; J. Cummin, Dublin; Rittner and Gampil, Paris; and Wardle, Philadelphia.**

The portraits we have just been noticing. Part XXII. contains—Powis Castle. by Copley Fielding, from a sketch by Lady Lucy Clive; and two views, by Westall, All good both as to design and engraving. XXIII., has the Round Tower, Windsor, by Evans, and Dryburgh Abbey, by Roberts, executed in a manner to give as much pleasure to the persons who examine them, as they do credit to the artists severally engaged. The contents of Part XXIV. we have before commented on—and with this number, this minor publication also gracefully takes its leave of the public. We presume that it has had great success, for such ought always to follow hard upon great desert.

Sketch Book. No. II. George Cruikshank.

There is one most unpardonable fault in George's Sketch Book, which is, that it only consists of four pages, when we should have preferred twenty. We could not contain our disappointment when we found that we were so soon arrived at the end of it, something like that of losing a tit-bit, reserved for the very last *bonne-bouche*, either from the pilfering of some ugly little urchin who admires such practical and profitable jokes, or from the said tit-bit falling down on a dirty carpet. In this number we have more character than caricature, and some of the sketches are extremely elegant in design and composition. Archery, the ladies sketching and reading, are of this class. The most characteristic is the sailor sitting on the rail, (which is capital,) and the other, Dover views. Leap-frog is very happy. George has added to his great reputation by this little *brochure*, and we trust that the contents of his Sketch Book will be submitted to the public a little oftener. It will add to his fame, and to our amusement.

Illustrations of Modern Sculpture.

This work now assumes a form which promises to render it a very valuable addition to the fine arts. Three numbers have appeared, and the beauty of the engravings and type are kept up, if not even improved upon. The list of forthcoming subjects is also very interesting. In this number we have Arethusa by Carew, a very chaste specimen of the art, the well-known Venus of Canova, and a fine representation of Flaxman's best style in Michael and Satan. When the work is finished, which we now have no doubt that it will be in a most creditable manner, it will fill up a hiatus long acknowledged in the history of the arts.

Gallery of the Graces.

This work continues to support its pretensions to public patronage. The engravings are of the very highest order of merit, and the poetry is always better than most of the poetry of the present day, and very often superior in itself. We regret that our space will not permit us to quote some of the verses in this number. We will, however, just point out that the names attached to it are those of Wordsworth, L. E. L., and Alfred Tennyson.

The Lily.

This is the finest mezzotinto engraving that we have seen for some time, and we only wish the original picture was our own property. The grouping is admirable, the drawing graceful, and the face of the child (the lily) is quite *heavenly*.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The metropolitan press of every shade of party, has taken the same view of the commercial excitement that commenced in the spring, as ourselves; and we hope that the combined force of this powerful engine has had its effect. However, the rapid advance in the value of raw materials, uncalled for to the extent it has taken place,—by any real cause, cannot be checked at once, or without embarrassment, and that embarrassment in many instances is now felt. Since our last, many manufacturing houses have materially diminished their operations, because the high prices of raw materials have prevented them from making goods upon any other terms than those that will eventually sacrifice their capital. We know that it is asserted by clever men of business, that manufactured goods, taking the average, have not advanced above fifteen or twenty per cent., whilst the advance upon cotton, silk, and wool, averages one hundred per cent. This may be true, but to judge correctly of this assertion, we must carefully examine the present position of manufacturing industry in Great Britain, as compared with its state on the continent. We are quite aware that there are some advantages that British manufacturers possess over those of the continent, that may be said to be indigenous to the climate;

but the leading object of the present day is cheapness, and wherever that is not attained on a primary principle, trade will languish. It is of no avail to blink this question. It is not to our present purpose to enter upon a lengthened dissertation respecting high and low prices, but to deal with the question as we find it. The favourite project of one party in this country is high prices—high prices in the abstract, without reference to circumstances and the state of other countries; and we have no hesitation in saying, that a more fallacious principle cannot be promulgated. The commercial intercourse of the world is now unrestrained. There are no unnatural causes to check its free range; all countries are approximating in commercial knowledge and information; in a word, every state is more independent of its neighbour, and can help itself better than it could formerly, and therefore it would be almost as rational to look for high prices in the Strand, and low prices in Cheapside, as for high prices to continue in one country, when low prices surround it in others. It is of no avail to talk about manufactured goods only advancing fifteen or twenty per cent.; if they advance but one per cent., and that throws the balance of trade against this country, mischief is done, and the best criterion is the state of the exchanges, which have been declining from the commencement of the last month. On the 2nd of August the exchange on Amsterdam was 12,5. On the 16th it was 12,3½. That on Antwerp on the former day was 12,9; on the latter 12,7. The exchange on Hamburgh at the first date was 13,15; at the latter 13,13. That on Paris has declined within the same period, from 25,85 to 25,70. A considerable export demand for cotton twist has assisted in preserving the balance of trade, otherwise the rates of exchange would have had a still stronger tendency to decline.

It is impossible to calculate with any certainty, in its present infant state, upon the effects that will be produced by the system of banking under the new charter of the Bank of England; but that it will have an extraordinary influence upon the affairs of trade, no one can rationally doubt. One point, we think, is certain, that the present system has a tendency to enlarge the circulating medium, and thereby materially increase commercial activity; but, before we can pronounce that activity an advantage, we must know its foundation, and whether it be based on speculative or real demand. The clause in the new bill which makes bank notes a legal tender, excepting at the Bank of England and its branches, founded though it be on a metallic basis, still tends to remove immediate responsibility, and consequently to give encouragement to the directors to increase their issues; and the establishment of joint banks necessarily tends to make money more plentiful, because these new establishments, to obtain business and gain profits, must render facilities to their customers, and as a part of their system will be the foundation of branch banks in the country, ready opportunities for procuring money will be given to commercial men in all districts. It may be said, that the Bank of England, being still the only bank of issue, the circulation will be under the controul of the managers of that establishment. We apprehend that the Bank of England, in its altered circumstances, will be inclined rather to extend its issues; but however that may be, there is one circumstance that has a considerable influence upon the amount of the circulating medium—that is, in fact, part and parcel of it—viz. bills of exchange. These securities, in times of commercial excitement, are given to an extent that the public are but little aware of.

We have thrown out these preliminary observations upon the new banking system merely as precautionary, because we think a period is fast approaching, that will require the especial prudence and vigilance of commercial men; for in the changes that are passing around them, they will have many difficulties to encounter, and temptations to guard against.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 26th of August.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 210half, 12 half.—India Do., 240 half, 1 half.—Consols, 88 one-eighth, one-quarter.—Reduced, 89 one-eighth, one-quarter.—Three and a Half Per Cents, 96 five-eighths, three-quarters.—New Three and a Half Do., 95 seven-eighths, 6.—Four Per Cents, 103 seven-eighths, 4.—India Bonds, 29, 31.—Exchequer Bills, 43, 4.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Greek Omnium, 7 premium.—Belgian Bonds, 95 three-quarters, 6 one-quarter.—Brazil, 74 one-quarter, half.—Chilian, 26 half, 7 one-quarter.—Columbian, 24 half, three quarters.—Danish, 74 half, 5.—Dutch, 96 five-eighths, seven-eighths.—Ditto, Two and a Half Per Cents, 50 five-eighths, three-quarters.—Greek, 38, 40.—Mexican, 40, 1.—Portuguese, 89 half.—Ditto Scrip, 23 half, three-quarters.—Russian, 106 half.—Spanish, 23 one-quarter, half.

SHARES.

Real Del Monte, 74, 6.—Anglo-Mexican, 74, 10.—Canada, 54 half, 5 half.—Brazil Mines, 64 half, 5 half.—General Steam Navigation, 13 half.—Irish Provincial Bank, 35 three-quarters, 6.

Since the late excitement in Portuguese Stock, there have been but few extensive transactions in the Money Market; and English securities have been nearly neglected. Dutch Stock has been a good deal sought after for investment; and the present decline in its price will probably lead to larger operations in those bonds. The Bank has been selling Exchequer Bills, which has lowered their value.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JULY 23, TO AUGUST 16, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

July 23.—G. E. Clark, Bath, linen draper.—F. Pont, Surrey Street, Strand, attorney at law.—W. Brown, Wilmington, Kent, cattle dealer.—J. T. Hunt, Princes Street, Lambeth, bone-merchant.—J. Hart, Liverpool, tailor.—H. Legh, Shrewsbury, butcher.—J. Brecknell, Blackbrook Park, Monmouthshire, miller.—H. Hall, Doncaster, grocer.—J. and G. Jones, Tywyn, Carnarvonshire, cattle dealers.

July 26.—H. Lee, Little Windmill Street, victualler.—J. C. Stewart, Torrington Square, merchant.—C. Friend, Munster Street, Regent's Park, milkman.—J. S. Troutbeck and W. T. Clough, Darry Lever, Lancashire, manufacturing chemists.

July 30.—J. Hickley, jun., George Street, Portman Square, tailor.—J. Edwards, Crawford Street, St. Marylebone, cheesemonger.—J. I. Winstanley, Holborn Hill, hosier.—A. Denham, Chorley, Lancashire, tallow chandler.—R. Parsons, York, surgeon dentist.—R. Stamper, Torpenhow, Cumberland, drover.—J. Thomas, Worcester, draper.—T. B. Hayward, Liverpool, tailor.

Aug. 2.—J. Burrowes, Camberwell Green, bookseller.—I. Robinson, Doncaster, dealer.—J. Davies, Liverpool, painter.—J. Haytread, Silsoe, Bedfordshire, innkeeper.—J. Wigiesworth, Robin Hood's Well, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—S. G. Davis, Lower Mitton, Worcestershire, cattle dealer.—E. Rawlings, Bexley, Kent, tanner.—S. Notley, Newman's Court, Cornhill, chocolate manufacturer.

Aug. 6.—J. Gunner, York Place, Kentish Town, money scrivener.—J. Plowright and J. B. Bond, Great Surrey Street, linen drapers.—J. Latchford, Piccadilly, bit maker.—W. Freeman, Edgeware Road, plumber.—J. Ranger, Newark-upon-Trent, linen draper.—G. Pigott, Ranby, Nottinghamshire, corn factor.—J. Dent, Durham, draper.—J. Wrather, jun., Greenhammerton, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—J. Smith, Liverpool, ship builder.—H. Atkinson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, furnishing ironmonger.—R. Sutcliffe, Butterworth Hall, Lancashire, shopkeeper.—J. Green, Colchester, tailor.

Aug. 9.—G. Bridger, Jermyn Street, hotel keeper.—W. Palmer, London Wall, stationer.—J. G. and J. Lockett, Manchester, calico printers.—J. Murphy, Liverpool, builder.—J. Davis, Birmingham, victualler.—T. Berks, sen. Marlborough Road, Chelsea, tallow melter.—J. Durban, Bristol, cheese factor.—W. Dance, Redditch, Worcestershire, malster.—C. Welman, Bridport, Dorsetshire, linen draper.

Aug. 13.—H. S. and E Emanuel, Leman Street, Goodman's Fields, furriers.—H. English, Compton Passage, Compton Street, Clerkenwell, ironfounder.—J. Roberts and F. Woolfe, Gravesend, cheesemongers.—H. T. Rogers, Halifax, printer.—J. Lambert, Manchester, distiller.—H. Howarth, Greave, Lancashire, coal dealer.—R. Puttock, Billingshurst, Sussex, grocer.—J. Wattling, Southtown, otherwise Little Yarmouth, Suffolk, merchant.—J. Weston, Stoke-upon-Trent, surgeon.—J. Barnett and J. Devey, Wolverhampton, factors.—S. and J. Maggs, Cheltenham, mercers.—J. Pring, Gloucester and Bristol, dealer.—J. Jones, Chippenham, Wiltshire, grocer.

Aug. 16.—L. Wood, Tabernacle Walk, cow keeper.—H. Taylor, Bristol, ship broker.—W. Horner, Stamford, Lincolnshire, inn keeper.—J. Dudderidge, Whitechapel, woollen draper.—J. Barnard, Bristol, dealer in horses.—M. Whitmarsh, Wantage, Berkshire, corn dealer.—E. Rawlinson, St. Helens, Lancashire, alum manufacturer.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1833.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
July					
23	43-68	29,72-29,66	S.W. & N.W.	,25	Except the evening, cloudy, a thunder-storm in the afternoon.
24	39-64	29,84-29,99	S.W. & N.W.	,04	A shower about noon, otherwise generally clear.
25	44-71	30,16-30,22	W.b.N.& S.W.	,025	Generally clear.
26	42-80	30,23 Stat.	S.W.		Generally clear.
27	49-82	30,22-30,19	N.W.		Generally clear.
28	50-79	30,20-30,23	N.W.		Generally clear.
29	49-74	30,23-30,19	N. b. W.		Generally clear.
30	44-76	30,26-30,32	N. b. E.		Generally clear.
31	39-67	30,33-30,28	N. b. E.		Generally clear.
Aug.					
1	42-68	30,26 Stat.	N.E.		Generally clear.
2	40-70	30,23-33,19	N.W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
3	39-69	30,18-30,24	N. b. W.		Cloudy, a few drops of rain at noon.
4	39-67	30,28-30,17	N.W.		Generally clear.
5	39-69	30,06 Stat.	W. b. N.		Generally clear, except the evening.
6	41-67	30,07-30,08	N.W.& N.E.		Generally clear.
7	36-67	30,05 Stat.	N.		Generally clear.
8	39-68	30,02-30,00	N.		Generally clear.
9	38-71	29,98-29,97	N.W. & S.W.		Except the morning, generally cloudy.
10	39-69	29,96-29,93	N.W.		Rain accompanied by thunder in the afternoon, otherwise clear.
11	38-70	29,94-29,97	N.W.	,05	Except the morning, generally clear.
12	36-66	29,80-29,68	N.W.		Generally clear.
13	35-65	29,65-29,67	W. b. S.		Except the morning, generally clear.
14	41-66	29,63-29,69	S.W.		Generally clear.
15	38-65	29,72-29,78	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
16	37-65	29,81-29 84	S.W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
17	36-67	29,86-29,87	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
18	39-63	29,79-29,67	N.W.		General cloud, raining from three to six, P.M.
19	38-66	29,71-29,82	S.W.	,225	Generally cloudy.
20	37-65	29,89 Stat.	W. b. S.		Generally cloudy.
21	49 73	29,84-29,80	S.W.		General cloud.
22	40-65	29,70-29,80	S.W.		Generally clear.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

C. Terry, of Shoe Lane, in the City of London, Merchant, and W. Parker, of New Gravel Lane, Shadwell, Middlesex, Merchant, for improvements in making and refining sugar. June 26th, 6 months.

C. Terry, of Shoe Lane, in the City of London, Merchant, and W. Parker, of New Gravel Lane, Shadwell, Middlesex, Merchant, for improvements in refining and purifying oils. June 26th, 6 months.

J. Christophers, of New Broad Street, in the City of London, Merchant, for an improvement or improvements on anchors. June 27th, 6 months.

G. Beale Brown, of New Broad Street, in the City of London, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery for making or manufacturing pins of the kind which are commonly used for fastening wearing apparel. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 27th, 6 months.

C. Piggott Bancks, of Bewdley, Worcester, Brass Founder, for an improvement in the manufacture of certain culinary and chemical utensils and vessels. June 29th, 2 months.

A. Mitchell, of Brickfield, in the Parish of Ballymacarett, Down, in the Kingdom of Ireland, Civil Engineer, for a dock of improved construction, to facilitate

the repairing, building, or retaining of ships and other floating vessels. July 4th, 6 months.

W. Crofts, late of Lenton, but now of Radford, both in the County of Nottingham, Mechanic, for certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin net. July 4th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery called Roving Frames, for roving cotton and other fibrous substances. Communicated by a foreigner. July 11th, 6 months.

A. Applegarth, of Crayford, Kent, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in letter-press and block-printing, and in the machinery or apparatus used for the same. July 18th, 6 months.

J. Squire, of Paddington Basin, Engineer, and F. Macerone, of Upper George Street, Bryanstone Square, Middlesex, for certain improvements on boilers for generating steam. July 18th, 6 months.

J. Livesey, of Bolton-le-Moor, Lancaster, Paper Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the preparation of hemp, flax, and other fibrous material for the manufacture of glazing, friction, and mangle bowls, paper-makers' felts, and other purposes. July 18th, 6 months.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Mr. Rutter, of Lymington, already known as the author of a treatise on Gas Lighting, has obtained a patent for a new method of producing heat, which is certainly one of the most useful discoveries of modern science. In large furnaces and manufactories it will almost entirely supersede the use of coal. But its greatest advantage will be found in its applicability to steam navigation. The principal ingredient employed for fuel in this new process, *is water!* The only material required besides, is something in a liquid form which contains a large portion of carbon: whale oil, tar, or almost any thing of a similar kind, will answer the purpose. As these materials are introduced into the furnace simultaneously, and in combination with each other, the one yields its carbon while the other gives out its hydrogen, and a small portion of atmospheric air is the only thing that is then required to keep them in a state of perfect combustion. The whiteness and intensity of the flame thus produced can hardly be imagined by any one who has not seen it, and yet is so completely under management, that in one second it can be reduced or augmented as occasion may require. It is almost unnecessary to add, that it yields no smoke, and consequently the hideous funnel now used in steam packets may be laid aside. But the greatest advantage of all is, that steam navigation may henceforth be employed in cases where till now it was altogether impracticable. A vessel may be so constructed as to take on board, without inconvenience, a supply of fuel which would enable her to circumnavigate the globe!

A new Life Boat.—An experiment was made, a few days ago, on the river, of the efficacy of the new patent taken out by Messrs. Scheerbooms, for converting a common boat into a life boat, and it is considered to have been eminently successful. The buoyancy is given to the boat by means of wooden boxes, placed beneath the seats and along the inside of the vessel, and filled with a substance impervious to wet, and three times more buoyant than cork. The boat, so prepared, was upset half-a-dozen times, and righted by the crew, who had buoyant jackets on, without the least difficulty.

Cotton Topsails.—About a twelvemonth since, Captain Bizet, of Havre, tried the effect of using topsails made of cotton cloth, and which promised to be very advantageous. We now learn, by the *Journal du Havre*, that Captain Bizet has since made two voyages to Russia, and one to Norway, continuing to use the same sails, and that these experiments have completely realized every expectation he had been led to entertain, and established the superiority of cotton sails over those made of the ordinary cloth.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Royal Asiatic Society, July 20.—The Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, President, in the chair. Papers read: 'On Infanticide in Cutch,' by Captain Burnes. The author is inclined to think the good effects of our attempts to abolish this in-

human custom, have been greatly overrated, and has constructed from data carefully collected, a statistical table, exhibiting a disproportion of males to females among the children of the Rajputs, in Cutch, in the ratio of six of the former to one of the latter. As the number of boys, however, is very small, Captain Burnes suspects that the male offspring is sometimes destroyed as well as the female; he enters into some explanation of the origin and motives of this practice, and recommends caution in the employment of means to eradicate it. "A General and Botanical Description of three important trees found on the Malabar Coast," by Dr. David White. Two of these trees yield a resin called *dammar*, extensively used as varnish, and for similar purposes as pitch, in the East; and the third was usually conjectured to yield gambouge; but this appears to be erroneous; it produces, however, a fruit called the wild mangostin, from its great resemblance to that celebrated fruit, and is proposed to be placed among the *garcinias* under the specific name of *G. acida*, or *kokum*, the native name. At this meeting, the president presented a collection of East India papers; the Chev. Don L. de Cordoba, a richly ornamented Turkish musket; and Master Sullivan, a ball of hair twenty-three and a half inches round, taken from the stomach of an ox in Van Diemen's Land. Various other donations were presented, and the meetings were adjourned over the recess to the 7th of December. A very curious addition to the museum of the Society has recently been made by a native of India, Rámaswámi Múdeliar, Jághirdár of Sivasmudram, under the Madras government. In the transactions of the Society recently published, will be found an interesting account, written by Rámaswámi himself, of his proceedings in effecting a renovation of the sacred island of Sivasmudram, and improving its communications, by erecting a stone bridge across each branch of the river on which it is situated; and he has sent home a model in wood of the second of these two bridges, which is thrown across the western branch. According to the scale of the model, the original bridge, built entirely of granite, must be 1870 feet in length, including the windings adopted to break the force of the current. It is named, in compliment to the late governor of Madras, by whom the model was brought home, the "Lushington Bridge."

Scientific Meeting at Caen.—A scientific meeting was to be held at Caen, on the 20th inst., and to last five days. The sections are distributed as follows:—I. Mineralogy and Geology; II. Physical Science, Chemistry, &c., Secretary, M. Girardin, Professor of Chemistry at Rouen; III. Fine Arts, Literature, and Philology, Secretary, M. Aug. Le Prevost of Rouen; IV. Archeology and History, M. A. de Caumont; V. Natural History, Secretary, M. Eudes Deslongchamps; VI. Medical Sciences, Secretary, M. De Lafosse. The promoters of this meeting have alluded, in their circular, to the happy effects produced in Germany by the annual meetings that have taken place at Berlin, Vienna, Hamburgh, and Heidelberg. We must own, that so far as our experience goes, the chief benefit arising from such meetings, either in Germany or in England, has been to bring together, in a social spirit, men only previously known to each other by their writings. What hereafter may result from them can only be conjectured—scientific men differ greatly in opinion on the subject.

Horticultural Society, July 16.—A paper was read on the cultivation of the Chlidanthus fragrans. The exhibition comprised some plants of great beauty. We especially observed some new varieties of calochortus, fuchsias, roses, and hybrid pentstemons. The third and last meeting at the garden took place on Saturday the 20th instant; the assemblage of Fellows and visitors was not quite equal to the two former occasions, but the exhibition of fruit and flowers was very superior.

The Chichester Philosophical Society closed the summer session with a lecture on Geology, by Mr. Barton, and one on Botany, by Mr. Smith. The circumstance is only remarkable, from these lectures having been given in the open air, on the South Down, on the top of a high hill between Chichester and Midhurst; and they were, of course, illustrated by direct reference to nature. The situation commands a magnificent view; the weather was very fine; and all who attended appeared to be well pleased.

Zoological Society, August 1.—N. A. Vigors, Esq. in the chair. The monthly report of the council stated the cash receipts for the month of July to be 2517*l* 11*s*.; and the number of visitors to the garden and museum, 40,280. The secretary announced, that the first part of the "Transactions of the Society" would be ready for delivery by the middle of August; and handsome, but as yet incomplete, specimens of the work were laid upon the table for examination.

The Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution held a quarterly general meeting on Monday evening, and we were most happy to find, from the Report of the Committee, that the prospects of the Institution are favourable; a considerable accession of members had taken place during the quarter, and a greater increase is confidently anticipated. Donations of books, money, &c., had been received, and the arrangements for the quarterly course of lectures could not fail to give satisfaction to the members, comprising as it did the names of Mr. Wallis, Mr. Hemming, Drs. Mitchell, Southwood Smith, and Copland; Mr. T. Phillips, Mr. Culverwell, &c.; all of whom have most liberally given their valuable assistance to this infant Institution. We are gratified to learn that a Literary and Scientific Institution has been established, under the patronage of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, in the town of Youghal, for the purpose of diffusing elementary science by means of lectures, improving taste by exhibitions in the arts, and directing general attention to the natural productions and geological structure of the south of Ireland.

The Dramatic Author's Society.—It may perhaps be doubtful how far (if at all) those proceedings of this Society which relate solely to the rate of remuneration which authors are to receive for the right of representation of their pieces, are legitimate subjects for newspaper discussion; but we imagine that there can be little or no objection, on the part of the authors, while they are reported correctly. We have repeatedly seen little chit-chat paragraphs upon this subject, and cannot call to mind one single occurrence which has been correctly stated. We are quite aware that the misrepresentations have been unintentional, for the articles have all been written in a good-natured and friendly strain; but it is a pity that those who mean well should be perpetually misled. It has been stated that Mr. Kenney had received payment for his 'Masaniello' for the one night only on which it was played at Covent Garden for Madam Vestris's benefit; that Mr. Bunn had refused payment for the other two performances; and that Mr. Kenney's action against him (Mr. Bunn) for such payment, would be the first action brought under the new Dramatic Act. Now this is quite a mistake; Mr. Bunn neither refuses nor disputes Mr. Kenney's claim;—on the contrary, he has admitted it in full; but he has not paid it, because he claims a balance against Mr. Kenney upon some unsettled account between him (Mr. K.) and Captain Polhill. With the correctness or otherwise of this claim, neither we nor the public have anything to do. Mr. Kenney's right is frankly admitted; and the amount is to be placed to his credit in account.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—September 1, 1833.

House of Lords, July 22.—The third reading of the Thelluson Estate Bill was opposed by Lord Harrowby, Lord Eldon, and the Earl of Wicklow; and supported by the Marquis of Salisbury and the Lord Chancellor. The House divided: for the third reading, 87—against, 20—majority, 67. The Bill was passed.—Nineteen clauses of the Irish Church Temporalities Bill were agreed to with slight amendments; at the 20th clause Lord Ellenborough moved the adjournment, which was agreed to, and the House resumed.

July 23.—On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the Bankruptcy Court Bill was read a second time.—The House again went into Committee on the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, and the clauses, from the 20th to the 31st inclusive, were agreed to without opposition. On clause 32 the House divided on an amendment, when there appeared: contents, 76—non-contents, 90—majority in favour of ministers, 14. The clause was then agreed to. The other clauses were proceeded with, and after some remarks and verbal amendments, clauses 33 to 40 inclusive were adopted. Clauses 41 and 42 were postponed. Clauses 43 to 47 inclusive were adopted. The House then resumed, and the Chairman obtained leave to sit again on Wednesday.

July 24.—House in Committee on the Irish Church Temporalities Bill.—On clause 76 Lord Carbery moved an amendment, giving a discretionary power to the Commissioners to advance money for the building of churches or chapels of ease. The clause, as amended, was then agreed to, as were also clauses 77 and 78, after which the House resumed.

July 25.—The House went into Committee on the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, and proceeded without opposition as far as the 117th clause, (which gives the power to the Commissioners to suspend livings, where there had been no service

performed for three years, and to appropriate the revenue,) on which Lord Wynford proposed an amendment to the effect that such power should be transferred to the bishop of the diocese.—The Marquis of Lansdown and Lord Plunkett opposed the amendment; on which the Committee divided: contents, 84—non-contents, 82—majority against ministers, 2.—Earl Grey then moved that the House should resume, which was objected to by Lord Kenyon, who wished to proceed with the Bill. The House then resumed.

July 26.—In the Committee on the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, all the remaining clauses of the Bill, some postponed clauses, and the schedules, were agreed to.—The Earl of Haddington, however, objected to the proposed unions of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross; and intimated that on the report he should propose an amendment of this part of the schedule. The report was then ordered to be received on Monday, and their Lordships forthwith adjourned.

July 29.—The report of the Irish Church Temporalities Bill was brought up, and Earl Grey moved that it be received. The Bill was ordered to be read a third time on Tuesday.

July 30.—The Marquis of Londonderry brought forward his promised motion for further information respecting the blockade of Portugal, and complained that the government of this country had acted respecting it in a most partial, unjust, and unpardonable manner. He also complained of the conduct of a Royal Duke, in presiding at a meeting regarding Admiral Napier—a meeting to consider of the means of rewarding and remunerating an officer who had gone into the service of Don Pedro against the laws of the country, and had been dismissed his Majesty's service.—Earl Grey repeated that there was ample ground to warrant the sending of the notification of the blockade to Lloyds'. The motion was ultimately withdrawn. —Earl Grey moved the third reading of the Irish Church Temporalities Bill.—The Earl of Eldon and the Earl of Longford opposed it.—The Duke of Wellington objected to many of its provisions; but considering the state of the clergy in Ireland, from the refusal of tithes, he could not oppose the passing of the measure. After which their Lordships divided on the motion that the Bill be read a third time: contents, present, 70, proxies, 65, 135—non-contents, present, 50, proxies, 31, 81—majority, 54. The Bill was passed, and the House adjourned till Thursday.

August 1.—Lord Bexley moved the second reading of the Jewish Civil Disabilities' Bill.—The Archbishop of Canterbury moved an amendment that it be read a second time that day six months.—The Archbishop of Dublin supported the Bill.—The Bishop of London opposed the Bill, in order to uphold the Christian character of the constitution.—The Bishop of Chichester said the Jews were the elder brothers of Christians, and it was believed they would ultimately be converted to Christianity.—The Lord Chancellor ably supported the Bill, and contended that all such restrictions operated to exclude men of conscientious feelings, and to admit those who were willing to practise hypocrisy. The House then divided on the question that the Bill be now read a second time, when there appeared: contents, present, 29, proxies, 25, 54—non-contents, present, 44, proxies, 60, 104—majority against the second reading, 50.

August 2.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved the second reading of the Dramatic Performances Bill, and spoke at considerable length in support of it.—The Bishop of London opposed the Bill, and denied that theatrical amusements tended to improve the people. He objected, too, that the theatres infringed the Sabbath by continuing their performances after midnight on Saturdays. The House divided: for the Bill, 15—against it, 19—majority, 4. The Bill was consequently lost.

August 5.—After the presentation of two petitions by Lord Ellenborough and Lord Shaftesbury against the East India Company's Charter Bill, the Marquis of Lansdowne moved that the Bill be committed, when clauses from 1 to 48 were agreed to with some verbal amendments.

August 6.—The Scotch and Irish Vagrants' Bill went through a Committee; and, on the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the amendments of the House of Commons to the Thelluson Estate Bill were agreed to.—The Marquis of Westminster gave notice, that, unless some other person took up the subject, he should next session move for leave to bring in a Bill to remove the Civil Disabilities of the Jews; and that he should also move, in the next session, that their Lordships' privilege of voting by proxy, to which he had always been opposed, should be no longer continued.

August 7.—The House went into Committee on the East India Company's Charter Bill. The remaining clauses of the Bill, together with the preamble, were agreed to. The Bill to be read a third time on Friday.—The Slavery Abolition Bill was brought up from the Commons, and read a first time; the second reading to take place on Monday.

August 8.—The Commons were invited to a conference on the subject of an amendment made by them in the Law Amendment Bill, and in which their Lordships did not concur. The conference terminated in a communication that the Commons would not insist upon the amendment. The object of the amendment was to abolish Good Friday as a holiday in courts of law.—The report of the East India Company's Charter Bill was received *pro formâ*, and ordered to be taken into further consideration on Friday, the Duke of Wellington suggesting that time should be given for the East India Company to consider the amendments that had been made in the Bill.

August 9.—The Lord Chancellor postponed the Bill for regulating the law of patents till next session.—On the further consideration of the report of the East India Company's Charter Bill, some amendments were made on the motion of the Marquis of Lansdowne. One of these continues the holders of Carnatic stock in the same situation in which they stand at present, and another makes it imperative on the Governor-General to send home whatever regulations he may frame on the subject of slavery previous to carrying such regulations into execution.—The Earl of Aberdeen proposed to place the limitable loan creditors on the same footing as the Carnatic creditors, but Lord Lansdowne refused to accede to the proposition, and the Noble Earl withdrew it.—The report of the Bill as amended was agreed to; the Bill as amended ordered to be printed, and the third reading fixed for Wednesday next.

August 12.—The Earl of Ripon moved the second reading of the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill.—Lord St. Vincent opposed the Bill, which was supported by Lord Clifford, and was then read a second time without a division.

August 13.—The Sugar Refining Bill, and the Separatist's Affirmation Bill, severally went through a Committee.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Scotch Burgh Bill. The Bill was read a second time; to be committed on Thursday. On the motion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the third reading of the East India Charter Bill was postponed till Friday.

August 14.—On the motion of the Earl of Ripon the House resolved into Committee on the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill.—The Duke of Wellington proposed an amendment to prevent the children of slaves made free by the operation of this clause being considered as free except as under the provisions of this Act.—The Lord Chancellor defended the clause as it stood. With respect to the issue of slaves or apprenticed labourers made free in this manner, if they were born before the passing of the Act, then they would come under its provisions as slaves until they were released. The object of the clause was to make the black, from the moment he arrived on the shores of this country, a free man in all respects, to make him eligible to sit in Parliament. It was to give to the man of colour as clear a right (if it should be his Majesty's pleasure to give him a title to a seat) to sit in that House as either of the illustrious Dukes, whether the Noble Duke (Wellington) who was illustrious by his deeds, or the illustrious Duke (Cumberland) who was so by the courtesy of the House.—The Duke of Cumberland rose to order. He was not aware that he had said anything in the course of the debate to warrant the attack made on him.—The Earl of Ripon defended the clause, and after some further discussion, their Lordships divided, when there appeared—for the original clause, 23; for the amendment, 12—majority, 11. Other clauses were agreed to, and the Bill ordered to be re-committed on Thursday.

August 15.—The Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.—The House resolved into Committee on the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill, and the remaining clauses were agreed to with some slight alterations. The House resumed, the Bill was reported, and the Report ordered to be taken into further consideration on Monday.

August 16.—On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the Real Property Bill was read a second time. To be committed on Saturday.—The Irish Grand Juries' Bill went through a Committee. The Report to be received on Monday.—The third reading of the East India Charter Bill was postponed till Monday, in order to allow of certain formal alterations being made at the suggestion of the East India Company.—The China Trade Bill was referred to a Select Committee.

House of Commons, July 22.—Mr. Stanley moved the second reading of the West India Slavery Abolition Bill. After an extended conversation, the Bill was read a second time.—On the report of the East India Charter Bill being brought up, a clause which gives the courts power to admit barristers, advocates, and attorneys to practise without licence from the East India Company,—and another clause requiring the Company to lay before Parliament a full statement of their finances within fourteen days after the 1st of May in each year, were added to the Bill, on the motion of Mr. C. Grant. The report was then received, and the Bill ordered to be read a third time on Friday.—Mr. Grant moved the third reading of the Jewish Civil Disabilities Bill, which was opposed by Mr. Finch, Mr. C. Bruce, Sir C. Burrell, and others. The House divided:—for the third reading, 189—against it, 52—majority, 137.—The Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 23.—Mr. H. Hughes postponed his motion relating to the Benchers of the Inner Temple, and the application of D. W. Harvey, Esq., until the 14th of August.—Mr. Tennyson moved for leave to bring in a Bill for shortening the duration of Parliaments. When the Noble Lord had brought forward the Reform Bill, he stated that the questions of the vote by ballot and of shortening the duration of Parliaments should be left open to future consideration. The Noble Lord did not shut the door against the repeal of the Septennial Act; and he (Mr. T.) thought it was most desirable that the House should now consider it, not as a party question, but as one of great constitutional importance. In the course of the one hundred and seventeen years which had elapsed since the passing of the Septennial Act, there had been twenty-two Parliaments; being an average of duration of rather more than five years each. Fifteen, however, of those Parliaments had occupied ninety-one years, thus averaging above six years each. Since the passing of that Act a general corruption had taken place, both within the walls of that House, and among the people generally. There was now an almost universal conviction amongst all classes, that the term of seven years was too long for the duration of a Parliament. A shorter time ought to be fixed, in order that the representative might be sooner sent back to ascertain the wishes of his constituents, and to answer to them for his conduct. The Septennial Act was passed for a particular purpose, and had been extended to all future Parliaments. The Bill would consist of two parts—the one repealing the Septennial Act, the other assigning the term to which the existence of Parliaments should henceforward be restricted; the blank for which term, however, would be left to be filled up in the Committee on the Bill.—Mr. Hume seconded the motion, advocating triennial Parliaments.—Lord Althorp appealed to the House, to say whether a motion so important ought to be introduced on the 23d of July? It was impossible that it could be fully discussed at such a period of the session.—He moved the previous question.—Mr. Cobbett said the country was not too much satisfied, either with that House or with Ministers, and that if this motion were carried, it might go far to restore the confidence of the people. He was in favour of the old English custom of having a Parliament in every year, but should nevertheless vote for the present motion. Hon. Members had been restrained from introducing measures which they deemed essential to the welfare of the people, from a fear of a collision with the Lords. But they need not dread any collision in this matter; for here the people and the Lords were on one side, and that House on the other. Let that House but carry up to the Lords such a Bill as that now proposed, and he would venture to say there would be no collision; there would be a bidding between the two Houses to see which should be forwardest.—Mr. O Connell, Major Beauclerk, and Sir F. Ferguson supported the motion; after which Mr. Tennyson replied, and the House divided:—for the motion, 164—against it, 213—majority, 49.—The China Trade Bill was read a second time.

July 24.—On the question that the House resolve into Committee on the Slavery Abolition Bill, Mr. Clay moved as an amendment, that it was expedient immediately to permit the importation of foreign sugar for the purpose of refining for exportation.—Lord Althorp complained that the mode of effecting this desirable object was not also defined.—Mr. Clay withdrew his motion.—On the motion for the committal of the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill, Mr. F. Buxton moved, as an instruction to the Committee, "That they shall not, for the sake of the pecuniary interest of the masters, impose any restraint or obligation on the negro which shall not be necessary for his own welfare, and for the general peace and order of society; and that they shall limit the duration of any temporary restrictions which may be imposed on the freedom of the negroes, to the shortest perod that may be necessary to establish, on

just principles, the system of free labour for adequate wages." He contended, on the authority of Mr. Canning, and of Mr. Stanley himself, that it was worse than a mockery to trust to the masters of slaves in what concerns legislation for slavery; and yet, in this Bill he found no less than twenty-nine subjects relating to the feeding, clothing, and government of the negroes, had been expressly assigned to the Colonial Legislatures.—Lord Althorp defended the plan.—Mr. O'Connell strongly condemned it.—Mr. Bernal contended that the House ought to have declared the principle of emancipation and compensation, and to have left the details to the colonial legislatures.—Mr. F. Buxton replied, after which the House divided. For the original motion, 158—for the amendment 151—majority 7. The House then went into Committee, *pro formâ*. The House resumed. The Chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on Thursday.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer moved the third reading of the Dramatic Performances Bill.—Mr. Rotch moved an amendment that it be read a third time that day six months. He considered the subject unworthy the attention of the legislature. A theatre only brought together a set of unfortunate outcasts, who had no other means of existence, and yet it was for such a class that they were called upon to legislate. The House divided, when there appeared—for the third reading 38—against it 7—majority 31. Mr. E. L. Bulwer proposed a clause, providing that, within the limits of the City of London, the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen should exercise the right of licensing theatres in the same manner as it was given by the Bill to the Lord Chamberlain. It was adopted and added to the Bill.—The Bill was then passed.

July 25.—On the motion for going into Committee on the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill, Mr. F. Buxton asked whether the government was prepared to reduce the term of apprenticeship.—Mr. Stanley asked what duration the Hon. Member would recommend.—Mr. F. Buxton thought it should not exceed one year.—Mr. Stanley entirely dissented.—Mr. Ruthven thought the period should be limited to one year.—The House resolved into Committee, and Mr. Stanley stated that after the division on Wednesday night, and bowing to the opinions of the House, it was deemed expedient by the Government, instead of retaining the period for prædial apprenticeship twelve years, and non-prædial apprenticeship seven years, to confine the former to seven years, and the term of the latter to five years. Indeed he might say that the periods would virtually be reduced to six and four years, because, by the new arrangement, the plan would come into operation in 1833 in place of 1834, and the time would end in 1840 in place of 1845.—Lord Sandon complained that the diminution of the term was a breach of faith with the West Indian body.—Mr. Stanley said the Government were only bound to propose the term of twelve years to Parliament, they could not compel them to accede to it.—Mr. Stewart and Mr. Marryat regretted the alteration. The amendment was agreed to, the Chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again the same day.—It was agreed, after considerable discussion, that the blank in the first clause of the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill should be filled up with the words 1st of June, 1834. Clause 5 was agreed to. On the 6th clause, it was moved that the blank should be filled up with the words 1st of June, 1840.—Mr. F. Buxton contended that the term was much too long, and moved an amendment to substitute, "1st June, 1836."—Mr. Hardy seconded the amendment.—Lord Althorp opposed the amendment.—Dr. Lushington supported it.—Lord Morpeth and Col. Torrens supported the original motion.—Mr. Buckingham condemned the apprenticeship plan altogether—Mr. Pease and Mr. Strickland supported the amendment. The Committee divided on the original motion. Ayes 206—noes 89—majority for ministers 117. Clause 7 was agreed to. Clause 8 was also agreed to, after which the House resumed.—The Stage-Coach Amendment Bill was passed.

July 27.—The East India Company's Charter Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 30.—Mr. Roebuck, pursuant to notice, rose to move a resolution, that the House would, with the smallest delay possible, consider the means of establishing a system of National Education. The Hon. and Learned Member detailed the arrangements necessary for carrying his plan into effect, and concluded by reading his resolution.—Mr. Grote seconded the motion, and recommended to the House the work of Professor Cousin on the subject of education—a work largely quoted by the hon. mover.—Lord Althorp entirely concurred in the general object of the Hon. Member, so far as it was intended to give a better education to the people; but he doubted the propriety of the Government interfering. He (Lord Althorp) entirely disapproved of making it penal in a father not to educate his children. He urged

the Hon. Member to withdraw his motion.—Mr. O'Connell opposed the motion, contending that the most Government ought to do was to afford facilities for education.—Sir R. Inglis opposed the motion.—Mr. Hume supported it.—Mr. Roebuck replied, and consented to withdraw his motion.—Mr. C. Buller moved the following resolution respecting Taxation and Expenditure: "That it is the opinion of this House, that, in order to satisfy the just expectations of the people, it is necessary that such extensive reductions be made in the public expenditure as shall effectually diminish the burdens of the country, and that it is the duty of Ministers to make such arrangements previous to the next session of Parliament, respecting the effective and non-effective services of the military, naval, civil, and colonial establishments, as may be necessary for the attainment of this object."—Mr. Buckingham supported the motion.—Lord Althorp said he could only regard it as a motion of censure upon Ministers, and called upon the House to reject it, unless they thought that Ministers had not redeemed the pledges they had given on accepting office. To save the House, however, from the necessity of negativing the resolution, he moved, as an amendment, another resolution, to the effect, "That, while this House acknowledges with satisfaction that by the reduction of the public expenditure, and by the financial arrangements carried into effect, there has been a reduction of taxation in the last and the present session to an amount exceeding 3,000,000*l.* annually, they feel it their duty to affirm the determination to which they have already come, to adhere to the just principles of wise economy, and to apply those principles to all departments of the state, paying a due regard to the national engagements and to the interests of the public service."—After a few words from Mr. Fryer, Mr. H. L. Bulwer, and Mr. Hume, the amendment was agreed to without a division.—The House in Committee resumed the consideration of the 25th clause of the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill.—Mr. Herries inquired in what mode the twenty millions were to be raised. Lord Althorp did not see how they could get the amount by any other power than that of the Lords' Commissioners of the Treasury raising it by way of loan, not varying more than five shillings in the per centage.—Mr. O'Connell said a mere resolution of the House was not binding on them. He opposed the grant.—Mr. Cobbett opposed the grant unless the Noble Lord would promise to complete his proposition of making paper a legal tender.—Mr. Handley declared that he should vote for the smaller sum.—For it, 27—against it, 152—majority, 125.—A division then took place on the original clause. For the clause, 132—against it, 51—majority, 81.—On clause 40, Mr. F. Buxton proposed an amendment—"That not more than one-half of the twenty milions be payable at present, and that the other half be not payable in any of the colonies, until the expiration of the apprenticeships, either by the effluxion of time, or by the acts of any of the colonial legislatures." An instance of such devoted generosity was never before known. While they were suffering severe distress, burdened with heavy taxes, and enduring great privations, they were still ready to give the enormous sum of twenty millions for the accomplishment of an act of humanity. One of the last exclamations of that excellent man (Mr. Wilberforce) on his death-bed was, "That I should have lived to see the day when the people of England voted twenty millions of their money for the abolition of slavery!"—The Committee then divided on the amendment. Ayes, 93—noes, 144—majority, 51. The clause was then agreed to. The remaining clauses of the Bill, together with the preamble, were also agreed to. The report to be further considered on Friday.

August 1.—The House resolved into Committee on the Highways Bill, and proceeded as far as the 27th clause. Mr. Lefevre said he had no hope of carrying the Bill through during the present session, but he should proceed with it as far as possible. The Bill was ordered to be further considered on Thursday next.

August 2.—The House went into Committee on the money clauses of the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill, and Lord Althorp moved a resolution to the effect that the Government should have authority to raise the twenty millions in the form of redeemable or perpetual annuities, for terms of years, and that this sum should be added to the funded debt.—After some further discussion the Noble Lord's resolution was agreed to, and the House resumed.—Lord Althorp moved the second reading of the Bank Charter Bill.—Mr. P. Scrope urged its postponement till next session, and moved an amendment to that effect.—Mr. M. Attwood said he would not oppose the second reading; and Mr. P. Thomson defended the measure, as calculated to secure great benefits to the public, particularly in enforcing publicity of accounts.—Mr. P. Scrope did not persist in dividing the House, and the Bill was read a second time.—To be committed on Tuesday.—The House having gone into Com-

mittee of Supply, a vote of 243,550*l.* was agreed to for charges of the militia, and the report ordered to be received on Monday.

August 5.—Mr. O'Connell inquired whether ministers intended publicly to declare Donna Maria the Queen of Portugal.—Lord Althorp said, without wishing to be discourteous, he must decline answering.—On the motion of Mr. D. W. Harvey, a new writ was ordered for the City of London, in the room of Sir John Key, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.—Sir H. Hardinge said that they who were engaged fairly in trade, complained that, by the late appointment of Master Key (a youth of 18 years of age) to the office of storekeeper, they were deprived of the chance of an equitable competition in their trade. This young gentleman filling such a situation, and his own father being the contractor for stationery, what security had the other portion of the trade that their wares would be fairly judged, or the public that their interest would be fairly and impartially considered? Being only 18 years of age, it was impossible he could enter into the bond required by law; and being so connected, it was nearly impossible that strict impartiality should govern his actions. He then moved that the petition from certain stationers be read at length. The most important allegations in it were, that the government contract for paper, which amounted to 60,000*l.*, was *nominally* with Sir John's younger brother, who had retired, and had now nothing whatever to do with the business, but *beneficially* for Sir John himself; and that Master Key had never been at the office since his appointment; but that his father attended every day, and superintended the reception of his own paper, which was unloaded from his own carts, &c.—Lord Althorp said the custom of the office had been, that the person who had been appointed under the comptroller, was a person who had been engaged in trade, and they generally had been persons who had not succeeded in business. On the late vacancy, the comptroller stated his wish that a younger man than those generally appointed might have the place. Mr. Key was appointed, not in the belief that he was 18, but on the statement that he was 22 years of age. On his appointment, the comptroller did not mention that his uncle was the person who had anything to do with the contract with the government. The Treasury had not the least idea that the contract was in the hands of the uncle of the person who had been recently appointed. The arrangement was made by the comptroller of the department, and he (Lord A.) was not aware of any of the circumstances until Saturday se'nnight, when a friend wrote to him to say what had taken place. He immediately represented it to the Board of Treasury, and the appointment was directly afterwards cancelled. If Sir John Key had retained his seat in that House, it would have been proper to inquire into his right to do so, but now, as he had no longer a seat there, he (Lord A.) submitted whether, Sir John Key being liable to prosecution for penalties, it would be fitting in that House to pursue the inquiry at the present moment. He thought, on the best consideration he could give the subject, and he had not a great length of time to consider it, that there was no objection to allowing Sir John Key to accept the Chiltern Hundreds. He was still however liable to a prosecution for penalties for being a contractor, if it could be proved that he was so while he held a seat in that House. He (Lord A.) had not a wish to put a screen before the transaction, and if the House thought fit to go into the inquiry, he should not object.—On the motion of Sir H. Hardinge a select committee was appointed to inquire into the allegations contained in the petition against Sir John Key.

The report of the committee of the whole House, on the resolution for the conditional grant of 20,000,000*l.* to the West Indian proprietors was agreed to, and the Slavery Abolition Bill having been recommitted, Lord Althorp brought up several clauses which provide for the manner of raising this sum of 20,000,000*l.*

The House went into a committee on the Tithes' Arrear (Ireland) Bill, and Mr. Littleton brought forward a resolution for the grant of 1,000,000*l.*, to be raised by the issue of exchequer-bills, to the Irish clergy, in payment of the arrears of tithes due to them. He stated that the amount of arrears due for the three years 1831, 1832, and 1833, was 993,821*l.*—Sir R. Inglis looked upon the present measure as a premium to disobedience of the laws. He feared, too, that every three years they would find the Irish Secretary coming down to the House with a similar proposition.—Mr. Divett, Mr. Sinclair, and Mr. Hume opposed the resolution.—After considerable discussion, the Committee divided:—for the resolution, 87; against it, 51; majority, 36.—Sir C. Burrell moved the second reading of the Labour Rate Bill. Mr. C. Buller moved an amendment, that it be read a second time that day three months.—Mr. Hume, Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Ord, and Mr. Strutt, opposed the bill.—

Lord Althorp defended it, as a temporary and palliative measure.—Mr. P. Thomson thought the bill bad in principle and bad in operation. He had no doubt that it originated in benevolent intentions; but it tended to destroy the independence of the labourer.—Several honourable members thought it desirable to adopt this bill as a palliative, till some more general measure could be prepared.—The House then divided, when there appeared: for the second reading, 17; against it, 29; majority, 12. The Bill was consequently lost.

August 6.—The House resolved into a Committee on the Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill, with which considerable progress was made.—Sir T. Freemantle moved for leave to bring in a bill to disfranchise the borough of Stafford; and detailed the profligate and almost universal corruption that had been proved to prevail in that borough. The motion was agreed to.—Mr. R. Wallace, pursuant to notice, moved for copies of instructions under which the Postmaster-General, or officers under him, claimed the right of opening, unfolding, or reading letters passing through the post-office. The motion for the returns was agreed to.—Mr. John A. Murray moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the 59th Geo. III. c. 69, commonly called the Foreign Enlistment Act.—Capt. Elliott seconded the motion.—Mr. Cobbett did not mean to oppose it; but with respect to officers starving, he must observe, that could not be, for they had all half-pay; and as that half-pay was given them to retain their services in future for their own sovereign, how was that compatible with entering a foreign service?—Sir E. Codrington supported the motion.—Lord Althorp said experience showed that the present law had been most detrimental in its effects—and simply on the ground that it had worked injuriously for the country, he was prepared to vote for its repeal. One main objection was, that the act was inoperative in itself, and that more of that was attributed to the government than could justly be laid to its charge.—The motion was agreed to.—On Lord Duncannon bringing up the report of Arrears of Tithe (Ireland) Bill, for granting a million of money to the Irish Protestant Clergy, Mr. Hume protested against this grant, as a shameful charge upon the funds of this country, and as contrary to every promise held out in the commencement of the session.—The House divided on the question—that the report be received; when there appeared, ayes, 34; noes, 15; majority, 19.—The Assessed Taxes Reduction Bill, and the Sugar Refining Bill, were severally read a third time, and passed.

August 7.—On the motion for the third reading of the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill, Mr. Wilks moved to attach three clauses to it. The bill was then read a third time and passed.—On the motion for going into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Hume moved, as an amendment, a resolution to the effect that the House should resolve itself into a Committee to consider the Assessed Taxes, with a view to the repeal of those taxes. He dwelt upon the obnoxious nature and unequal pressure of these imposts. England and Scotland, he observed, were paying the whole amount, and Ireland was altogether exempt from it, leaving it to the English and Scotch, by whom it is proposed that the Irish tithes should now be paid. The tax was paid almost exclusively by the inhabitants of towns, and the metropolis alone paid more than one half of it. His own house in Bryanstone-square, which was but a moderate sized house, was rated at 350*l.*, while Chatsworth, the celebrated residence of the Duke of Devonshire, was rated at only 100*l.* a-year. Lord Scarsdale's residence was rated to the same amount, Lord Chesterfield's at only 60*l.*, Sir R. Boothby's at only 50*l.* So that all these mansions in the county of Derby, paid less than his house in Bryanstone-square. In consequence, too, of the system of surcharge, this tax, while all others had been lowered, from 1,038,000*l.* in 1815, rose to 8,556,000*l.* in 1832, and since then to its present amount.—Lord Althorp freely admitted that the mode of paying the surveyor was open to objection. Looking on the present state of things, to the prospect before the country, he would say, that though they could not, on purely financial principles, give it up, yet, looking at other circumstances, it was the duty of the government, by some new arrangement of the Assessed Taxes, or by other means, to do away with an impost which was so obnoxious.—The House then went into a Committee of Supply, and 40,000*l.* were voted for civil contingencies.

August 8.—The Thames Tunnel Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill went through a Committee, the report to be received on Friday.—Lord Althorp further postponed the committal of the Bank Charter Bill till Friday.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer postponed his motion for the repeal of the Stamp Duty on Newspapers until the next session.—Major Fancourt withdrew his motion to abolish military flogging, and Colonel Evans also withdrew the motion of

which he had given notice for the amendment of the Reform Act till next session.—The China Trade Bill went through Committee, and the report was ordered to be received on Friday.—The report of the Bankruptcy Judges Bill was received, and the Bill ordered to be read a third time on Friday. In Committee Mr. S. Rice moved a resolution empowering his majesty to grant out of the consolidated fund 60,000*l.* yearly in aid of the parochial rates for the support of the metropolitan police force.—The House divided, when there appeared, for the resolution, 49—against it, 19—majority, 30.

August 9.—The Factory Regulation Bill was recommitted to the whole House.—Lord Althorp said that the Bill in its present form would secure, as far as it could be secured, the due execution of the law.—On the reading of the clause enacting that persons under twenty-one should not be allowed to work at night, Mr. Heathcote moved as an amendment, that the lace factories should be excluded from the provisions, as he did not consider they required legislative protection, there not being any duties performed therein that could be considered at all laborious.—After a lengthened discussion, Mr. Heathcote pressed his amendment to a division, when there appeared for it, 49—against it, 28—majority, 21.—The Committee proceeded as far as the fourth of the 46 clauses of the Bill, when the chairman reported progress. The Committee will sit again on Monday.—On the motion for going into Committee on the Bank Charter Bill, Mr. Gisborne moved an amendment, "that the Bill be committed this day six months." He argued against the monopoly of the Bank, and in favour of a free trade in banking.—Mr. Robinson supported the government plan.—Mr. Cobbett objected to making Bank of England notes a legal tender.—Sir H. Willoughby supported the amendment.—Mr. T. Attwood supported the motion for going into Committee. The House divided—For Mr. Gisborne's motion, 40—against it, 119—majority, 79. The House went into Committee, and the first and second clauses were agreed to.—Lord Althorp said, as to the subject of the number of partners in private banks within 65 miles of London, he certainly thought that the bank had a power over these establishments, which, on looking into the Act, and taking the opinion of the law officers of the crown, he found it did not possess, he meant that as banks of deposit, they could only consist of six partners. That there might not therefore be any doubt on this subject for the future, it was his intention to introduce a declaratory clause upon the subject.—In answer to a question from Mr. Gisborne, Lord Althorp said that the banks of deposit would not be empowered to accept bills. [Two or three voices: Then no business can be carried on.] Lord Althorp then proposed to introduce into the Bill words declaratory of the right to establish in, and within sixty-five miles of London, banks of deposit having more than six partners.—Mr. Cayley moved that the distance should be reduced to twenty-five miles; on which amendment the Committee divided—against it, 113—for it, 51—majority, 62. The clause, with some amendments, was agreed to. Clause three was omitted. Clause 4 was agreed to.—The blank in the clause was filled up with "five pounds;" and, on a division, the numbers for the legal tender were 110 to 50—majority, 60.—The House then resumed, and the Chairman obtained leave to sit again on Saturday.

August 12.—The Factories' Regulation Bill was forwarded some stages.—Mr. Hume inquired, whether any thing had been done in the expenditure of 50,000*l.* voted last session towards building a National Gallery. He had understood that the estimate originally delivered was for only 32,000*l.*, that then it was raised to 40,000*l.*, and subsequently to 50,000*l.*; but that present difficulties had been found in finishing it at 76,000*l.*—The chapel in Whitehall had been examined by competent persons, who had assured him that it was peculiarly adapted for the reception of the national pictures; the light would be extremely good, by placing them upon screens between the windows.—Mr. Littleton moved the order of the day for the second reading of the Tithes (Ireland) Bill, on which motion a long discussion took place.—After which, the order of the day was read, and Mr. Littleton moved that the Bill be read a second time.—Mr. Hume moved an amendment, that it be read a second time that day week, in order to give Hon. Members an opportunity of examining the contents of the Bill.—Mr. Cobbett supported the Bill.—The House then divided. For the amendment, 53—against it, 109—majority, 56. The Bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Wednesday.—The report on the Bank Charter Bill was received, and ordered to be read a third time on Tuesday.—Lord Althorp said, that he should propose a proviso, limiting the duration of the legal tender to the discretion of Parliament.—After some discussion, the China Trade Bill was read a third time, and passed.

August 13.—In the Committee on the Factories' Regulation Bill, Mr. G. W. Wood moved an amendment on the clause, restricting the labour of children to eight hours daily; that instead of its being brought into operation at the end of six months, it should be brought into progressive operation during a period of eighteen months. Time must be given to enable the manufacturers to procure the double sets of children; and this amendment for making the operation of the Bill gradual, was in conformity with the recommendation of the Commissioners of the Central Board.—The amendment was supported by Mr. P. Thomson, and carried.—Mr. Attwood's, and other amendments, impairing the plan proposed by the Government for education, were severally negatived.—Mr. G. W. Wood and Mr. P. Thomson opposed the clause compelling the manufacturers to pay the charge of local inspection, and it was lost.—The House then resumed.—The House having resolved itself into Committee on the Land Revenue Acts, a resolution was agreed to, on the motion of Lord Duncannon, that 55,000*l.* be granted out of the hereditary land revenue of the Crown towards the completion of Buckingham Palace.

August 14.—Mr. Hume referred to returns which showed that within the last three years there had been above four hundred persons imprisoned for offences against the Stamp Laws.—The Solicitor-General said that the Stamp Office had nothing to do with these prosecutions. They were almost entirely under the statute of Geo. II. by which the penalty was secured to the common informer. The House resolved into Committee of Supply, on the Commissariat and Miscellaneous Estimates, and Mr. Rice stated that the gross amount which he should then have to move was only 2,189,777*l.*; that there had been a reduction of the expenditure in these departments of not less than 156,000*l.* He had likewise to state, that for army extraordinaries he should, this year, have no vote to propose. In 1829 the army extraordinaries amounted to 700,000*l.*, in 1830 to 550,000*l.*, in 1831 to the same amount; but in 1832 they were reduced to 240,000*l.*, and now, in 1833, they were done away with altogether. In the effective service of the Commissariat Department there would be this year a reduction of 4,554*l.*, and in the non-effective a reduction of 3,500*l.* 290,305*l.* were then voted to defray the expenses of the Commissariat Department for the present year; and 51,983*l.* for Half-pay, Superannuations, and Allowances.—On the question that 46,000*l.* for the Expenditure upon Public Works, Repairs of Public Buildings, Royal Gardens, &c. be granted, Mr. Hume remarked upon the superfluous number of Royal Palaces and Gardens that were maintained.—Mr. Cobbett said, the people did not wish to see ancient buildings fall into decay. There was no one that wished to see Windsor Castle or Hampton Court pulled down; but Pimlico Palace was not an old mansion; it was a new one, built up with wanton extravagance, and that was what the people complained of. They complained of having 75,000*l.* wasted on a heap of marble, in looking at which heap of marble, he had passed two or three mornings without being able to make any thing out of it. It was too bad that 75,000*l.* should be expended upon this heap of marble, when little more than 40,000*l.* was demanded for all the other palaces. If the Noble Lord would say one word that he intended to reduce the expenses of Government as much as he could, he would rather have that word than a reduction of 10,000*l.* He would be content with the Noble Lord's promise, and he was sure the people would be content with it too.—Lord Althorp said that the statement of his Right Hon. Friend showed that the Government were endeavouring to make every possible reduction, and he thought that was better than any promise he could make. With respect to the building alluded to, the heap of marble, as the Hon. Member called it, it was never sanctioned by his present Majesty, nor by any of his Majesty's advisers. Had it depended on their sanction, the building would never have been erected.—Lord Duncannon said that his Majesty was anxious to have the building removed, but the actual expenses of completing it would be less than those of removing it. It would cost 20,000*l.* more to take it down again.—On the motion that 24,000*l.* be granted to defray the charges of the new buildings of the British Museum, Mr. Cobbett said that those were taxed for the support of the Museum who had no access to it.—Mr. Hume thought that the Museum ought to be kept open on Sundays, that the people might have a better opportunity of visiting it. He was sure that the sight would have a better effect upon them than all the sermons they could hear, if they heard any, and would improve their taste more than if they spent their time in tippling in public-houses. The vote was agreed to. Various other grants were voted, after which the House resumed.—The third reading of the Bank Charter Bill was postponed till Thursday. The London Scavage and Package Bill was read a third time, and passed.—On the motion that

the Land Revenue Appropriation Bill be read a first time, the House was counted out.

August 15.—Mr. Buckingham brought forward a resolution, "That the forcible impressment of seamen for His Majesty's navy is unjust, cruel, inefficient, and unnecessary, and that it is the duty of the House to avail itself of the present period of profound peace to provide some means of manning the ships of his Majesty in time of war, without the violation of the liberties of any class of his Majesty's subjects." He dwelt at considerable length on the injustice and illegality of the practice, and suggested several modes by which its necessity might be avoided.—Mr. G. F. Young seconded the motion.—Sir James Graham opposed it, and denied that the practice was illegal. In moments of imminent danger every subject owed allegiance to the state. He agreed that it was a great evil, and only defended it on the ground that it was unavoidable. He also pledged himself to bring forward in the next session of Parliament a measure to abolish flogging in the navy.—Mr. Hume supported the motion.—Sir E. Codrington related many instances of grievous oppression arising from impressment. He thought the present system was most cruel, and that it was high time that the House should take it into consideration. He recommended the Hon. Member to modify his resolution, so as to move only for an inquiry.—Ald. Thompson concurred in this recommendation.—Mr. Robinson was favourable to inquiry.—Captain Elliott opposed the motion.—Mr. Buckingham agreed to modify his resolution as follows: "That it is the duty of this House to avail itself of the present period of profound peace, to institute an inquiry whether some means may not be devised of manning his Majesty's ships in time of war, without having recourse to the practice of forcible impressment."—Lord Althorp moved the previous question, contending that particular circumstances, such as the breaking out of a sudden war, and the necessity of an immediate armament, would render a system of voluntary enrolment of seamen entirely inefficient for the manning of his Majesty's ships of war in time to prevent the entire destruction of our commerce. Before we could fit out any squadron of defence, the sea would be swept of British merchantmen. He would venture, therefore, to say, that on the day on which the country deprived the Sovereign of the prerogative of impressment, the naval superiority of Great Britain would be at an end. He objected to agreeing to a resolution, holding out hopes to the great body of mariners that the system of impressment would be done away with.—Mr. Cobbett supported the modified resolution. The House divided: for the previous question 59, against it 54—majority 5.—Mr. Hume moved—"That in accordance with the resolutions of this House, an humble address be presented to his Majesty, that he will be pleased to direct an inquiry to be made into every existing sinecure office, or office executed by deputy wholly or in part, by whatever tenure held, with the view of abolishing the salaries and emoluments of all those where public services have not been performed to deserve the same, and warrant their continuance or modification." He enumerated many instances of unearned sinecures to an enormous amount.—Mr. Warburton seconded the motion.—Lord Althorp objected to the address as interfering with vested rights. He was willing to afford information to the House on the subject, and for that purpose moved an amendment—"That an humble address be made to his Majesty, that it might please him to direct that there be prepared, for the purpose of being laid before the House, a return explaining the nature and extent of all emoluments derivable from sinecure offices in the United Kingdom."—Mr. Cobbett contended that the whole of these sinecures ought to be at once done away with.—Lord J. Russell said that such a course would be doing an act of great injustice to individuals.—Mr. Hume did not press his motion to a division.—Mr. Blamire obtained leave to bring in a Bill to suspend for a year the tithe prosecutions, of which he complained on Wednesday. The hon. member said his measure would leave the parties, at the expiration of a year, in precisely the same situation they occupied at present, and that he took this course in order to give the government time to mature some remedial measure on the subject.—Lord Althorp approved of this course, and expressed his astonishment and regret at the "infatuation" the clergy had displayed in the institution of these suits. The Bill was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday next. The Foreign Enlistment Bill, and the Spirit, Wine, and Beer Licences (Ireland) Bill, were read a third time and passed.

August 16.—The House resolved into a Committee of Supply, and several grants were voted without discussion.—The Factories' Regulation Bill was read a third time and passed.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

Duke of Sutherland, K.G.

This distinguished Nobleman expired at his seat, Dunrobin Castle, in the county of Sutherland, on Friday, the 19th instant. He had been in an infirm state of health for several years, and was seized with a serious illness twelve hours after his landing on the 6th instant. His Grace was in his seventy-sixth year, having been born Jan. 9, 1758. The following were his hereditary honours:—George Granville Leveson Gower, Duke of Sutherland, Marquis of Stafford, Earl Gower, Viscount Trentham, Baron Gower of Sittenham, and a Baronet, K.B., Recorder of Stafford, and (jure uxoris) High Sheriff of the County of Sutherland; succeeded his father, Granville, the late Marquis, K.G., Oct. 26, 1803. The Marquis was called up to the House of Lords during the life-time of his father, and placed in his Barony of Gower of Sittenham; married Sept. 4, 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness of Strathnaver, in her own right, and has issue, first, George Granville, Earl Gower, born Aug. 6, 1786; second, Charlotte, born June 8, 1788, married Dec. 27, 1814, Henry, Earl of Surrey, only son of Bernard Edward, Duke of Norfolk; third, William, born June 4, 1792, and died in 1793; fourth, William Leveson, died June 17, 1804; fifth, Lord Francis, born 1799; sixth, Elizabeth, married Sept. 16, 1819, Richard Viscount Belgrave, now Earl Grosvenor. His Grace was regarded as enjoying one of the largest incomes of Europe—report affirmed that it exceeded 300,000*l.* per annum. From the late Duke of Bridgewater, and by his own extensive purchases, his Grace possessed a superb collection of paintings, ancient and modern, which, during a certain portion of the year, he was accustomed to open to the public, at his late residence in Cleveland-row. The Duke of Sutherland did not survive his elevation to a ducal coronet more than six months. He supported the Administration, and his proxy was given in favour of the Lord Chancellor's Local Courts' Bill.

William Wilberforce, Esq.

It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of William Wilberforce, a name with which there is probably associated more of love and veneration than ever fell to the lot of any single individual throughout the civilized globe. At one period the sad event would have been felt as a grievous national calamity, and even now the tidings of his departure will be heard with the deepest sorrow through every part of the empire. But he worked while it was called day, remembering the night was coming, wherein no man may work. And he was not permitted to leave the scene of his labours till he beheld the great cause to which he had dedicated all the energies of his soul triumphant, and the fetters of the negro about to be struck off for ever. His warfare is accomplished; his course is finished; he kept the faith. Those who regard him merely as a philanthropist, in the worldly sense of that abused term, know but little of his character. His philanthropy took its origin in love to God; it was kindled at the sacred fire of divine love, and it burned with such bright and steady lustre only because it was daily replenished from its hallowed source. The sad event took place at the house of Mrs. Smith, in Cadogan-place. Mr. Wilberforce was in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Married.—In Athboy, Ireland, the Rev. J. Brownlow, to Lady Elizabeth Bligh, sister of Earl Darnley.

At Cheltenham, John, the only son of John W. Clough, Esq. of Oxton House, in the county of York, to Rose, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Cumberland.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Ambrose Brewin, jun., Esq., of Tiverton, Devon. to Caroline, youngest daughter of John Heathcote, Esq. M.P., of Tiverton.

At Childwall Church, the Rev. William Badnell, minister of Holy Trinity, Wavertree, to Miss Parr, of the same place.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Josiah John Guest, Esq. M.P., of Dowlais House, Glamorganshire, to the Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie, sister of the Earl of Lindsey.

At Kensington, H. Burdett, Esq. to Rebecca, daughter of the late William Stanley, Esq. of Maryland, Essex.

Died.—At Finchley, William, third son of Lieut.-Col. Vans Agnew.

In Lisson Grove, the Rev. P. Ward, nephew of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

In Thetford, Booty Harvey, Esq. post captain, R.N.

At Newton Valence Vicarage, Hants, Anne, the wife of the Rev. Edmund White, aged 64.

At Westhumble, in his 74th year, George Daniell, Esq., one of the Benchers of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple.

At New Orleans, Samuel Haigh, Esq., Author of "Sketches of Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Peru."

At Cliff House, Ramsgate, Ann, relict of the late Sir William Curtis, Bart., in the 77th year of her age.

At Chiswick, Mr. Thomas Loftus, solicitor, of Furnival's Inn.

At Ebury Place, Pimlico, Adam Buck, Esq., in his 75th year.